

Current Literature



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A Review of the World



THE simmering of the presidential pot is heard in the land. It is not boiling-time, just simmering-time, for the nominations will not be made for sixteen or seventeen months. But the politicians are at work and the prospective candidates are putting out feelers here and there. Mr. Bryan has been heard from again, and he is in a receptive mood. Mr. Taft has been heard from, and he also is in a receptive mood. President Woodrow Wilson has made a statement that indicates a similar receptivity of disposition. Vice-President Fairbanks has not been issuing any proclamations, contenting himself at this stage with corralling degelates, especially in the Southern states. Senator Foraker is trying to rally the anti-administration forces around himself as a center, with the design presumably of being able to dictate the next nomination even if he cannot secure the prize for himself. The three figures that loom largest on the Republican side, not counting President Roosevelt, are the two Ohio men, Taft and Foraker, and Fairbanks, who is almost as much of an Ohian as an Indianian. There are, of course, various other "favorite sons" whose friends are doing preliminary work in their behalf. John Sharp Williams, Senator Daniels and ex-Governor Francis are mentioned prominently on the Democratic side, and Senator La Follette, Speaker Cannon and Secretary Root on the Republican side. Hearst is apparently eliminated, Senator Bailey likewise, Governor Hughes is referred to now and then as a possibility, and hope of the renomination of President Roosevelt is still clung to here and there.

ONLY one contest can be said to be exciting any marked attention at this stage of the presidential canvass, and that is the one over Secretary Taft. It is generally conceded that

if President Roosevelt can name his successor, he will name his portly secretary of war. All the political maneuvers of the next sixteen months in the Republican party will be dominated by this one question: Is the President to be allowed to name his successor? Striving to secure a negative answer to this question are found all the more conservative forces in the party. The corporate interests do not desire the continuation of the Roosevelt policy. The Ohio senators and the element now dominant in Ohio do not wish to see Taft the nominee, because thereby the leadership of the party in Ohio would again be wrested from the hands of Senator Foraker and his colleague Senator Dick. The fight made over the discharge of the black soldiers is important politically because it gives to the opponents of the administration capital to fight with in securing the delegates to the next national convention from the Southern states as well as the delegates from those Northern states where the negroes hold a balance of power. In addition to the corporate power, the various personal ambitions and the pro-negro sentiment, the line-up against Taft includes the more rigid adherents of the protective tariff, who distrust him because of the favor which he expressed a few months ago for tariff revision and the activity he has shown in behalf of a scaling down of the tariff on Philippine products.

ON THE other hand, it remains a question to what extent the pro-administration sentiment of the country can be rallied around Secretary Taft. How far the President himself will try to interfere in the course of events is uncertain. Nothing direct and unequivocal has come from him or is expected to come from him, out of consideration for the proprieties of his position. The country is left



"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?"
—Morris in *Spokesman-Review*.

to infer his desires, first by the fact that he has put Taft forward so prominently of late as spokesman for his policy, second by Taft's own statement made at the close of the year to the effect that his ambition is not political and he sees objections to his availability, but that he would not decline a nomination for the Presidency "in the improbable event" that it comes his way. It is assumed that this statement had the approval of the President or it would never have been made. Secretary Root has also helped to establish the conclu-



It is rumored that the skull and jawbone of the giant prehistoric man recently discovered in Nebraska will be named by the scientists "Oratoriuspresidential-candidatusagainos."
—Walker for *Baltimore Syndicate*.

sion that Secretary Taft is the first choice of the Administration. Interviewed a couple of months ago in Cincinnati, he remarked: "When sizing up presidential timber, don't for an instant lose sight of William H. Taft." The question of Taft's availability, upon which he himself with characteristic candor throws doubt, is discussed in a rather gingerly fashion by the better recognized Republican journals. They are not committing themselves very freely at this time, and according to some of the Washington correspondents the President is disappointed at the apparent lack of enthusiasm with which Taft's statement has been received. "Apparently," says the *New York Times's* correspondent, "the President expected a great wave of popular enthusiasm which would check at the outset the schemes of the old-line politicians who are plotting to control the next National Convention against him. Nothing of the sort happened and the President was accordingly disappointed." The same correspondent, however, observes that there is not apparent any good reason for the disappointment, as the statement "was received everywhere with approval, probably more approval than would have been given the candidacy of any other man in President Roosevelt's official family or closely connected with him."

SEVERAL of the New England journals are without any doubt as to Taft's availability. Says the *Boston Herald* (Ind.):

"The Republican party would hardly venture to nominate any man who has not been, in the main, in sympathy with the President's policy toward trusts and law-breaking corporations. On these and kindred questions Secretary Taft has occupied a safe and sane middle ground. His character, temperament and judicial mind and training would make him an acceptable candidate to the large body of voters who want to preserve and continue the really valuable work which President Roosevelt has begun, without accelerating the tendency to more extreme radicalism on one hand or on the other heading a reaction toward the old, corrupt conservatism. . . . Unless the President shall suffer an obvious loss of popularity and prestige, his secretary of war will be the most logical and available candidate."

The *Connecticut Courant* holds similar views. It is positive that "Taft is the most popular man mentioned for the place." It says:

"If the question were left to the people, nothing could prevent either his nomination or his election. He has the complete confidence of the country alike in his personal integrity and his very large ability. He trusts the people and they trust him. The fact that everybody concedes that his nomination would mean his election puts him in a class by himself. You don't hear that about anybody else."

The New York Press, which voices the opinions of the radical element in the party, of which La Follette is the leader, thinks that the reception given to Taft's statement "palpably puts him in the lead of the avowed candidates for the presidential nomination."

SEVERAL journals point out that while the President's popularity remains unshaken, his power will steadily decline as the time for his term of office to expire draws near, and that his ability to name his successor seventeen months hence will be very doubtful. The Washington correspondent of the New York World, however, sees one card which Mr. Roosevelt may play with tremendous effect even then:

"There is another feature which the politicians who are starting out in this campaign [against the administration] apparently have not figured on, and that is that if they are successful, if by grabbing negro delegates and putting in favorite sons and playing various games of this kind they succeed in getting enough strength for the man who in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion will be the wrong man, they may force Mr. Roosevelt to abandon his present position and jump in personally; and if he does that all the politicians in the United States cannot stop his nomination. Not only that, but this movement needs a Hanna to engineer it, and there is no Hanna in sight."

It may be remarked in passing that a body calling itself "The Roosevelt Third Term National League," with headquarters in Chicago, has been sending out circulars in favor of the President's renomination on the ground that it is not the province of Theodore Roosevelt to say he will or will not be President. "He who acts as President acts solely as a servant of the people and when called by them must come."

THE attitude of Vice-President Fairbanks in relation to the Roosevelt policies and the attitude of President Roosevelt toward the presidential aspirations which the Vice-President is supposed to entertain remain largely a matter of conjecture. The assumption is generally made that Mr. Fairbanks is the candidate of the conservatives in the Republican party, yet there has never been any indication of antagonism on his part to the present administration. Says the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Evening Post: "He has approved publicly the work of Mr. Roosevelt as far as it has gone, and no one must doubt his sincerity; but hardly any one holds to the belief that as a successor of Roosevelt he would carry to their logical conclusion the policies which the

President has introduced." The same observer finds that the South will be solid for Mr. Fairbanks in the next convention, that the signs are "unfailing" of the favor with which he is regarded by the corporate interests, that he has "the best 'unorganized organization' that ever did duty for a

presidential candidate," and that he has been in the last three years in nearly every state in the Union, and "has made the most of his travels." The correspondent adds:

"Many of the old party leaders, perhaps most of them, never have been able to look upon the new growth of public policies through the glasses of Mr. Roosevelt. Most of these old party leaders are still in office, and all of them are still in politics. They are a tower of strength when it comes to getting delegates. These men are for Fairbanks for President. They will not go to the end of sacrificing their own futures for the cause of the Vice-President, but they will support him through the campaign preceding the national convention, provided Mr. Fairbanks can show that he has any hold on the affections of the people. In both houses of Congress a majority of the Republican members is of the old pre-Roosevelt school of conservatism. This majority is in favor of the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks, and in a quiet way is doing its work for the Vice-President while the friends of the other candidates seemingly are content to sleep."



THE FLYING MERCURY
Designed by Cuban admirers
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



"SECRETARY TAFT SAYS HE IS IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS"

—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade.



William Alden Smith, the new Senator from Michigan, has been regarded as one of the ablest men in Congress. "Not 'Uncle Joe' himself," says one paper, "exemplified in more decided form both the virtues and the faults of that remarkable body." He beat two millionaire candidates for his new office, being himself a man of moderate means.



Joseph Moore Dixon, Senator-elect from Montana, is in his fortieth year, and has been a Republican member of the House of Representatives at Washington for the past three years. His profession is that of a lawyer, and by birth he is a North Carolinian. Like most men in the breezy West, he is self-made, but he had the advantage of having received a college education, and he learned the art of hustling, which some one has said is the first of all arts in the achievement of political success. He acquired his first distinction in a political way serving as a prosecuting attorney in his adopted state.

SOME NEW SENATORS

ARE we drifting toward a monarchy? The question was asked in Washington's day, again in Jackson's day, again in Grant's day, and now it is asked in Roosevelt's day. It has usually been raised for partizan or personal reasons, and has a flavor of demagogism about it. But it is being propounded to-day in a different spirit, and President Roosevelt's own secretary of state, in his already famous speech made in New York City a few weeks ago, to which we referred last month, has done perhaps more than any other one man to direct the thoughts of the country to this subject. Not that Secretary Root used the word monarchy. His word was "centralization," and his speech was one of warning, not against any particular man or particular party, but against a trend in political affairs for which he held the state governments responsible irrespective of party. That trend is admitted on all sides. But the responsibility for it is a subject of earnest discussion which is to-day the most marked feature in American politics. By many the term "executive

usurpation" is freely used as indicating the reason for our centralizing tendencies, and Secretary Root's speech is regarded as an apology rather than a warning,—an apology for the abounding activities of the Vesuvian gentleman whose address is the White House. By others, the cause of the centralizing tendency is held to be the vast development of corporate activities beyond the power of control by the state governments, and the disregard shown by our "kings of finance" and "captains of industry" for considerations other than financial.

ATTACKS upon Roosevelt as a "usurper" and a "menace to industry" are not as open and free as they were a year ago in Washington; but this fact is not attributed to any less hostility on the part of senators and corporations. "There are unmistakable signs," says one of the Washington correspondents, "that active antagonism to what is considered usurpation of power by the Executive will be witnessed soon in Congress. Many Congressmen hold that it is time to call a



Charles Curtis, of Kansas, is the son of a full-blooded Kaw Indian mother, and will be the first of his race to sit in the United States Senate. He used to run a peanut stand in Topeka, then became a hack driver and at the same time studied law, being admitted to the bar when twenty-one. He has been elected to the House of Representatives eight times. He is still a member of the Kaw tribe, and is listened to with deep respect in their council chamber. He has a fine voice and is a ready speaker. He has the erect Indian figure, black eyes and swarthy complexion.



Simon Guggenheim, the new Senator from Colorado, is a multimillionaire, and his election has revived the cry of "Plutocracy." He says: "If I go to the senate, it will not be to represent the smelting company or any other company, or any interest. I will go as a citizen to represent the people of Colorado."

FROM WESTERN STATES

halt on what they contend is a dangerous trend toward absolutism." Various plans for carrying out this purpose have been considered and dropped, and except for Senators Foraker and Scott, the Senators are represented as actually cowed by their experiences a year ago and by the marked favor with which the voters of the country sustained the President's friends and punished his enemies in the recent elections. Even the Democratic Senators are represented as sharing in this feeling. If they read the Democratic journals diligently they may well share in it. One of the boldest of the Senators, in his criticism of the President last year, was Senator Rayner, of Maryland. The leading Democratic paper of that state, the *Baltimore Sun*, has recently published a long editorial entitled "Jackson and Roosevelt," in which the latter's likeness to the idol of Democracy is dwelt upon. Here is an extract:

"There is a striking resemblance between Jackson and Roosevelt in their will-power and in their determination to accomplish results, and at times Jackson, like Roosevelt, seemed to entertain

a somewhat contemptuous opinion of the Constitution when it got in his way. In New Orleans Jackson arrested a judge when he interfered with the public order and welfare and declared martial law. Roosevelt has denounced the courts when the decisions did not suit him. At the great Jefferson dinner in 1830 Jackson wrote the toast: "Our Federal Union—It must be preserved," and when it was threatened by South Carolina he was determined to preserve it without stopping to inquire whether South Carolina was acting within her constitutional rights or not. In his present attitude toward the State of California the President out-Jacksons Jackson. . . . No President since Jackson has had such influence over Congress as Roosevelt has; no President since Jackson exercised such domination over his own party as Roosevelt has.

"In one important particular, however, which goes to the very root of character, these two men are an absolute contrast. Jackson was direct, blunt and sincere. There was no deviousness nor shadow of turning about him. Mr. Roosevelt, while he is a statesman, is at the same time one of the most adroit politicians in our public life."

ONE direct frontal attack is made upon the President. It is found in a Republican paper, the *New York Sun*, whose deepest feel-



THE PRESIDENT SENDS A FEW MESSAGES TO CONGRESS

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*.

ings in the last few years have been those of hostility to the labor unions. It finds in Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward the unions and in his attitude toward vast aggregations of capital cause for sweeping criticism. It acquits



ONWARD!

—B. S. in *Columbia State*.

him of any deliberate design to produce certain results, but it nevertheless holds him responsible for the results which it sets forth as follows:

"Look at the state of the country. Class is arrayed against class. The relations between the employer and the employed are destroyed and enmity and hatred have taken their place. The rich are held up to universal execration and are assailed in the pillory which Mr. Roosevelt has built for them. All over the land there is impatience with the law and intolerance of Judges. The constituted authorities are set at defiance.

"From whom did the people derive their new found hatred of wealth?

"Who seduced organized labor from the paths of industry and sanity? Who became its self-constituted champion when he wanted to secure its votes? Who joined a union and prostituted himself and his high place in his lust for office?

"To whom do we owe the growing contempt for the law and the widespread impatience with its processes and disrespect of its officers that we see throughout the country? Can a more shocking or dangerous example be set before the people than that of the President of the United States rebuking an honest Judge for rendering an opinion according to the laws and according to his conscience, which opinion was distasteful to him, the President, personally?

"When the President of the United States inveighs against wealth and casts about publicly for means to pull it down he invites violence. His idea implies violence, and the imagination of the people, already most unwisely inflamed, will give practical issue to it.

"A reaction in our prosperity may not be due for some time, but Mr. Roosevelt is seemingly bent on precipitating it."

THIS comes as near to being an authoritative public expression as we can find of what may be termed the Wall street view of the President. It is reinforced in *The Sun* later on by a long letter signed "Republican," from which we quote as follows:

"More thoroughly Bryanistic [than the President's attitude toward railways] even is the manner in which for the last two years Roosevelt has been fomenting class hatred. Murder, arson and dynamiting accompanied the great coal strike and were known to be the work of sympathizers therewith. At almost the very time when members of one miners' union was being banqueted at the White House fifteen men were dynamited in Colorado by the friends of another miners' union, and it has been shown conclusively that a large number of trade unions refuse to allow their members to serve in the militia of their own States. Has the President ever warned the people of the danger and tyranny of these associations? Instead, all his invectives have been reserved for obnoxious capitalists, who must be crushed at any cost, until it is largely due to his persistent attacks upon one class of his subjects that at the present time the cheapest way of attaining popularity (as some of our magazines have discovered) is to abuse all the rich and



Courtesy of Pearson's Magazine

TO REMIND THE SENATE IN YEARS TO COME

This powerful portrait bust of President Roosevelt is now being made for the United States Senate by James E. Fraser, the distinguished young sculptor suggested by Augustus St. Gaudens for the work. Mr. Fraser has succeeded in catching Mr. Roosevelt's characteristics in a quite wonderful way and in imbuing the clay with a sense of his rugged force. The above view shows the President's left profile and straight backhead, which are unfamiliar to the American public.

prominent. All this is consistent Bryanism, but even Bryan's diatribes 'pale their ineffectual fires' before Roosevelt's latest proposition to confiscate such fortunes as are in his inerrant opinion of unhealthy size. I doubt if history recalls another instance of a ruler deliberately endeavoring to injure a certain class of his subjects without regard to their guilt or innocence."

WALL STREET has a phrase, so James Creelman tells us (in *Pearson's Magazine*), in which it sums up its opinion of the President. Its phrase is: "Theodore the Meddler," and its opinion is that he is the most meddlesome President the nation has ever had. To his "meddling" is thought to be due the loosing on the American continent of "wild forces of political, economic and social revolution." Mr. Roosevelt, says Mr. Creelman, is a meddler. He has meddled, for instance, with the financial-political plans of Mr. Harriman and his accomplices. He meddled with the attempt of James J. Hill and J. Pierpont Morgan to unite the railways of the northwest in the illegal Northern Securities Company. He has meddled with the meat-packers and with the manufacturers of adulterated foods. But Roosevelt as President does not differ a whit from Roosevelt as governor, Roosevelt as civil service commissioner, Roosevelt as police commissioner, and Roosevelt as a member of assembly. He has been a meddler since boyhood. It is in his blood. But his has been intelligent meddling and the only difference in him now is that he has the power to make his "meddling" effectual. And the deepest cause of hatred for him in the breasts of the Harrimans, Rockefellers, Rogerses, Archbolds, Morgans, Hills, and all their kind, is that he was determined to prove and has proved the supremacy of the government over Wall street and its ability to enact or enforce law against the opposition of any combination of wealth or cunning whatever; and proved it not in secret but in sight of the whole people. Mr. Creelman adds:

"The strangest thing of all is that Wall street ignores the equally significant fact that Mr. Roosevelt has set his face against the political truculence and brow-beating of labor unions, and against rioting or any kind of lawlessness done in the name of organized labor, as sternly as he has compelled the great corporations to recognize the unquestionable sovereignty of the law and the Government."

"There are those who believe that the President of the United States should be a man of slow, conservative temperament. But these are times which call for dynamic force, for moral rage, as it were, to break through the thousand subtle thralls which have been woven about the

hands and feet of civilization. And if Mr. Roosevelt hurls the weight of his great office against the evils which stand in the way of American progress, if he moves sometimes with a suggestion of violence, heart and mind in a fury of earnestness, it is because he has investigated deeply, knows the real facts, appreciates the danger of delay in a country governed by popular suffrage, is constantly face to face with a blind, sordid greed whose resistance can only be overcome by shock, and has made up his mind to save legitimate wealth in spite of itself."

WHETHER Mr. Creelman's interpretation of the Wall street view and of the reasons for it is right or wrong, it is generally admitted that this is the interpretation the country at large has come to accept, and even the critics of the President confess their inability to see any lessening of his popularity. President Eliot, of Harvard, is reported as saying of Mr. Roosevelt that he "has never grown up." Commenting on this the *New York Times* says:

"The impulse to which we have referred, the delight of exercise of inherent powers, is most fresh and energetic in youth. Mr. Roosevelt applies to the analysis of any moral question to which he turns his attention his keen mental force with much the same spirit that a healthy lad runs and jumps and wrestles on an errand to which a man of fifty would go soberly and with no needless expenditure of effort. He cannot help it. It is the imperious demand of a nature still abounding in vigor and spring. What distinguishes him from others of like temperament is the direction his activity takes. It is the ethical bent in his mind. He thinks and feels as to most things in terms of right and wrong. Undoubtedly he likes power, and it would be absurd to contend—he would not do it himself—that he is utterly free from ambition, or vanity, or a certain degree of selfishness; but he instinctively sees the moral side of affairs and reaches a judgment with regard to it, which he maintains with the utmost firmness. He may be hasty. He may be blinded by the intensity of his own sentiments. But it is that side of things that appeals to him and excites him and keeps him excited."

A WRITER in the *Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia) comments in a humorous vein on this abounding energy and breadth of intellectual sympathy displayed by the President. Whitehouseitis, we are informed, is a disease that is epidemic all the time the President is in Washington. To quote further:

"Conferences at the White House are all surprise parties. Talk about tunnel workers having the bends! People who go to see the President are likely to come out with so many new ideas beaten into them that they make a person who has been subject to the ministrations of compressed air look like a girl in a white dress sitting on a stoop on a summer afternoon. The President talks about anything that interests

him; and everything does interest him, from the right way to crook the tail of a Boston terrier to the proper policy to be pursued at The Hague Peace Conference. He has theories on all subjects, from the exact way a hen should lay an egg to the ultimate destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he'll turn them on at any moment."

As to the President's popularity, the same writer expresses in an exaggerated manner the prevailing view. He writes:

"The rural view of Congress is that it is a lot of fellows who are mad because the President is there watching them and keeping them in the straight and narrow path. The old precept that 'the king can do no wrong' is getting to be orthodox doctrine in the West. If the President were to go out and tear down the Washington Monument the people would say: 'Well, the blamed thing ought to have been round instead of square, anyhow,' and if the fancy seized him to burn the White House the country would applaud and shout for as many millions as he liked to build a new one according to his own designs."

"They don't understand this in the Senate. They remind me of a lot of antique St. Bernards barking at the moon. They lay a trap for the President and he gayly walks into it, and they stand around and say: 'Now—now we've got him!' Then they listen for the kind applause from the proletariat, and it never comes. Instead, they get a roar of: 'Them scoundrels down there in the Senate is tryin' to hender the President, but he'll fix 'em!' You'd think after more than five years of this sort of thing the Senate would wake up and acknowledge that a few of the eighty millions of people in this country believe in the President. They won't, though. It takes more than five years to get the Senate out of a trance."

NOT President Roosevelt, but a far more uncontrollable force is pushing us along on the path to monarchy, namely the force of circumstances. That is the view of Mark Twain, put forth in all seriousness in last month's *North American Review*. Unavoidable and irresistible circumstance, he thinks, will gradually take away the powers of the states and concentrate them in the central government, and then the Republic will repeat the history of all time and become a monarchy. Mark is stirred to these reflections by Secretary Root's recent speech and especially by the following sentences in that speech:

"Our whole life has swung away from the old State centers, and is crystallizing about national centers."

" The old barriers which kept the States as separate communities are completely lost from sight."

" That [State] power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the national government."

"Sometimes by an assertion of the inter-State commerce power, sometimes by an assertion of

the taxing power, the national government is taking up the performance of duties which under the changed conditions the separate States are no longer capable of adequately performing."

"We are urging forward in a development of business and social life which tends more and more to the obliteration of State lines and the decrease of State power as compared with national power."

"It is useless for the advocates of State rights to inveigh against . . . the extension of national authority in the fields of necessary control where the State themselves fail in the performance of their duty."

Mark's comment on all this is as follows:

"Human nature being what it is, I suppose we must expect to drift into monarchy by and by. It is a saddening thought, but we cannot change our nature: we are all alike, we human beings; and in our blood and bone, and ineradicable, we carry the seeds out of which monarchies and aristocracies are grown: worship of gauds, titles, distinctions, power. We have to worship these things and their possessors, we are all born so, and we cannot help it. We have to be despised by somebody whom we regard as above us, or we are not happy; we have to have somebody to worship and envy, or we cannot be content. In America we manifest this in all the ancient and customary ways. In public we scoff at titles and hereditary privilege, but privately we hanker after them, and when we get a chance we buy them for cash and a daughter. Sometimes we get a good man and worth the price, but we are ready to take him anyway, whether he be ripe or rotten, whether he be clean and decent, or merely a basket of noble and sacred and long-descended offal. And when we get him the whole nation publicly chaffs and scoffs—and privately envies; and also is proud of the honor which has been conferred upon us. We run over our list of titled purchases every now and then, in the newspapers, and discuss them and caress them, and are thankful and happy."

THE view of Secretary Root that the failure of the state governments to exercise their powers in any adequate way for the protection of the people's rights is responsible for the increase of federal powers was expressed nearly a year ago by Speaker Cannon. As quoted in the *Chicago Tribune* Mr. Cannon said: "In my judgment the danger now to us is not the weakening of the federal government, but rather the failure of the forty-five sovereign states to exercise respectively their function, their jurisdiction, touching all matters not granted to the federal government." The *Tribune* expresses its regret at the tendency toward centralization, but considers it inevitable. But the process should "be extremely slow and deliberate," for otherwise the federal government will become so overloaded with work that it will be able to do nothing efficiently. The *Philadelphia Press* also uses the



SOME INTERESTING STUDIES

word "inevitable" in speaking of the tendency. It says:

"The tendency to nationalism has been inseparable from modern growth. Mr. Root portrays the causes with a rapid and vivid touch. Enlarged human interests and intercommunication have altogether overleaped State lines. The great agencies of activity can stop at State boundaries no more than at county boundaries. Thus the question of regulating railroad rates, when the railroads cross State lines, is one with which the States cannot adequately deal. The Federal anti-trust law, the anti-rebate law, the Federal laws on meat inspection, oleomargarine and pure food laws are also of this character. Congress was compelled to legislate because legislation had become a prime necessity and the State could not supply it effectively. . . . The movement is a natural evolution. It has preceded and must pro-





IN PRESIDENTIAL FACIAL EXPRESSION

ceed only within constitutional lines. It cannot be stopped so long as there is a great public wrong without a legal remedy, and which in its consequences reaches beyond State boundaries."

THE *Atlanta Journal* voices its fear of the centralizing process, especially of that part of it that increases the power of the Executive, in the following language:

"In itself it necessarily leads, this policy, to the further strengthening of the powers of the chief executive; to further government by the executive at Washington and his advisers. Mr. Roosevelt has gone a long way on that road already. It is a great deal easier for the people to accept laws from a law-giver, if they are good laws, than for them to make them for themselves; and every race has had its period of laziness when it ac-



cepted good laws from a good ruler in content. But afterwards comes always an unwise, a weak, a personally ambitious, or an unscrupulous ruler; this latter finds the popular initiative weakened by sloth, and he does what he pleases. Mr. Roosevelt's policy of centralization, if carried out logically, would gradually make way for an essential change in the character of the government, although the form of government might be longer in changing. There is no immediate danger of this republic ceasing to be a republic in spirit; but there is a danger of sowing seeds in the present which will spring up into a troublesome crop of weedy problems for posterity."

The whole subject, observes the *Philadelphia Ledger*, is "of transcendent importance, since it really involves our whole conception of the nature and purpose of government and the maintenance of our constitutional system or its transformation into a system altogether different."

* * *



ROUND the dusky form of Sergeant Mingo Sanders is probably to be waged the rest of the battle concerning the discharge of the black battalion. Two features of the case are as good as settled by the latest message of the President on the subject. By revoking that part of his first order that debarred the discharged soldiers from civil employment, the President has nearly eliminated the question raised as to his constitutional power. The additional sworn evidence submitted to the Senate with that message seems to establish beyond all cavil the fact that the midnight shooting in Brownsville was done by soldiers of the battalion, not by civilians. But the issue that remains and that is personified in the figure of Sergeant Sanders is the question of personal justice to soldiers who did not take part in the raid, and who deny having knowledge that might lead to the detection of those who did take part. Mingo Sanders has served in the army twenty-six years. In May, 1908, he would have retired for age on a pension of \$35.00 a month. He has been honorably discharged eight times, and has re-enlisted each time. His papers of discharge bear testimony to his efficiency as a soldier. He has seen service in the Indian fights, in Cuba, and in the Philippines. His character is declared by Senator Foraker to be "excellent." Sanders has been in Washington working for his reinstatement, and has filed in the War Department affidavits that he did not participate in the raid and does not know who did. The correspondents represent him as dazed and crushed by his discharge without honor, but

confident that the President will restore him to the service.

ASIDE from the game of politics that is supposed to enter into this contest with the administration which some of the Senators have made on this affair, the question of personal justice for Sanders and others in a like situation is the one feature that still calls forth criticism from journals that are not usually hostile to the President's policy. The *New York World* is not fond of Foraker, and thinks his motives are personal and selfish. But it says:

"Mingo Sanders is not bothering his head about what candidate the negro delegates to the Republican National Convention in 1908 will follow. He is not scheming to capture the negro vote, North or South. After twenty-five years' faithful service he wants to re-enlist. He and his companions of the Twenty-fifth Infantry who are innocent have a right to have their military records corrected. They want their cases judged on their merits, not on impulse or prejudice. To make them pawns in the game of politics would ruin their hopes and serve in justifying an Executive lynching."

The *New York Times* admits that the new testimony is "altogether conclusive" that the raid was made by soldiers; but it holds that the testimony is by no means conclusive that knowledge of the raid and of those participating in it "must have been" in the possession of all the soldiers of the battalion. "It was upon this theory," says *The Times*, "that is, the theory that all the negro soldiers knew of the firing and knew the names of the guilty, that the President proceeded when he dismissed the three companies. This is the weak point in his defense of an act which he is perfectly satisfied is within his Constitutional authority."

THE President not only discharged without trial the innocent and the guilty," says the *Springfield Republican*, "he punished without trial." The *Philadelphia Ledger* does not believe that in the history of the nation there is a parallel to the President's argument as found in his statement: "Many of its old soldiers who had nothing to do with the raid must know something tangible as to the identity of the criminals." In other words, says *The Ledger*, the basis for this drastic procedure of punishing innocent men by wholesale is a belief harbored in the mind of the President and a few officers. "Was ever government so conducted on the principle of guess-work?" Says the *New York Sun*:

"The issue is one of simple justice to American soldiers who are also American citizens. Men charged with the crimes which these soldiers are said to have committed are clearly entitled to a trial before some competent tribunal. They have been tried neither by military court-martial nor before the criminal courts of Texas. A local Grand Jury found no ground on which to indict them. The issue is distinctly legal and in no way either personal or political, and those features should be entirely eliminated."

EVEN assuming that a number of the soldiers were innocent, what else could the President have done under the circumstances, with the evidence available, but discharge the whole battalion in the public interest? This question is answered as follows by the *New York Times*:

"If the President had put the three companies under detention, if he had begun a rigorous inquiry, prolonged for months, if necessary, opening up every discoverable source of evidence and neglecting no means of getting at the truth in order that the riotous spirit and murderous acts of the soldiers might be duly punished, the country would have said that he had gone about the task in the right way. By his hasty dismissal of all the soldiers of the three companies he made a searching investigation impossible and cheated justice by the infliction of a miserably insufficient penalty upon the guilty. That was the President's worst mistake, and that it was a mistake he is not yet ready to admit."

The answer made by the *Springfield Republican* to the same question is:

"If the government could do nothing besides this [punish the innocent with the guilty] then it should have done nothing. If it cannot discover the culprits, then it has nothing to do but wait until it can discover them, before inflicting penalties for violation of laws or discipline. It can, however, redistribute suspected soldiers in other commands and thus minimize their power for further mischief. One live detective, meanwhile, might work wonders in securing evidence, if he could be let loose among them."

ONE of the few journals that has not been convinced by the President's latest evidence that the shooting was done by negroes is the *New York Evening Post*. It still attaches weight to the evidence collected by the Constitutional League—a negro organization. The League's contention has been that the negroes were victims of a conspiracy, and that there was ground for belief that the shooting was done by white men who had blackened their faces, put on cast-off uniforms of the soldiers, picked up clips from the rifle range and then strewed them around in the streets on the night of the shooting. Referring to this theory *The Evening Post* remarks:

"The Assistant Attorney-General, who collected the new evidence at Brownsville, was told to go there and get it; and there are many citizens of that place who were only too glad to give him what he wanted. His hearings were, moreover, secret. What is now needed is a public investigation, with opportunities for cross-examining the witnesses, to ascertain if the murderers were actually soldiers, or negroes and white 'men dressed in khaki clothes.'"

THE President, however, submitted to the Senate, with his latest message, not only cartridge clips but loaded cartridges picked up in the streets of Brownsville which are declared by the experts of the ordnance bureau to be manufactured exclusively for the government, and for use in the Springfield rifle only, of the model of 1903,—the rifles used by the troops. Moreover, bullets were found as follows (we quote from Secretary Taft's report accompanying the message):

"Three bullets were extracted, one in the presence of Major Blocksom at the Gowan House, one by Major Blocksom from the Yturria House, and one by Mr. Garza from his own house, on the southeast corner of the alley and Fourteenth Street. Each of these bullets was of the weight and size of bullets used in the Springfield ammunition and bears the four marks of the lands or raised parts between the grooves of the rifling. The rifling of the Winchester rifle, 1905, into which the shells of the size of the Springfield rifle shells would fit, has six lands, so that the bullets could not have been fired out of the Winchester rifle. The bullets, however, were about the same size as the Krag-Jorgensen bullet, and had the same mark of the lands, which is four in number; but, as already said, the shells found would not enter the Krag-Jorgensen chamber by an inch, and the evidence indicates that there was but one Krag-Jorgensen rifle in the neighborhood of Brownsville, and that was owned by a witness who testified. The evidence is conclusive that there were no guns except the Springfield guns which would discharge the bullets from the cartridges found."

EVIDENCE of a "conspiracy of silence" extending to all or practically all the soldiers of the battalion is not direct but indirect and inferential. The facts as elicited by the sworn testimony of "four or five" witnesses is that the firing began inside the garrison, some of it from the upper galleries or porches of the barracks. Then the soldiers to the number of fifteen or twenty emerged from the garrison, divided into two squads, and proceeded by different routes, shooting into houses as they went. The alignment of bullet holes in the houses along the garrison road, says Secretary Taft's report, show that the bullets were fired from inside the garrison wall and

some of them from the second story of the barracks. Says the Secretary:

"What took place on the porches and just back of the barracks, the volleying, the noise, the assembly of the men, and the walking along the porches, could not have taken place without awakening and attracting the attention of all who were in the barracks, privates, and non-commissioned officers, whether asleep or not, and it is utterly impossible that they should not have been aware of what was going on when the firing continued for at least eight or ten minutes thereafter. That a guard which was on watch, with a sergeant in charge, 400 feet from where the first firing took place, should not have been aware that this was the work of their comrades is utterly impossible."

THE President's own conclusions from the evidence is that "it is well nigh impossible that any of the non-commissioned officers who were at the barracks should not have known what occurred." That, of course, includes Mingo Sanders. A negro preacher in Boston, Rev. A. Clayton Powell, defending the soldiers even for the conspiracy of silence, says:

"The President promised to turn the guilty over to the State of Texas. He knew when he made the promise that within forty-eight hours after they were turned over to the Texas authorities they would be burned at the stake and their charred bones sold for souvenirs. Under these conditions who can blame them if they did 'stand together in a determination to resist the detection of the guilty'? If the few who may know should become backdoor tattlers and betray their comrades they would bring down on their heads the withering curses of all mankind."

An interesting point is brought out by the New York *Sun* regarding the character of the population of Brownsville. It is "not a Southern community," we are assured. Aside from the Mexicans, who form the numerical preponderating element, the white population is almost wholly of Northern birth or extraction. Says *The Sun*:

"As a rule, the men who represent the financial, social, and material importance of the town are old soldiers of the Union army and their descendants. Considered in mere numbers, the Southerners making their homes in Brownsville represent a very small minority. . . . The assumption that Brownsville is a typical 'Southern community,' where everybody hates the negro and delights in subjecting him to injury and humiliation will not bear a moment's honest and enlightened inquiry. The truth is that Brownsville, so far as concerns the character, influence and importance of its constituent elements, is much more a 'Northern community' than is either Chicago or New York."

AGITATION of this Brownsville incident has led to consideration of the much broader question whether the present plan of

enlisting negro regiments is a wise one. Representative Slayden, of Texas, has introduced a bill for the disbandment of all the black regiments, and he has culled from the records numerous incidents of disorder in the history of those regiments. Four other cases similar to the Brownsville raid are on the records of the Twenty-fifth regiment, and a number of such cases darken the record of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry. Even since the Brownsville raid serious disturbances have been created at El Reno and Fort Leavenworth by the colored troopers, and all the black regiments in the country have been ordered to be ready to sail for the Philippines between March 5 and June 5 of this year. The enlistment of negro regiments dates back to 1866, when the army was reduced to a peace footing, and the four regiments now in the service—two of infantry and two of cavalry—have a continuous history of forty years. On the average, according to the Springfield *Republican*, their record has been as good as that of the white regiments. In the matters of gambling and fighting among themselves they have been worse than the white soldiers. The records of frontier campaigns are filled with thrilling incidents in which the black troops participated. Says *The Republican*:

"With the disappearance of the old frontier in the United States, which was coincident substantially with the Spanish war, the negro soldiers have become more a part of the garrison of civilization in the various parts of the country. Since the Spanish war, it may be said, and since then only, has the disposition of these troops become troublesome to the government. It is a new question of army administration, comparatively speaking, and to assume that it is one impossible of satisfactory adjustment would be a flagrant illustration of premature judgment. The colored race in America has earned by hard service in toilsome march and bloody field the right to serve under the flag. The black regiments have come up and through the furnace of war and they will stay with the colors."

THE New York *Independent*, however, thinks it would be well if there were no colored regiments and if instead colored men were admitted as soldiers in all regiments. The segregation of negroes into separate regiments is a discrimination on account of color and race, and "the army should know of no caste." The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* is for the elimination of negro soldiers altogether. It says:

"There is one proper solution of the problem, and only one. The army should be promptly and permanently rid of its negro commands, and the negro regiments should be reorganized by the enlistment of white troops. Many communities



THE LATEST VICTIM OF THE EARTHQUAKE

Kingston, Jamaica, is a city of misfortunes. Cholera, hurricane, fire and now earthquake have in turn brought disaster, and made the loveliness of nature seem for the time like the false smile on the face of an alluring enchantress.

have protested against the stationing of negro commands in their vicinage, for the very good reason that these commands, instead of being a protection, are a threat. . . . The negro commands in the army are a menace to the country, and a disturbing influence wherever they are stationed, and it will be little short of an outrage if the authorities do not take cognizance of the fact. Punitive methods having failed, absolute abolition of the negro commands is necessary not only to the reputation of the army but to the peace of the country." *

JAMAICA, through the medium of the earthquake that wrecked her capital last month, affords the latest illustration of that steadily increasing lateral pressure acting on a long and relatively weak shore line to which the seismic convulsions of the past year are ascribed by scientists. The loveliest island of all the Caribbean was metaphorically picked up and shaken to pieces from a point of which Kingston formed the center of energy. Not that the experience was a first taste of misfortune for Jamaica. Her dates, it has been well said, are epochs, not numerals. The island calendar reckons from the cholera rebellion, the hurricane years, the slavery emancipation crisis, the great Kingston fire and the cyclone summer. The cyclone fatality occurred some three years ago. It entailed a monetary loss of \$12,000,000. The earthquake, if we are to accept the first estimates at hand, will cost Jamaica three times that sum. But as, in the case of the cyclone disasters, there was a tendency to sensationalism in the dispatches; it may be that the earthquake, tho a real calam-

ity, is not of so overwhelming a character as people in the United States have been led to imagine. As regards property, no town or village has been "wiped out" in a literal sense, as was at first reported; but scarcely a house or church or public building within the earthquake radius escaped without some damage. Kingston's loss has been greatest in comparison with that experienced by towns like Port Antonio, Manchioneal, Port Maria and Falmouth. It is in the country districts, however, that the distress has been most extensive. The houses of the peasantry are frail structures of wattle and mud, roofed with palm thatch. Many are placed upon precarious foundations. Scores of these were knocked down or lifted bodily into the air—a lively demonstration of the vehemence of this natural convulsion.



HIS nerves of the country, not yet recovered from the insurance revelations, seem threatened with another series of shocks. When the Interstate Commerce Commission began its investigation into the Harriman group of railroads several weeks ago, the disclosures of the first day's proceedings were sufficient to send a distinct sensation to the outermost parts of the country. Since then Mr. Harriman has loomed up as the largest figure for the time being in the realm of high finance. The investigation, however, will, it is thought, be extended to other railroad systems and it bids fair to take us into the innermost sanctums of the financial temple. By



THE SPIDER

—Macauley in New York World.

the side of the railroad systems our insurance companies are mere industrial incidents. In the war between our financial kings, banks and insurance companies and trust companies are outposts. Railroads are the citadels. The fate of a great railroad comes home directly to vast sections of country and to a multiplicity of industrial interests as nothing else does. A crippled trunk-line, poorly financed,



MOVING IN A HIGHER SPHERE

—Macauley in New York World.

inadequately equipped, badly operated, may mean families freezing to death in North Dakota for lack of fuel, cattle-raisers in Texas and cotton-planters in Georgia ruined for want of access to the markets, and the march of the nation's prosperity checked. From one of the most conservative journals of the country, the New York *Evening Post*, the revelations made by the first day's probing into the Harriman system elicited the following:

"This kind of agitation, based on undisputed facts as to gross mismanagement of railways, is beginning to get on the nerves of our soberest and most conservative men. They sigh wearily and admit that from Harriman and the Rockefellers and the rebates, the radicals have drawn politically effective arguments against private ownership."

IT APPEARS from the testimony of William Mahl, controller of the big companies in the Harriman system, that the Union Pacific (Harriman's company) owns to-day nearly 30 per cent. (\$28,000,000) of the stock of the Illinois Central; 37 per cent. (\$5,000,000) of the St. Joseph & Grand Island road; that the Oregon Short Line (another Harriman company) owns nearly 19 per cent. (\$39,540,000) of the stock of the Baltimore & Ohio; 3½ per cent. (\$3,690,000) of the stock of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul; 8 per cent. (\$14,285,000) of the stock of the New York Central; 4¼ per cent. (\$10,000,000) of the stock of Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, and 2½ per cent. (\$2,572,000) of the stock of the Chicago & Northwestern. The most startling feature of this disclosure, however, is the fact that most of these stocks, to the amount of \$103,293,745 in value, have been purchased since July 1, 1906, or in a period of six months. Remembering that when Harriman and his friends acquired possession of the Union Pacific a dozen years ago it was a bankrupt affair, that the Southern Pacific and the Oregon Short Line have since been added to it, that it paid last year ten per cent. dividends, and that to these roads and their vast holdings of other roads are to be added several important steamship companies and \$30,000,000 of stock of the Illinois Central held by Harriman and his colleagues individually, and we see such a rapid advance in consolidation of railroad lines as has never been duplicated in the history of the world.

WHERE did the Union Pacific get this vast sum of over one hundred millions for the purchase of the stocks of other railroads?

That question subsequent hearings are expected to answer. It is known, however, that the company had a surplus six months ago of about \$50,000,000, and that Mr. Harriman was given a free hand by formal resolution of the board of directors to borrow such sums as he saw fit, using the securities of the company as collateral. With fifty millions to start on and using the stocks purchased as new collateral for fresh loans the process of purchasing other roads becomes a simple problem of high finance, and the extent to which it can be carried depends only upon the extent to which stocks are placed on the market by their holders at reasonable prices. The Harriman revelations, says the Philadelphia Press, will have an effect as deep as that resulting from the insurance revelations. "If the railroad companies face another season of drastic legislation, they have Mr. E. H. Harriman to thank for it. Neither the country nor Congress can pass in silence or without action the revelations made." The Press continues:

"Nothing is safe if these things can be done. Great railroads can be bought and looted in a day. Cities and whole industries will find their trade and profits affected. Whole armies of railroad employees and the interests of tens of thousands of shareholders will find themselves mere pawns in the game.

"It is a very serious matter that at the very time when railroad corporations are on trial these revelations are made. They are certain to raise a stern demand that the responsibility of directors and railroad officers, to the interests of their shareholders, shall be enforced by law. This legislation may not come in this Congress. It is certain to come in the next. It is idle to suppose that this wholesale abuse of great trusts by direc-



"THE ABLEST TRUST-BUSTER IN THE UNITED STATES"

That is said to be President Roosevelt's opinion of Frank Billings Kellogg, of St. Paul, one of the lawyers conducting the investigation into the affairs of the Harriman railroads. He was reared on a Minnesota farm.

tors and a president, who are trustees for shareholders, can be laid bare without bringing the same storm which shook three great life insurance companies to their foundation."

EARNINGS

TOTAL EARNINGS, 1905, \$ 2,082,000,000							
MORGAN 20.36 %	HARRIMAN 17.46 %	VANDERBILT 16.15 %	PENNSYLVANIA 13.32 %	HILL 7.64 %	GOULD 5.84 %	R.I. 4.62 %	
TOTAL UNDER CONTROL \$ 1,776,659,000, 85 %							IND. 14.93 %

MILEAGE

TOTAL MAIN LINE, 1905, 216,000 MILES.							
MORGAN 21.3 %	HARRIMAN 13.4 %	VANDERBILT 10.8 %	HILL 9.3 %	GOULD 7.8 %	MOORE 6.7 %	PENN. 5.4 %	
TOTAL UNDER CONTROL, 161,306 MILES, 74.7 %							INDEPENDENT 25.3 %

RAILROAD EMPIRES OF AMERICA

—Courtesy of The World's Work.

THE legality of Mr. Harriman's proceedings will undoubtedly be brought to the federal courts for decision. The Sherman anti-trust law forbids the ownership and operation of parallel and competing lines by one company. The case for which the attorneys for the government are evidently laying a foundation is that the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific are, or were, competing lines, and the efforts of the railroad's attorneys are to show that they were not competing lines. "Of all the contests which the government has had with trusts and combinations of various kinds," says the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, "the largest is that which it has just begun against E. H. Harriman." That the government means business is indicated by the character of the attorneys it has chosen for these preliminary inquisitorial proceedings. They are Frank Billings Kellogg and C. A. Severance, both of St. Paul. Mr. Kellogg is said to be regarded by President Roosevelt as "the ablest trust-buster" in the United States. It was he who began the litigation for the state of Minnesota against the Northern Securities Company. It was he who broke up the "Paper Trust" last May. It is he who has been retained by the government to conduct the suit for the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company. He is a man of fifty, was reared on a farm in Minnesota, had but little schooling, and read law in the office of a country lawyer, being admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Severance is one of his law partners.

ONE serious effect that is feared as an immediate result of the Harriman revelations and the agitation growing out of it is that upon the proposed vast schemes of expansion and improvement which most of the railroad systems have begun. In addition to the large outlays decided upon by the Pennsylvania Company and announced before President Cassatt's recent death, a further increase of bonds and stocks to the amount of \$100,000,000 has been announced since his death, for new equipment and for extension of tracks. The New York Central about a year ago authorized an increase of \$100,000,000 for the same purposes. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé has recently decided on an increase of \$98,000,000. The two Hill lines have lately increased their stocks, one by \$60,000,000, the other by \$90,000,000. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul announces an increase of \$100,000,000. Over half a billion dollars must be obtained somewhere to float these issues,

and other railways are calling for similar increases of capital to fit them to handle properly their rapidly increasing traffic. James J. Hill has recently said that \$1,100,000,000 ought to be spent by the railways every year for the next five years on new construction. What effect the new agitation will have upon the marketing of these stocks and bonds is the source of anxiety to Mr. Hill and to that watchful organ of the capitalists, the *New York Sun*. It says:

"The last quarter of the year has seen over \$100,000,000 added to the wages of railroad employees. (Likewise the greatest decrease in the efficiency of labor ever noted in this or any other country.) The record of the prices of railroad supplies, rails alone excepted, during the year shows the greatest advance ever known in a like period. The condition of all around apparent prosperity is the most ominous disclosed in our annals.

"In these conditions a 10 per cent. horizontal reduction in rates of transportation by the joint forces of the Interstate Commerce Commission and special enactment is proposed, and it suggests at once to the sane and competent observer that Mr. Bryan's idea of Government ownership of all the railroads was wiser and more equitable and implied a decenter regard for the rights of property. It would seem as if the intention was to go Mr. Bryan one better, or go him one worse.

"In the face of this menace, what are the railroads to do? Where are they to get the money to buy the additional trackage, the need of which is now so painfully apparent; the money for additional rolling stock; the money for more motive power, and the money for enlarged terminals? The pressure to acquire all these is the most acute that has ever existed in our railroad history. How can the money be forthcoming in the presence of the destructive plans of the Federal Government?"

ON THE other hand, *The World* contends that the money that should have been paid out in new equipment has been paid out in acquiring the stock of other roads. It says, regarding the Harriman revelations:

"In disclosing this system of manipulation the commission will also lay bare the real reason for the inability of the railroads to meet their traffic demands and to protect the lives of their patrons. While the demands of 1906 were heavier than ever before, there had been a rapid increase in business for ten years previous. The 1906 traffic did not come as a surprise.

"The statistics compiled by Poor's Manual show that while the mileage increased only 18 per cent. between 1896 and 1905, the stock increased 29 per cent. and the bonds 37 per cent. This is apart from all leases. The interest paid on bonds increased only 11 per cent., but the gross earnings increased 89 per cent., the net earnings 106 per cent. and the dividends 150 per cent. Even at that the dividends actually paid accounted for less than a third of the net earnings.

"Money that should have been used in develop-

ing the physical properties has been spent in purchasing stocks in other lines, while surpluses have been allowed to accumulate by hook and crook to use for the same purpose or for juggling the market.

"In ten years of unprecedented railroad prosperity the control of *three-quarters* of the mileage has passed into the hands of *six or eight groups*. The lines themselves have been merely chips in a Wall Street poker game. The functions of the common carrier have been subordinated to the business of Wall Street exploitation. The operation of the roads has been an incident and not the main business of the men in control."

GENERAL conditions in American railroads and the characters of the men who are running them are interestingly set forth by a writer—C. M. Keys—in *The World's Work*. Seven men, says Mr. Keys, dominate the financial policy of three-fourths of the lines in America, and nine out of every ten tons of freight and nine out of every ten passengers transported pay tribute to their power. These seven men are: J. Pierpont Morgan, William K. Vanderbilt, Henry C. Frick, Edward H. Harriman, James J. Hill, George Jay Gould and William H. Moore. Each of these men dominates in his sphere of operations not because he actually owns a controlling interest in the road, but by reason partly of his holdings and partly of his personal mastery of affairs. Mr. Hill, for instance, owns personally less than one-fifth of the stock of his roads. The same is true of Mr. Vanderbilt. Others own a still smaller fraction. Of these seven men Mr. Keys says:

"It is enough to say that this great Senate of the railroad world is composed for the most part of men who have made themselves, who know the joy of conflict, the sense of commercial and monetary growth and expansion, the economics of industry. There is not one of them who is in any sense, as was Jay Gould in another generation, a wrecker of railroads or of communities. Financial exploitation is, among these men, secondary to the development of the area which they rule. No man can say of any one of them at the present moment that he has lost sight of his duty and the duty of his railroads to the people whom they serve."

BIGGEST of all the railroad men intellectually as well as financially is, we are told, J. Pierpont Morgan. His activity in railroads has been but incidental to his career as a banker, yet nearly half of the big systems have been reconstructed and put upon their feet by him. His influence has been for peace—peace in finance, peace in railroad management, "community of interests." In these days of new leaders of great daring, men are

forgetting the Morgan of yesterday. "Yet there is no other name that stands with the name of J. P. Morgan." One of the seven men is quoted by Mr. Keys as saying: "Mr. Morgan is the biggest man this age has seen, and will continue the biggest until he leaves the world of activity of his own accord. The dollar looks smaller to him than the point of a pin. We are like children, squabbling over trifles; like beggars, grubbing for pennies. Morgan is the measure of a man!"

Mr. Morgan does not hold any important office in the railroad world. But he has created the policies of great lines and selected the men to carry them out, and his influence dominates one-fifth of the railroad mileage today.

NEXT to Morgan in importance Mr. Keys places Harriman, "the man whose ambition knows no limitation, whose kingdom must stretch from sea to sea and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico." It is a dangerous ambition, the writer thinks; yet Mr. Harriman, who is often likened to Jay Gould, has never been a wrecker of railroads. At least he has never wrecked a main line. He cares little or nothing for branch lines and small local roads, and not much for the small communities along the line of his big roads. He wants to be master of the main highways. He is the man who would be king, and "he is the greatest of them all in the measure of the deeds that he has done."

THEN comes Vanderbilt, "the railroad aristocrat," who dominates a mileage nearly as large as that controlled by Harriman. Two years ago the Vanderbilt roads were in a condition of confusion, division and weakness. Vanderbilt was a man of leisure, spending half his time in France, seldom seeing anything of his roads. Big men broke their hearts trying to run his roads. The blight of indolence and favoritism lay over them all. Traffic was stolen from them at every junction point. But something has galvanized the Vanderbilt system into new life. When the announcement was made of the Pennsylvania's tunnel under the North River, one of the New York Central's officials remarked: "Now it's hustle or hell for us." An expenditure of seventy millions was decided upon for terminal improvements in New York City. In the last year twenty-five millions have been spent for new cars. A new activity is seen throughout the system, but it is not inspired

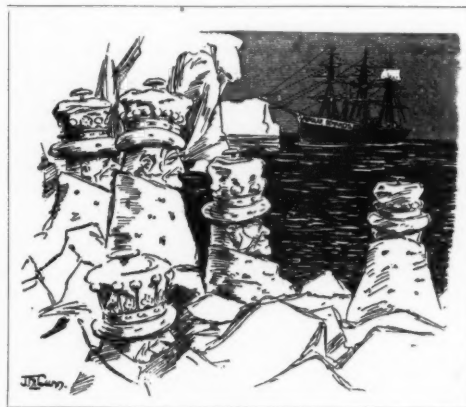
nor directed, tho it is no longer hindered, by Mr. Vanderbilt himself, who controls simply because he inherited control.

CASSATT has gone, and the dominant figure left in the Pennsylvania system is Henry C. Frick. He is not a director, and has no official authority. But he is a heavy owner, and his suggestions "go." At least they went when Cassatt was alive, and they will presumably go now. He is credited with being the heaviest single owner of railroad stocks in the United States. "He is a wonderful personality," writes Mr. Keys, "this little, trim, gray man, who came from the little poverty-ridden hut of the Pittsburg steel worker to be one of the mightiest of the mighty beneath the shadow of Trinity spire." Yet the boast of the Pennsylvania system is that no man or single group of men controls it. "The stockholders own the Pennsylvania Railroad." No ten men, it is claimed, possess enough of the stock to control the road. The stockholders are scattered from one end of the world to the other. Cassatt was the dominant figure, and the stockholders were ready to give him authority to do almost anything he liked. Frick has not the same degree of dominance that Cassatt had and still less that which the other railroad kings have in their realm. But he is the biggest figure left in the biggest of all the railroads.

HILL is dubbed by Mr. Keys as "the man who has kept the faith." He can command more money in a blind pool, it is said, than any other man in the world." His men are loyal to him in a personal sense even after they been enticed away to other systems by larger salaries. His stockholders are loyal. The farmers along his lines swear by him. Other financial leaders must explain more or less what they want money for. All Hill has to do is to ask for it. He is closer to his public than is any other man, and "he would sooner talk with a group of farmers out in Minnesota than lunch with Mr. Morgan." George J. Gould, who, like Vanderbilt, inherited his control in railroads, is styled by Mr. Keys "the sick man of the railroad powers." He has ambition and energy and courage. "If the energy and the determination were continuous he would accomplish much, but he halts by the wayside every now and then." He fought and won a splendid fight for entrance into Pittsburg; but then came vacillation, the little halt, the streak of financial meanness or timidity, and since then his posi-

tion in Wall street has been a weak one. Ex-Judge William H. Moore, the last of the seven men named by Mr. Keys, is styled "the sphinx of the Rock Island." He is the financial boss, but he is not an official of the road. His personality is but little known to the general public, and Mr. Keys has apparently little to add to that knowledge.

FOR a hundred years no Archbishop of Canterbury has been the center of such a political storm as is now raging about the head of the present successor of Thomas à Becket in consequence of the final defeat of England's education bill. This famous measure was rejected by the House of Lords in the face of the most solemn warnings from the Prime Minister that the peers would cease to form an upper legislative chamber if they persisted in their defiance of the majority in the House of Commons. The bitterness of the agitation that must now ensue is conceded by so firm a friend of the Lords as the *London Spectator*. It holds the Archbishop of Canterbury responsible for the situation. He undertook to lead the fight for sectarian schools. He merely followed a group of bigots. That is the summing up of more than one unbiased commentator. It has been hinted in the course of the month that the ministry will strive next autumn for something like the undenominational system of education that prevails in the pub-



AN ARCTIC BARRIER

"The resources of the British Constitution are not wholly exhausted. The resources of the House of Commons are not exhausted. And I say with conviction that we must find, and we will find, means by which the will of the people expressed through their elected representatives in this House will be made to prevail."—Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, in the House of Commons.

—From *London Tribune*.

lic schools of the United States. The Archbishop of Canterbury can not believe that any British ministry will prove so "godless." The *London Saturday Review* is not so sure. It thinks Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is pondering the situation in France. He is also pondering Home Rule. Indeed, predicts the *London Times*, there is to be a Home Rule bill when parliament next assembles. The Irish have not hitherto taken kindly to the denominational educational ideal. They are to be bribed, therefore, with the prospect of a parliament of their own in Dublin. Next the Lords are to go. Finally the estates of the great English landlords are to be subjected to some unspecified form of confiscation. Such, remarks the *London Times*, are the consequences of tolerating a Prime Minister who is at heart a Jacobin.

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WHEN the present King of England was merely Prince of Wales he was in the habit of saying that the most remarkable woman in Great Britain, after his own mother, was the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The death of this philanthropist last month has occasioned more obituary literature of the eulogistic kind than even the passing of Queen Victoria inspired. "One of the most remarkable and splendid characters of the Victorian era," says the *London Telegraph*. "The organization and administration of her benevolence was in itself a life work," observes the *London Mail*; "never was charity less ostentatious." The *London Times* thinks the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was, all things considered, the most famous woman on the globe, the most disinterested in her love of humanity and the most tactful in achieving her philanthropical aims. Angelina Georgina Burdett came into the fortune upon which she built her renown at a time when ten million dollars—that was what her possessions amounted to then—seemed a prodigious sum. The British imagination was staggered. Americans failed to grasp the immensity of the monetary aggregation. Ten million dollars, all concentrated in a single individual! However, the most sensational circumstance of her career was her marriage to the poor American youth who was barely old enough to be her grandson when she made him her husband. His full name was William Lehmann Ashmead-Bartlett. His father had been an instructor at Harvard before our civil war. Little William was sent to England with his brother because his widowed mother

could live cheaply there. The boys were to return in time to be put through Harvard. But they never came back. One married the most remarkable woman in England and went into parliament. The other became the husband of a beautiful Scotch heiress and likewise entered the House of Commons.

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LAST month Mohamed Ali Mirza became Shah of Persia under circumstances inspiring the suspicion that he means to make a speedy end of the parliament that has been in session at Teheran during the whole period of the late Shah's fatal illness. Mohamed Ali Mirza revealed his outspoken reactionary tendencies to his Vizier on the first day of his reign. He avowed a pronounced aversion for the constitution granted by his father not many months ago. Soon after the promulgation of that instrument, Prince Mohamed Ali Mirza founded a reactionary league at Tabriz, where he resided, and where he was upheld by a coterie of mullahs. The influence of these mullahs, who are a kind of Mohammedan clergy, is great in Persia. They have maintained an ecclesiastical organization unknown in other Moslem countries. They exercise much authority of a judicial kind. They are said by a competent authority to be the only body of men in the land capable of standing between the new Shah and his subjects. They have on more than one occasion, according to the Teheran correspondent of the *London Times*, interposed their influence against misgovernment. Between them and the late Shah the breach had grown wide. Not long before the death of that potentate the mullahs actually threatened him with excommunication.

PERSIA'S new Shah is believed to be influenced by a widespread popular superstition that his father, Muzaffer-ed-Din, was destined to be the last of the present dynasty. The mullahs about Mohamed Ali Mirza are proclaiming that a constitution and a parliament are in conflict with the law of the Koran. They are imitations of the infidel west. They must therefore be obnoxious to all true believers. In thus interpreting the sacred text, they reflect, it seems, the conviction of the new Shah that Persia's parliament, if it be allowed an opportunity, will legislate his dynasty off the peacock throne. In order to support his reactionary theories with the sanctions of the faith, the new Shah has sent a mission to the great religious center of



HOURS OF SUSPENSE

The crowds that waited for news outside the palace gates during the sickness of the late Shah of Persia shared in the popular belief, based on superstition, that the dying Muzaffer-ed-Din was to be the last of his dynasty. The belief will not make any easier the course of the new Shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza.

Shiite Mohammedanism. If that mission returns with a condemnation of the Persian parliament, Mohamed Ali Mirza will have won a great triumph. But the Persian people, avers Professor Arminius Vambéry, who knows them well, look to their new parliament as their only refuge against the despotic system under which they suffered so much when the late Shah reigned. It is highly unlikely that Mohamed Ali Mirza will prove strong enough to overthrow the only parliament ever chosen on the mainland of Asia. Yet his proceedings indicate an uncompromising frame of mind to which his subjects are in no mood to yield.

HE IS now about thirty-five, but his accession to the throne is an anomaly in that his mother did not belong to the Kajar dynasty. It has been maintained by the mullahs that only the son of a Kajar princess could become Shah. They have decided, however, that Mohamed Ali Mirza is a Kajar because his father was. The new Shah received what is termed a European education. He speaks French fluently. His knowledge of English

is elementary. His Persian tutors were innumerable in the days when he was Vali Ahd, or crown prince, and resided at Tabriz in a palace noted for the beauty of its gardens. Much was made of the faith in the present Shah's training. Mohammedanism is, of course, the religion of the land to-day. But Persia adheres to that sect within the faith known as Shiite. The new Shah, consequently, regards Ali, first cousin and son-in-law of Mohamed, as the true successor of the prophet. This sets the Persian Shah in opposition to the Turkish Sultan, upholder of the Sunnite sect of Islam. The Mohammedan world is thus rent by schism. But when he was merely Vali Ahd, the new Shah was suspected of indoctrination with the heresies of Babism. The public square outside his palace at Tabriz was the scene of the execution of the Bab some half a century ago. By a coincidence that has been deemed ominous, the Bab's three names were the same as those of the new Shah. His Majesty the king of kings and light of the world is called Mohamed Ali Mirza. The Bab had for his real name Mirza Ali Mohamed.

IN THE eyes of the new Shah, however, the tenets of the Bab are rank heresy. His Majesty's devotion to the truth faith has been certified by his mullahs. It is further attested by his approval of the execution of a Mohammedan seer who had forsworn the faith of the prophet and taken to Christianity. The seer was immured in a cell looking out upon the palace grounds. Having been kept upon bread and water for several weeks, the apostate from Mohammedanism was carried into the public square at Tabriz and, upon his refusal to abjure the Christian creed, was strangled in the presence of a great concourse of the faithful. The firmness with which the Vali Ahd vindicated his religion on this occasion edified the faithful at the time and was recalled to his advantage last month. But the new Shah is much criticized for his devotion to the automobile and for his somewhat English type of sportsmanship. He shoots all day whenever he has time. He is accused of alluding disrespectfully, too, to the tomb of Ali, the son-in-law of the prophet, who is buried at Nejef, in Mesopotamia. His Majesty has the further misfortune to be on bad terms with the most influential personage, politically, in Persia, Mushir-ed-Dowleh. This aged statesman has been Minister of War, Foreign Minister and Grand Vizier. His record as a Europeanizer of Persia seems to have been fatal to his position at the court of the new sovereign, however. His Majesty consorts with the mullahs and the mullahs are boycotting Mushir-ed-Dowleh.



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S optimism—his strongest quality, according to himself—may fail him when the outcome of the first and second ballots for the next German Reichstag are laid before his Majesty in the course of the coming fortnight. The ten million or so of voters in the fatherland are even now in the voting booths. A huge fraction must cast an additional ballot, for in many a constituency the election will not yield the requisite majority for any one candidate. Herr Bebel, the veteran leader of the Socialists, must wait a week or two for verification or failure of his prediction that his party's vote is to attain a total of four million. The Socialists polled three million votes in the election of a few years ago. If any great increase is to be effected, Herr Bebel must achieve the task. His energy throughout the campaign gives emphasis to the assertion that he is easily the greatest liv-

ing German engaged in public affairs. His unceasing propaganda has spread over the country and has been followed up by an organization which the exigencies of the campaign demonstrate to be well nigh perfect. He has spoken at all kinds of gatherings, to all kinds of people, sympathizers and opponents, with an unquenchable zeal, a burning force and a contempt for constituted authorities rarely tolerated in the fatherland. In one past campaign Bebel was forced to abandon convenient premises in which, as a turner, he had built up a paying business, and, at heavy loss, to re-establish himself beyond the reach of political persecution. This year he has been let alone to an extent quite new in German experience.

BEBEL, nevertheless, seems to have rasped the Emperor's feelings violently. The Socialist leader has preached from his old text that the constitution of the German Empire was intended to establish what in Great Britain goes by the name of responsible government. The German constitution, interpreted by Bebel, creates a Reichstag elected by universal suffrage. The Reichstag has a share in legislation. It has the right of examining and of approving or of rejecting the estimates laid before it on behalf of the imperial authority. But there is a second body, the federal council, made up of delegates appointed by the states of the German Empire. Above these two bodies is placed the Emperor. Bebel takes issue with the theory that the Emperor is the supreme executive officer in a despotic sense, acting through a chancellor, ministers and officials who are appointed and dismissed by his Imperial Majesty and responsible only to him. Nevertheless, the Emperor's choice of ministers is independent of the Reichstag and its votes. What Bebel protests against is the administrative absolutism superimposed upon a representative legislature empowered to grant or to withhold supplies. There is nothing in the nature of "responsible government" here, for the administration is not responsible to the Reichstag. Emperor William II conducts the government of Germany himself.

HERE is the issue of the struggle. William himself is fully alive to it. His frequent public utterances are replete of late, declares the *London Post*, with expressions of his personal opinions and represent the acts of his government as the outcome of his own initiative. To this fact is due the growing impres-

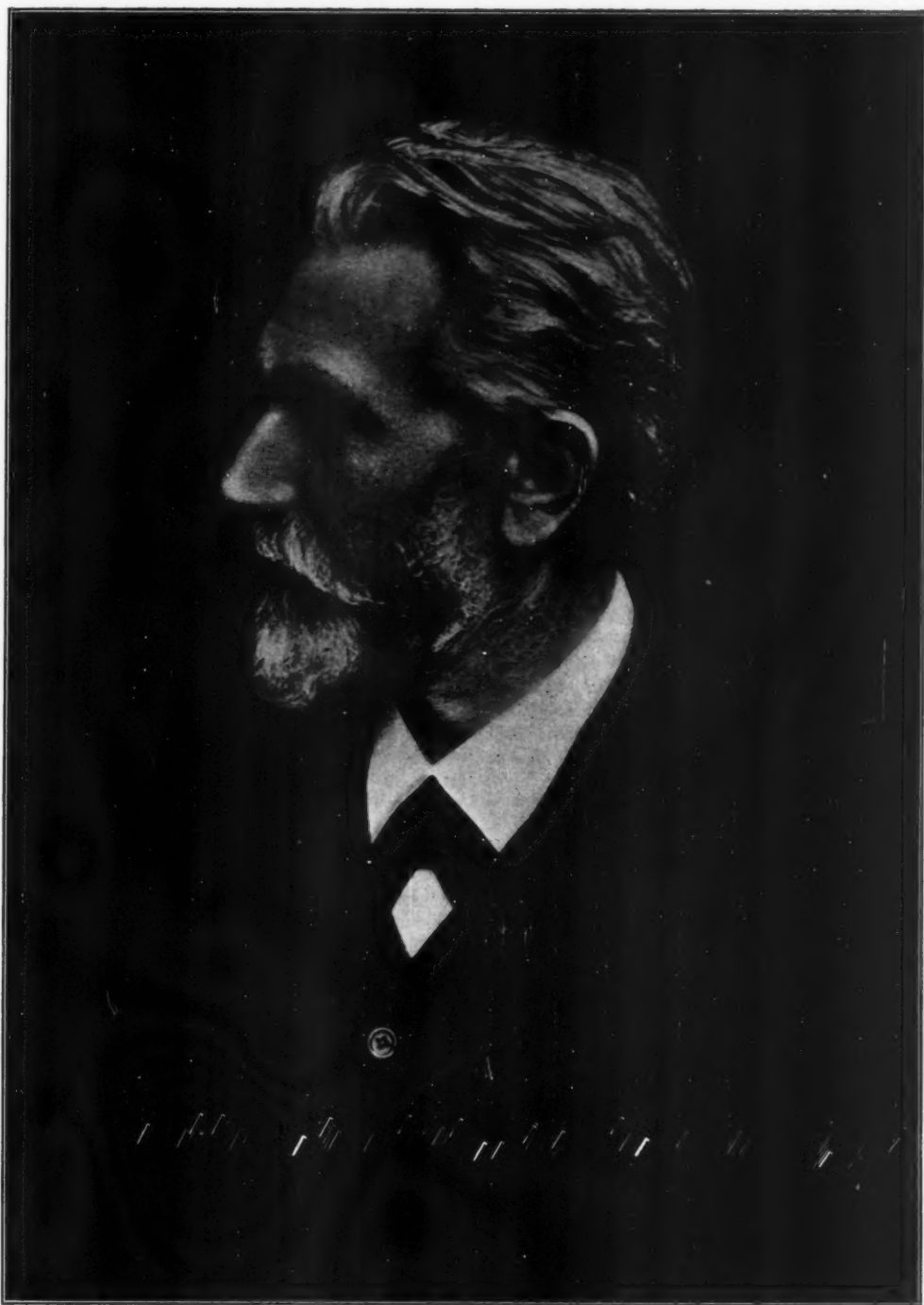
sion in Germany that the government of the country is absolute rather than representative or parliamentary. Public opinion in Germany, as reflected in the uninspired press, would welcome any arrangement by which it could be made practicable for the Emperor to choose his ministers from among men in sympathy with the views of the majority in the Reichstag now in process of election. The dissatisfaction with the present system is so widespread and acute that Bebel is deemed to display tactical genius of the highest order in exploiting it as he does. On the other hand, Bebel is too far in advance of the German parliamentary standpoint. The composition of the German Reichstag is not of such vital importance as it is in England, in France or even in Italy, where the fate of the government is indissolubly bound up with the issue of an election. The stability of the government of Emperor William will remain independent of the various majorities resulting from the month's ballots. In fact, the German Reichstag has only, so to say, a negative strength in that it can reject bills submitted by Emperor William's government, but can never make laws of its own right and authority. Without the consent of the federal council, with its chancellor president, that constitutional bulwark of the throne against Reichstag majorities, the whole legislative work of the Reichstag itself is vain.

CHANCELLOR VON BÜLOW has hinted that in the event of a Reichstag unsatisfactory to the ruling caste in Germany, the Emperor will bring about a fresh dissolution. That would mean a domestic political crisis of the severest sort. Yet William II would prefer that, it is said, to a Reichstag in which the Socialists, instead of being eighty strong, hold over a hundred seats. The increase in Socialist membership is retarded, however, because the government and the federal council have not adhered to the electoral basis adopted by the framers of the German constitution in 1871. According to this, as Bebel has pointed out very often recently, each 100,000 of the population would return one member. This made in 1871 an aggregate of 397 deputies. Altho since that time the German population has grown prodigiously, the number of deputies has remained about the same. Even the hall in the new Reichstag building has, by direction of the imperial authorities, accommodation for the old number only. Moreover, the division of the 397 electoral dis-

tricts is very unequal. The rural constituencies are unduly favored at the expense of the great towns and industrial populations. For instance, the fourth electoral division or ward of Berlin returned but one member to the Reichstag, when seventy-five country constituencies, each with less than a fifth of the population in the urban constituency, returned a member apiece. Knowing that a just alteration of the electoral laws would benefit the Socialists mainly, Emperor William's government refuses to sanction it. None the less, Bebel is quoted as predicting a Socialist group of nearly a hundred when the new Reichstag comes together. There were but eighty in the Reichstag dissolved by the Emperor when the colonial vote angered him.

DOCTOR PETER SPAHN, the bearded, eloquent and erudite Leipsic jurist who leads the Roman Catholic Center party, is like Bebel in having behind him a splendid political organization. It may be assumed, according to observers on the spot, that the Roman Catholic Center will experience no difficulty in again carrying at least 76 out of the 88 seats which they won outright on the first ballot in the Reichstag struggle of 1903. The imperial government is said to be behind the active campaign against the Center now at its height in many sections of the German press. Such attacks upon the Center are accompanied by the assurance that the campaign is purely political and that there is no intention whatever of reviving the religious struggle of Prince Bismarck's time. Dr. Spahn avers that the imperial government has not sufficient power to restrain the excesses of the movement it has started. The clerical organs, of which the Berlin *Germania* is the chief, quote many anticlerical dailies and innumerable platform utterances which are affirmed to be quite in the spirit of the warfare which Bismarck, when at the height of his power and fame, waged against the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. Dr. Spahn has made capital of these outbursts in those Roman Catholic constituencies which have been thought lukewarm in their political allegiance.

UNLIKE the organization of which Bebel is the champion, the clerical party led by Dr. Spahn derives its strength from every social layer in Germany. The Center includes landowners of the aristocratic Bavarian region as well as toiling masses in the great



Courtesy The Socialist Literature Company

"THE GREATEST LIVING GERMAN ENGAGED IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS"

August Bebel, the leader of the Social Democratic party in the empire of William II, is thus characterized by a writer in the *London Spectator*. He has been the most conspicuous personality in the campaign that ends this month in the choice of a new German Reichstag. Bebel has predicted a total Socialist vote of about four millions, a poll that ought to increase the representation of his party in the Reichstag to about a hundred. It was eighty in the last session.

manufacturing cities along the Rhine. "The probability is," according to the competent Berlin correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, "that those electors who were Catholic and voted Catholic before will be and vote Catholic again." In that event one of Bebel's calculations will be widely astray. It is his pet political theory that there has been wide disaffection from the Center on the part of pious wage-earners. The Center's loss will be the Socialist gain. The *Germania* professes its amusement at this theorizing. It says the Roman Catholics will appeal to the voters with the cry: "We will have no absolutist government for which the Reichstag is but a machine to turn out money." The astute Dr. Spahn has stolen some of the Bebel ammunition. He argues that the electors should have a firmer control of the administration than they possess at present. He avows his sympathy with the prevailing discontent at the burden of new taxes and at the high price of food. The Center has been hitherto the one force potent enough to check the spread of Socialism among the working-class population. The competition between the two for the support of the wage-earning population, especially in such constituencies as contain a large mining element, has been keen. The Center includes, as is pointed out by the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung*, a number of Roman Catholic nobles and country squires who have no great sympathy

with many of the popular views taken up by Dr. Spahn. Dr. Spahn feels, on the other hand, that the strength of his party comes from the support of Roman Catholic workingmen in the great industrial towns of Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia and Silesia, in addition to the vote of the south German peasantry. "These classes are almost as democratic in their views upon many subjects as are the more moderate of the Socialists, and the candidates for their suffrages are often compelled on certain questions to profess strong liberal opinions and to support a constitutional policy in parliament on pain of forfeiting the confidence of their constituents and even of seeing some of them desert to the Socialist camp." As such desertion involves ultimate renunciation of the authority of the Church, no effort is spared by the priesthood to prevent it.

CONFRONTED by Socialists on the one hand and the Center on the other, the various other political organizations involved in the fray—Conservatives, Liberals, Radicals and what not—have striven for such a combination of parties as has governed France for the last six years. The fathers of this plan have even adopted the French term "bloc" for what they have in mind. For a week or so following upon the dissolution of the last Reichstag, these efforts seemed destined to be successful. "All the Liberals," to quote the Berlin *Post*, "from the National Liberals, who have been competing with the Center for years to win the favor of the government, to the most advanced radicals of the *Freisinnige*, were to wheel into line with the reactionary Conservatives in order to overwhelm the democratic forces of the Center and of the Social Democrats in a common defeat." But the Prussian landed aristocrats and the advanced radicals have been up in arms against a scheme which nullifies so many of their principles. That faithful mouthpiece of the Prussian nobles, the *Krues Zeitung*, has actually suggested that the Center party ought to be conciliated before the crisis gets beyond control. The Center, it observes, has often been conservative in policy. Real Conservatives should have nothing to do with Radicals, who are "little better than Socialists." Radical organs have in turn frowned down a political pact with Prussian reactionaries. The issue in this campaign, according to an organ inspired by Chancellor von Bülow, is whether the Emperor is to govern "traditionally" or whether he is to be at the mercy of casual combinations of political groups as is the national



BÜLOW, THE IMPERIAL LIGHTNING-ROD
—Wahre Jacob (Stuttgart).

administration of the French Republic. This is taken as a hint that no matter what kind of a Reichstag emerges from the balloting, von Bülow will be retained in office by his imperial master.

PRINCE VON BÜLOW remains the one man in the crisis who could walk on the keyboard of a piano from the Wilhelmstrasse to the Reichstag without sounding a note. Such is the ebullient hyperbole of a Berlin daily that excels in this sort of comment upon the progress of the campaign. A brilliant Socialist leader has labeled the Prince's oratorical baggage with the tags, "second-hand railery" and "worn-out epigrams." The London *Times* has called his parliamentary methods "primitive," but it was forced to concede—and any concession from the London *Times* to Prince von Bülow is remarkable—after the unusually brilliant speech preceding the dissolution of the Reichstag, that "the Chancellor's parliamentary manner, which is adroit and lively, enables him to deal successfully with the ordinary embarrassments of debate." But he cannot conceal his conviction that nothing that happens in the Reichstag can matter very much. When William II is pleased to overlook that provision of his empire's organic law requiring the counter-signature of the Chancellor in certain contingencies, there is a chorus of protest, but the voice of von Bülow never swells it. How appositely he remembers, when a debate on the constitution elicits expressions of dissatisfaction with some imperial methods, that Bismarck once set out on a vain quest for a contented German! With what easy grace he gradually finds his way back to his own peculiar vein of parliamentary seriousness by deploring, as he loves to do, the unbridled license of the German comic press! He can be thus epigrammatically evasive throughout one whole session of a Reichstag wherein the Socialists on the "left" and the agrarians and conservatives on the "right" represent extremes of policy. Von Bülow's course between them has been to bait the Socialists and to please the "right." The expedient has proved relatively simple, altho occasionally embarrassing. For how long a time after the assembly of the new Reichstag it will remain possible for von Bülow to exorcise the spirit of opposition to his imperial master with what his Socialist critics describe as a combination of the pettier arts of diplomacy with lively loquacity is a theme concerning which the dailies of the fatherland afford us nothing but conjecture.

REITERATING for the fifth time his assertion that the government of the third French republic is waging warfare not merely against the Roman Catholic Church, but against Christianity itself and all spiritual ideas, Pope Pius X last month issued an encyclical which reveals how determined he is to carry the struggle to the last extreme. It is "a gigantic act of plunder and sacrilege" which the ministry, headed by Georges Clémenceau is engaged in perpetrating. France is to be transformed into something more than a non-Christian nation. She is to be made an anti-Christian land. In thus summing up the situation, the sovereign pontiff, to the way of thinking of the London *Saturday Review*, organ of Toryism and reaction, is only just. "Every word in this connection that the Jacobin politicians say," it affirms, "every act that they do, proves them to be not only the enemies of Catholicism, but also of Christianity." The "contemptuous toleration" that the republic extends to powerless Calvinistic sects, it adds, in no way interferes with its general purpose. Organs of British opinion are willing to see Christianity injured without a protest so long as the Pope suffers humiliation. "The belief, however, is widespread that in their comments on French ecclesiastical matters they are tuned to the Jewish financial rings on the continent." Perhaps the "most offensive feature" in this press campaign, concludes our commentator, is the attempt made to represent the Pope as the assailant of the laws and liberties of Frenchmen and to drape "this Jacobin anti-Christianity" in the mantle of Gallican religious independence. The Pope's latest encyclical is therefore peculiarly palatable to this foe of an atheistic republic.

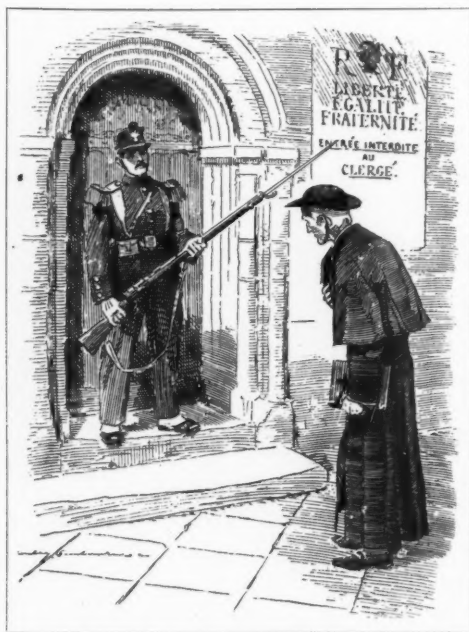
AS EVIDENCE of the godlessness of the government now in power in Paris, alleged utterances of its guiding spirits are given publicity in organs of clerical opinion like the *Paris Gaulois*. Into the mouth of Clémenceau himself is put the statement that "God must go." That ablest of living Socialist orators, Jean Jaures, is made to say: "Down with God!" From a speech delivered by one whom the London *Times* describes as "a statesman of profound conviction and consummate talent," who "has no superior among contemporary public men in France," namely Minister of Education and Public Worship Briand, is quoted the assertion: "It is time to do away with the Christian idea." One by one the clerical dailies go through the list of members of French ministry and find them convicted,

out of their mouths, of atheism. Frenchmen of international fame, noted for their support of the anticlerical policy to which this war with the Vatican is due, are revealed in not less godless guise. Emile Combes, so recently at the head of a ministry of his own, is deemed the most incorrigible atheist of them all. Leon Bourgeois, an old-time foe of Vaticanism, is discovered glorying in his antagonism to God. Such are the sentiments of the men who, making up ministry after ministry, display their sentiments, according to the clerical *Correspondant* (Paris), by "spitting in the face of Jesus Christ," and converting "the faith he labored to found" into mockery.

FROM the point of view of the exercise of religion, says the Pope, the law separating church and state sets up a system of uncertainty and arbitrariness. "There is uncertainty as to whether the churches, which are always liable to disaffection, shall or shall not in the meantime be at the disposal of the clergy and faithful." In each parish the priest will be in the power of a municipality possibly as "atheistic" as the government at Paris. As regards the declaration required for public worship under the law of 1881, the encyclical denies that it offers the legal guarantee the church

has the right to expect. "Nevertheless, to obviate worse evils, the church might have tolerated making declarations; but laying down that the clergy shall be only occupants of the churches without any legal status and without the right to perform any administrative act in the exercise of their ministry, placed them in such a vague and humiliating position that the making of declarations could not be sanctioned." The *Temps* contravenes this interpretation by the Pope of a French statute which, it declares, can only be finally passed upon by a French court of law. Meanwhile it contradicts the assertion in the encyclical that the clergy are to be only occupants of the churches without any legal status. The papal arguments here are pronounced "specious."

LEFT to themselves, in the opinion of this moderate organ, "the French bishops would have accepted the separation law and the French Catholics would have formed the public worship associations offered by the government as a means of enabling the church in France to organize itself and to enjoy autonomy and independence within its own sphere." Pius X interfered when all was going smoothly. He feared a weakening of the authority of the Vatican. "The French government could not compel the church to accept the advantages offered it. It did the next best thing for the church by simply leaving it to be governed by the ordinary law of the land. There were no disabilities and no special treatment." Clergy and faithful were regarded merely as citizens. They had all the rights of any other class of citizens. They were expected to yield the same obedience to the laws of the land. "Even so, various concessions were made to the church as to the use upon easy terms of buildings which had been and were the property of the state, and as to church property placed within these buildings." The immense majority of French Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, proceeds the same authority, were disposed to accept the situation. But the French republic was forced by the Pope's action to fall back upon the ordinary law. Thus it became necessary for the clergy to give notice of meetings for public worship. "M. Briand made the thing very simple by accepting a single notice as valid for twelve months in the case of each particular building in which such meetings were to be held." Cardinal Lecot declared that the giving of such notice is "an administrative formality which implies neither the renunciation of any right nor outside interference in religious worship."



THE TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY

—Sanbourne in London *Punch*.



EXPULSION OF THE HIGHEST ECCLESIASTICAL DIGNITARY IN FRANCE FROM HIS PALACE

Cardinal Richard, the aged Archbishop of Paris, left the official residence that has been the scene of such excitement ever since separation of church and state went into effect, and took refuge in the home of a clerical member of the Chamber of Deputies. The Cardinal was escorted to his new abode by a crowd of sympathizers, including many of the most aristocratic men and women in France.

This was immediately before the Pope issued his sudden prohibition and brought about the contest which has grown so bitter.

SO EGREGIOUS is the misinformation upon which the encyclical of his Holiness is based, observes the *Humanité*, organ of a Socialist group, that the document refers to "the rising tide of popular reprobation" moving against Clémenceau. The *Humanité* is partisan on this point, but such organs as the London *Times*, the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* and the Paris *Temps*—all noted for independence of attitude in this crisis—agree with the Socialist mouthpiece. Those prelates and priests who really approve of the uncompromising attitude of the Vatican are manifestly in a small minority. Thus the London *Times*. The really striking feature of the situation at present, it adds, is the profound dismay and discouragement among the clergy of all ranks. "It is not against religion itself nor against the priesthood that the separation law was introduced, but against the undue interference of the Vatican in the affairs of the state and its audacious efforts to obtain control of the different branches of state administration." There are innumerable Roman Catholics in the third republic who look at the situation from this point of view. They would reject schism. Yet they are anxious to be freed from the yoke of elderly Italian ecclesiastics ruled by a pious but tactless pontiff, whose well-meant but impossible policy has plunged the faithful of France into uproar. Symptoms of discontent



HOW THE FAITHFUL ATTESTED THEIR SYMPATHY WITH THE "SEPARATED" FRENCH CHURCH

Inside the carriage is seated the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. His Eminence was cheered as he rode through the streets of the French capital, after his ejection from the archiepiscopal palace. The vehicle in which the Cardinal rode had to proceed at a slow rate for miles, owing to the dense throngs of sympathizers.

and unrest in French Roman Catholic circles are evident to all who pass their days outside the Vatican. But the Pope fills his encyclical with talk of "popular reprobation" existing in his misinformed mind only.

THE "atheism" of the third French republic is asserted to be another phantom of the pontifical imagination. George Brandes, the personal friend of Clémenceau, denies that the Premier is atheistical in any but a Vatican sense. Clémenceau, speaking at Roche-sur-Yon last September, championed the right of every Frenchman to worship God in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. Clémenceau denied that he opposes the preaching of Roman Catholic doctrine in any part of France. He favored liberty of conscience. "Who does not see," he asked, "that the principle of liberty of conscience entails as a necessary consequence the separation of the churches from the state?" It is alien to the spirit of our age, he proceeded, to place the social resources of the whole body of citizens, believers and unbelievers, at the disposal of a particular form of faith. To quote Clémenceau further:

"It is the union of church and state that we have striven to abolish. But while it has taken time and incessant effort to alter the state of the law, it has proved an infinitely greater labor to change the state of minds. The proclamation, the realization of the principle of liberty of conscience, implies a new state of mind. Dogma, from its very nature, aims at possessing the mind of man entirely, dominating it, ruling it in every aspect of life. The daily practice of

liberty, implied in a system of separation of church and state, calls for a spirit of tolerance from which dogma has striven for centuries to turn the mind of man. We can not, therefore, be surprised if we fail to find in our opponents such a transformation of mind as will be brought about in them, beyond a doubt, by the beneficent system of freedom of conscience."

OF THE "atheism" of Leon Bourgeois, that pioneer of separation in France, no one but a "Vaticanized prelate," avers the *Echo de Paris*, could find a trace. The private life of Bourgeois accords with his public life in being estimable. He has long been a model as a family man, though his mother and sister distinguish themselves by the piety of their type of Roman Catholicism. His perfect agreement with his family circle shows accommodating amiability that, happily, is not rare in the domestic life of the "atheists" of the third republic. In religion Bourgeois adheres to that primitive Christianity of which Tolstoy is a kind of prophet. In the principles of the sermon on the mount, Bourgeois professes to find the loftiest rules of conduct. Yet, as a student of social philosophy, he sat at the feet of Comte and has remained his follower. But he has avowed the faith with which he read the gospel of Matthew. But faith, as Bourgeois uses the word, has nothing in common with the faith interpreted from the Vatican. Does the fact, asks the *Lanterne*, make Bourgeois an atheist? "Was the United States an atheist republic," inquired Senator Delpech in the *Action* recently, "when the great President Jefferson repudiated the dogmas of the faith in which he had been reared?"

BUT Combes, as he is pictured in the clerical organs, is the atheist of atheists. Emile Combes carried anticlericalism further than any Prime Minister the third republic has ever had. His ministry was a long one, as French cabinets go. It witnessed the elimination of the crucifix from the halls of justice. It made the navy "a lay service"—that is, the officers and the marines were freed from obligatory attendance at mass aboard ship and the emblems of the Roman Catholic religion were taken from their conspicuous positions on battleships and cruisers. "This," comments the *Lanterne*, "was called the banishment of God from the squadrons of the republic. But if God be everywhere, may he not still linger on the deck of a French man-of-war though the priests have fled? To the Vatican there is, of course, but one God—the God of the syllabus. Away with such a

God—France has had enough of him." This is the cry of Combes. The God of the syllabus—"we are weary of him," cried Combes in the chamber of deputies during the debate that preceded the announcement of his resignation. "The God of the syllabus is made by the Vatican to brand as abominations liberty of worship, of speech and of the press. That God denies the right of the individual citizen to embrace and profess such religion as he may have recognized as true in the forum of his reason and conscience. That God anathematizes all who believe that the Pope should become reconciled to modern progress, liberal ideas and civilization. Such a God we denounce and condemn." That is as far, affirms the *Humanité*, as Combes ever went in his denunciation of what it calls "the Vatican God." "It was not too far," Combes, in an interview with a London *News* correspondent, denies that he rejects theism, denies that he is "atheistical" in the sense of doubting the existence of a supreme being.

NOR is the atheism of Aristide Briand, the eloquent Minister of Public Worship, admitted by him to be more substantial than that "rejection of the Vaticanized God" for which the anticlerical organs praise him to the skies. The *Aurore* insists that his denunciations of "God" comprise only sentences taken here and there from speeches delivered as far back as five years ago and twisted out of their context. "Must we remind you," said M. Briand in the chamber of deputies some weeks ago, "that the Roman Catholic Church has denounced all the liberties of this country? The Roman Catholic Church, through its syllabus, has denounced freedom of conscience, freedom of the press and freedom of thought." M. Briand denied, in an interview widely published last month in European dailies, that he aims at destroying "the idea of God in the French mind." "Let the French mind conceive God as it will," he is quoted as saying. "But let not the French republic uphold one God against another." He pointed out that the openly atheistic group in the chamber of deputies, that of the so-called Socialist republicans, condemns the Clémenceau ministry for "its concessions to the religious idea." In fact, the fall of the Clémenceau ministry, according to the careful Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*, would be followed by the accession of a ministry in which genuine atheists would be represented instead of "Vatican atheists." A policy far less conciliatory would be put into execution.

Persons in the Foreground

THE HUMANIZATION OF EDWARD H. HARRIMAN



HAT Edward H. Harriman is a real human being, with blood in his veins, nerves in his body, and with an emotional as well as an intellectual system, has come as a sort of unexpected revelation to the public in the last few weeks. He has been for years a bogey man, a sphinx, a man of mystery, a powerful money-making machine. Now it is discovered that he once had a childhood and a youth, that he knows how even yet to play, that he has fads and feelings, and that he can be sick like other men. Like some of the other kings of finance now regnant—John D. Rockefeller, for instance—he seems to have changed his mind recently in regard to the necessity of keeping himself at a sacred distance from the public, veiled in awesome mystery. At least one of the numerous magazine articles about his career that have been recently published was read by him in proof and his sanction given to it, with a mild protest against some of the statements. His early life, about which he has been very reticent even with his associates, has become known, and there is nothing that so humanizes a man to other men as to know what kind of a youngster he was, and how he managed to get his first good grip on the skirts of circumstance.

Harriman was reared in poverty that was almost penury. His father was an Episcopal clergyman who had to live for a number of years on an income that consisted of a salary of \$200 a year and whatever else he could make at odd jobs. There was a family of five children to support, and there was a family name and a vast amount of family pride to keep up. The father—Rev. Orlando Harriman—was a classical scholar and a winner of medals at Columbia. The mother was a member of an aristocratic family of New Brunswick, N. J. The pride of learning, the pride of social caste, and the lack of enough to eat and wear form a hard combination. Says C. M. Keys, writing in *The World's Work*:

"Over this long period from 1850 to 1866 hangs a heavy cloud. It was a period of poverty, of humility, of terrible discipline. The family lived in a small house on the meadows [Jersey City]. There was never enough money to go around. Making ends meet was a task of the supremest difficulty. It was a dark time indeed.

"Yet through the darkness shines one splendid ray of light. It is the personality of a noble woman, the mother of Edward H. Harriman. Her splendor lives not in cold records, but in the hearts of those who knew her. She came of an old aristocratic family of New Brunswick, N. J., and lived up to the best of its traditions. In the midst of hardships she taught her husband patience and her sons true manliness. Every effort of her hands and mind was given to the future of her sons and daughters. She is described as a cultured, refined, and wholly amiable lady of that old school now unhappily departed. How much of his steadfastness, courage and superb command Edward H. Harriman owes to her the world can but blindly guess."

Young Harriman was born in Hempstead, Long Island, in 1848, the fourth of five children. A few months later his father had a controversy with his vestry over arrears of salary, as a result of which he left Hempstead, moving to Castleton, Staten Island, and later to Jersey City. Edward H., or Henry, as he was known as a boy, attended Trinity School, in New York, tramping two miles in the morning to the ferry and another mile from the ferry to the school. An associate of those days describes him as "the worst little devil in his class and always at the top of it." He was a "scrapper" and a leader in sports and boy organizations, but his fondness for study was slight. When he was fourteen he quit school and went into Wall street, as a clerk in a broker's office. Every cent of his first year's salary went to his father to help support the family. He never had any more schooling. At the age of eighteen he was in a partnership in Wall street. At the age of twenty-two he struck out for himself, and procured a seat in the Stock Exchange. Before that time his mother had come into possession of a bequest that placed the family beyond want. But how the young broker got money enough—from \$10,000 to \$15,000—to buy the seat in the Exchange none of Mr. Harriman's recent biographers tells us. He was at that time, as other brokers remember him, full of fun, fond of society and socially well liked.

He kept his eyes open and watched and worked. He saw panic after panic in the street, but was not engulfed in any of them. "Black Friday" was one, the smash caused by Jay Cooke's failure was another, the Grant-

Ward failure and the Baring collapse were others. During all this period he kept his nerve and gradually acquired securities purchased at panic prices and held on to them year after year. At the age of forty he had a comfortable fortune. Then he wanted to devote himself to "more intellectual pursuits," for the influence of his father's scholarship had never left him. "I wasted fifteen years of my life from the time I was fourteen," he said recently to Carl Snyder, writing him up for *The Review of Reviews*. But the stream of events on which he had now become embarked proved too strong for him. Instead of pulling out of it he soon found himself in a deeper and stronger and more rapid current, the current

few weeks before the world will know just what Mr. Harriman proposes to do in any particular event. . . .

"The quality of directness, noted in his boyhood days, intensified as he grew older. It had been the moving force behind him as he progressed from penury to wealth. It was to be the power behind him to the end. In fact, it became and is to-day the one factor that stands out from his diverse character. It has made of him, in the popular fancy, a financial Juggernaut that stops for nothing. The Morgan forces withstood him in 1901, and he did not hesitate to create a situation that led to a panic in the Stock Exchange. Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, the comrade of his young manhood, withstood him in this last year, and he crushed Mr. Fish as he would an enemy. A hundred lesser instances of this same characteristic could be adduced."



ARDEN

The summer home of Mr. Harriman. It is situated in the Ramapo Valley, New Jersey, and the estate surrounding it is twice as large as Manhattan Island. Mr. Harriman transacts much of his business here by the use of the telephone.

of "high finance." Of him at this time, Mr. Keys writes:

"Mr. Harriman was about forty years of age when he set his feet upon the path that was to lead him into sovereign power. Many of the characteristics of his boyhood had fallen from him. The friends of his youth describe him as frank, open, fond of gaiety and fun. The twenty-odd years of the Stock Exchange had effectually removed the frankness and the openness. In their place he had a studied reserve, a careful holding of himself in leash, a fixed resolve that no man should be able to guess the real thoughts and motives that lay within his mind. He had, by sheer effort of will, made of himself a psychological puzzle. So he has remained to this day. His plans are deep in mystery, even to the men he calls his friends. They will know only a

He knows what he wants and goes after it undeviatingly. He must dominate whatever he is connected with. "My work," he once said to a reporter about his functions in the board of directors of the Union Pacific, "has been to harmonize different opinions held by the members of the board of directors." When this statement was shown to a man who had been a director on the road he laughed and said: "I guess the reporter got him wrong. I guess he really said 'Harrimanize.'"

Harriman's entrance into the sphere of railroad finance, in which he has become one of the greatest figures, was made almost incidentally. In 1883 he held quite a block of stock

in the Illinois Central. Stuyvesant Fish, with whom he had become acquainted in the Stock Exchange years before, was interested in a fight over the road, and Harriman was chosen a director, his influence and vote in turn being cast for Fish as Vice-President. When Fish in 1887 was made President, Harriman became Vice-President. When the President went to Europe Harriman became acting President and a difference arose between him and the general manager, E. T. Jeffrey. The latter resigned, and Harriman, who had gone out to Chicago to stay a few months before retiring to "more intellectual pursuits," found himself up to the chin in work handling a railroad system that had more business than it could

The business is here. We must be ready to carry it." The business was there and the earnings the next year greatly increased. And in the next few years over twenty million dollars were expended in rebuilding. "The Harriman policy," says Carl Snyder, "has been distinctly one of concentration, rebuilding and upbuilding." When by "a brilliant coup" he became possessor, after Huntington's death, of the Southern Pacific, the two roads expended in six years' time over \$200,000,000 in improvements and extensions. Last year the gross income of the whole system was larger than that of any other railroad system in the country, with the single exception of the Pennsylvania, and the dividend disbursements,



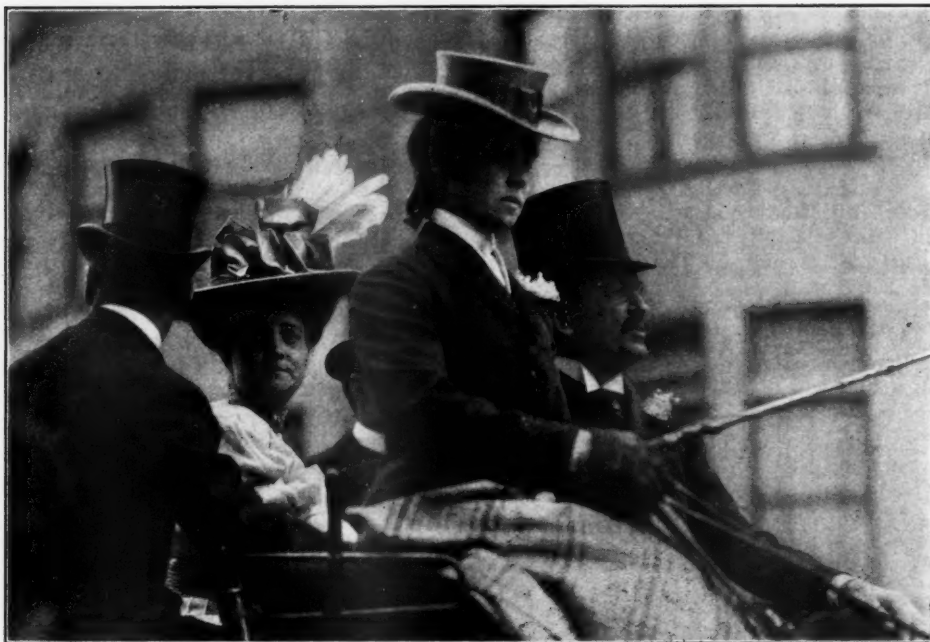
AT THE TUXEDO HORSE SHOW, 1906

Mr. Harriman is passionately fond of a fine horse, and loves to drive one. The group above consists, besides himself, of his wife, his boy and Mrs. Harriman's father.

take care of. He and Fish, working together, made a new road out of the Illinois Central. Then Harriman's eyes turned longingly toward the prostrate Union Pacific, that had gone into bankruptcy in the crash of '93, and had a second mortgage on it to the Federal Government to the amount of \$54,000,000 and only \$13,000,000 in the sinking fund to meet it. He and his friends bought the road, and he became chairman of the board of directors. He began a close personal examination of the property, and from his exploring car telegraphed back a huge order for new equipment. His colleagues demurred. Harriman wired: "I cannot wait to discuss the question.

amounting to \$28,000,000, were larger than those of any other corporation excepting the United States Steel Corporation. Still more startling are some of the revelations being brought out in the investigation of the Harriman roads by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. These revelations are described by us on a preceding page. By them there is laid bare, "a scheme of railroad aggrandizement," in the words of the *New York Times*, "that startled even the members of the commission," who have grown pretty well used by this time to bold projects.

The man who conceives and executes these vast financial transactions is described by



"FAIR LAUGHS THE MORN AND 'SOFT THE ZEPHYR BLQWS"

The young lady who, with perfect confidence, is driving the four-in-hand is Miss Mary Harriman, and the other young lady is Miss Cornelia Harriman. They are daughters of the "king of high finance." The gentleman in the front seat is Mr. Thomas Hastings, the architect.

James Creelman in *Pearson's Magazine* as follows:

"He is a small, spectacled man, with a large forehead and slight, narrow chin. He has deep-set gray eyes and a dark-skinned, expressionless face. His jaws are short and wide; his nose is straight, thin and pointed. He looks like a Frenchman of the small professional type. His manner is cold and dry. But for the lines of muscular contraction on either side of the chin, running almost from the corners of the secretive mouth to the thin, wiry neck, and an occasional bunching of muscles at the tight-gripped angles of the jaws, it would be hard to reconcile the weakness of Mr. Harriman's dwindling lower face with the terrific force which he sometimes displays in his ceaseless struggle for money and power."

He has the "seeing eye" in a supreme degree, says Mr. Snyder in his *Review of Reviews* article. And he is "a tremendous worker." Mr. Snyder writes:

"The day is begun with a round at the telephone, one secretary or assistant after another being connected with him, at his home, each morning in regular order. Over the telephone he hears reports, is read letters of importance, makes engagements for the day, gives directions, then by ten or half-past he is at his desk. He has the faculty, his associates say, of getting through

business at a tremendous rate; his mind works swiftly, his decisions are rapid. This he is enabled to do because the questions involved have all been patiently thought out, studied and turned over, long in advance. This is the secret. 'They may appear offhand judgments,' Mr. Harriman remarks, 'but they are not.' His mind seems to be working all the time.

"He works four days in the week only. Friday, Saturday and Sunday he does not go to his office, more often to the country, always to the country throughout the summer time.

"It is at Arden that he has the most of his fun, though I imagine that like most men who succeed at business, work itself is his enjoyment in life. After it comes the Arden estate. It lies just above the fashionable colony at Tuxedo, on the line of the Erie road, a slight matter of 26,000 acres. That is an area of about twice the size of Manhattan Island. It is mostly wildwood, and if the mosquitoes are as numerous usually as on a summer day some years ago when I cycled through the country back of Tuxedo, I for one could have no envy for his possession."

His chief fad, Mr. Snyder goes on to tell us, is boys, and it is his pride that he is president of the largest club of boys in the world:

"That is the Boys' Club, at the corner of Tompkins Square and Tenth street, New York City. Here is a big building, five or six stories in height, with gymnasias, baths, playrooms, reading-



THE LEADING FIGURE TO-DAY IN THE REALM OF HIGH FINANCE

Edward H. Harriman, who from a boyhood passed in penury has come into domination over 25,000 miles of railroad track, is described as having "a slight, rather stooping figure, with a very large head, very piercing black eyes, with the habit of command and the confidence of success."

rooms, 30 or 40 separate clubrooms. Here in the course of the year 8,000 or 10,000 East Side boys have fun. They are not taught. It is not a church, it is not a school, it is not a reformatory, it is not a movement for the ethical culture of the East Side. It is simply a big place where the boys may enjoy themselves. Incidentally they do learn a great deal; they are taught a great deal. But it is Tom Sawyer fashion, who defined work as play that you didn't want to do.

"Here, for all ages, from little chaps just able to toddle up to big chaps ready to marry and have homes, there is a chance to find most any kind of wholesome amusement and sport. They have their football teams, baseball teams, camera clubs, natural history clubs, debating clubs. They give a Gilbert and Sullivan opera once a year, no one taking part but the boys; and the perform-

ances are said to be capital. They have an orchestra of their own, they have two drum corps, and they have a brass band.

"Mr. Harriman is, and has been for years, president of this club. Its history dates back 30 years and more, and Mr. Harriman's association with it dates from the beginning. Here, as a young man of eight-and-twenty, he undertook the work with a company of other young men, largely college men, and he has held to it ever since."

For his own recreation Mr. Harriman rides horseback, drives fast horses, motors, golfs a little, and in the winter time plays hockey with his boys. He has two sons and three daughters. The daughters are young ladies, the sons are still in school.

KING EDWARD'S NEW AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON



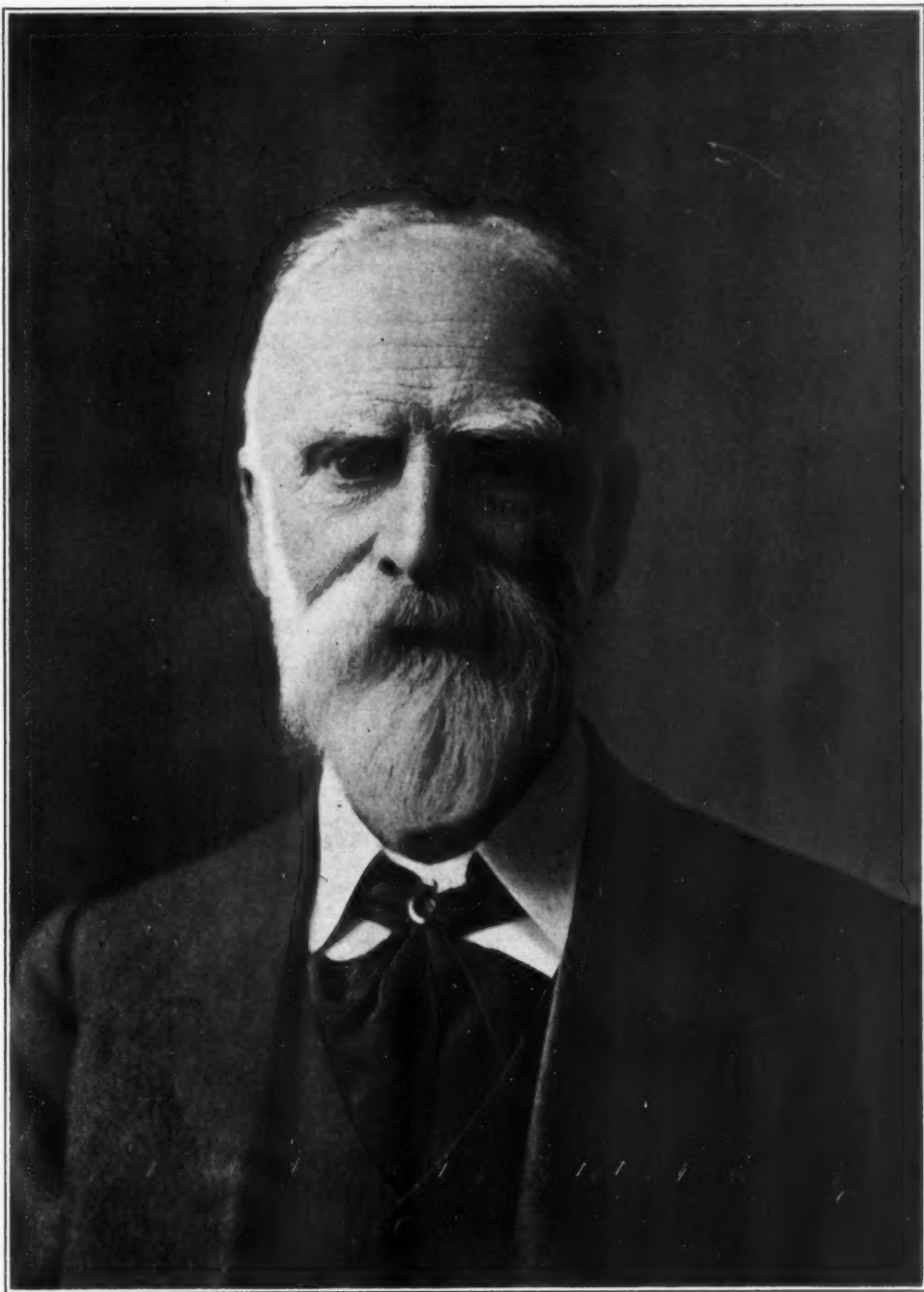
HO he is now nearly seventy, James Bryce is to-day a noted athlete. His figure is gaunt, his limbs are long, his eyes, ears and nose are big. His voice is hard, too quite clear. The thick mustache and beard and the thin hair surmounting an unusually high forehead are white. All who have known James Bryce well in the past thirty years pronounce him the healthiest man in British public life to-day. The resemblances between many of his personal characteristics and those of the Scotch-Irish stock, from which he sprang, proclaim him the victim of an excessively nervous temperament who attained self-mastery by the exercise of the highest moral powers. He has traveled as widely as Marco Polo. He fishes with the enthusiasm of Izaak Walton. He climbs mountains with the fearlessness of an Alpine guide. His nine-mile walks before breakfast were long the talk of Oxford.

Professor Mahaffy has described James Bryce as the most learned man of this generation. He is entitled to write more letters of the alphabet—"D.C.L.," "M.P.," "F.R.S.," and the like—after his name than any other man admitted to the ministry when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman assumed office recently. He knows eight or nine languages well, perhaps ten not so well. He has written with authority on Poland, Hungary, Iceland, Transcaucasia, the holy Roman Empire, the American commonwealth, the Eastern question, trade-marks, historical jurisprudence. He is referred to still as "the Professor," altho nearly forty years have passed since he assumed the chair of civil law at Oxford. He has been famous since he was twenty-four.

He had scarcely attained that age when he won the Arnold historical prize with his study, "The Holy Roman Empire." This was an international success. He resembles John Morley in being one of the few successful politicians who made a first appearance at Westminster when past middle age. He was past forty-two when he entered the House of Commons, being already a distinguished man of letters, a scholar with an acknowledged reputation at every seat of learning in the world.

One gift only was denied him—eloquence. James Bryce does not speak with a brogue, nor yet with the Scotch "burr." His accent suggests somewhat a combination of the two. There is not a particle of music in his voice. He has never achieved a triumph in debate. His platform speaking is like his character—hard, able, persistent, practical, convincing. He has no irresistible magnetism of personality to move an audience with. Metaphor is unsuitable to the matter-of-factness of his speech. Illustration he never or very seldom employs. Wit he seemingly has no use for. Of what is called "retort" he has an intellectual contempt. He has always been the most impersonal of beings. He remains to-day the most impersonal of public speakers. The man's facial expression, as it is known in the daily round of his life, is immobile. The countenance does not light up on the platform. In the House of Commons he edified, he inspired respect. He raised no laugh, he could not seem brilliant, altho every member knew he must be.

Nothing has surprised the London intimates of James Bryce more than the American im-



MOUNTAINEER, DIPLOMATIST, FISHERMAN, HISTORIAN, ADMINISTRATOR AND EXPLORER

The Right Honorable James Bryce, King Edward's new ambassador in Washington, is about seventy, the most learned man in high position anywhere in the world and a most ardent admirer of the United States. The *London Saturday Review* complains that in any dispute between London and Washington, Mr. Bryce can be relied upon to take the side of Washington.

pression that he is "new to diplomacy." James Bryce has been a high authority on the diplomacy of Great Britain and of Europe for more than thirty years. He has even had an official connection with the profession itself. He was long under-secretary for foreign affairs, choosing, in that capacity, incumbents of the highest British embassies. He has directed the diplomatic policies of two Prime Ministers. There was a time not so many years back when he inspired the whole diplomacy of his native land in all that relates to the Eastern question. The *Paris Figaro* lately praised him as the only living British statesman competent to discuss the question of naval expansion from the standpoint of diplomacy. For James Bryce is a writer of repute upon the two-power standard of Great Britain. The naval policy of a nation, James Bryce has said, is simply a branch of its diplomacy. He has been a student of diplomacy when some of the most distinguished living ambassadors were small boys. How America came by its notion that James Bryce is not to be regarded as a trained diplomatist puzzles certain London organs much.

The new British Ambassador in Washington is systematic, punctual, unceremonious and a little quick in manner. He has always risen early. The peculiar pleasure which a solitary ramble in wild surroundings gives him makes his morning walk prolonged. His pleasure is not dependent on those dangers which are supposed to attend "first class" mountaineering, for James Bryce is too true a mountain lover to disdain a little safe scrambling among any hills that may be near. He has come back to breakfast very much the worse for soil. He is so practiced a mountaineer, moreover, that he can go safely for walks where people less skilled would certainly be in danger. But, like the experienced man he is, he remains careful in indulging himself in this particular hobby, fascinating as it has always been to him. Mr. Bryce is said to be the first white man that ever stood upon the summit of Mount Ararat. The tales of his prowess in the Alps relate to avalanches of snow that have fallen right upon him, to a sudden storm in which he was lost for two days, and to the breaking of a rope that left him suspended over an abyss. But Mr. Bryce's judgment is so good and his eye is so trained that he can detect a crevasse covered with snow by the mere shade of the white mantle. It must be noted that many Alpine stories involving Mr. Bryce are as apocryphal as that concerning the scar on his chin.

He won his scar, it was affirmed long ago, in a student duel at Heidelberg. Mr. Bryce went on to Heidelberg after passing out of Trinity College, Oxford. Thus he came by that fluency in the use of German which enabled him on sundry occasions to address Teutonic electors in the east end of London in their mother tongue. But he got no scar at Heidelberg and he fought no duel there. The scar and the Alpine incidents were invented for political purposes to convey the idea that he is too reckless to sit in the House of Commons.

James Bryce the fisherman can go into ecstasies over the rise of the trout to a floating artificial fly. He is a wary angler, who has learned the art of taking covert. He is no amateur to scare fish after fish by a too bold appearance near the brink. Dropping upon one knee in some tuft of thick rushes, he screens himself from the quick eye of his prey. It has been termed an education in itself to try how close one can get behind a rising trout and watch its actions unobserved. Mr. Bryce can do it. He has carried home several brace of heavy trout after a long day upon the banks of some neglected stream where an angler is an apparition almost as lonely as a heron. Success with the salmon, it has been said, depends upon conditions different from those of triumph over the trout. In trout-fishing one must be able to tell, by intuition or from experience, where fish are likely to be hovering. One must be nimble in the use of rod and line flies, and James Bryce is that. But in salmon-fishing the boatmen provide the knowledge of the fishes' haunts, and it is self-control in excitement—the supreme gift of James Bryce—rather than dexterity that does the rest. Mr. Bryce has the fisherman's psychology as Izaak Walton lays it down. He has great wisdom, learning and experience, he loves and practices the art of angling, and he neglects all sour censures.

Mr. Bryce's five senses are affirmed to remain as keen to-day as they were when he took a double prize at Oxford at the age of twenty-four. There is not a trace of deafness in him. His hearing is, indeed, so fine that any inharmonious combination of sounds, however subdued, will spoil a musical composition for him. His unusually large eyes, surmounted by the bushiest of white brows, are keen, inquisitorial, but never roving or restless. Mr. Bryce uses glasses but sparingly. He lacks, however, what is called the artist's eye. He has not the artistic temperament. He has too much perfect health for it, says a writer in the *London World*, enlarg-

ing, like many others, upon the extent to which Mr. Bryce has enjoyed good sight, good hearing, good digestion, good capacity to smell and touch and taste long after those powers in most men have begun to show signs of decay. Still, his brow is seamed with lines. There are countless wrinkles about his eyes. He looks like an old man, but an old man who is strong, masterful and alert.

The preservation of his physical powers is said to go along with an intellectual vigor little less than prodigious. Mr. Bryce is believed to be as good a Latin and Greek scholar as he was nearly fifty years ago, when his classical attainments were the marvel of his college. He has lost none of his Sanscrit and his Hebrew. He uses six or seven of the languages of modern Europe without any difficulty. But it is in administrative history that he is deemed the greatest of experts. Mr. Bryce is what the British call an administrator. Government as viewed from the standpoint of the executive has been the study of his life. His great work on American institutions, his not less famous study of that Holy Roman Empire, which was "neither holy, Roman nor an empire," and his lectures on jurisprudence, on constitutional law and on the history of diplomacy invariably take the administrative standpoint. We have here the compass that steers us through the shoreless ocean of his learning. It is a learning that sits most lightly upon him. He is no slave to it. His days are not spent in studies of the past, nor are his nights taken up with "great authors." At no time of his life was he a bookworm. But the intellect is with him supreme.

So cold and so dry is the white light of that reason through which he looks at things that Mr. Bryce has been accused of a want of human sympathy. Shortly after he became chief secretary for Ireland in the present British cabinet, he was called upon to deal with a failure in the potato crop. It was thought characteristic when Mr. Bryce refused to be moved by tales of distress. He declined to say what he might or might not do to relieve distress. He must first be made aware what amount of distress there would be. In some parts of Sligo, Mayo, Donegal, Galway and other western counties of Ireland there had been serious failures of the potato crop, however. Mr. Bryce had to admit the validity of the evidence. Yet he would not believe that things were as bad as they had been described. The potato crop had failed. Other crops must have succeeded.

Any man but James Bryce, talking like this in the face of a great Irish calamity, would have been denounced. Mr. Bryce gave no offense because his "administrative" point of view was allowed for. It was "poor administration," again, to go in for "relief works," yet Mr. Bryce lost none of his Irish popularity when he refused to countenance them. As an adept in the work of administration, he felt that relief works were far from the best means of relieving distress among an impoverished people. It is a dangerous thing to institute a public work simply for the sake of relief. If public works have to be instituted at all, their value to the community must alone be considered. Otherwise, there might be great demoralization. The people would always expect relief to be given. Many would get relief who did not need it. There would be much waste of public money.

Herein is reflected that absence of warmth which is held responsible for Mr. Bryce's failure as an orator. He can not look upon so personal a thing as human suffering in any but an impersonal way. Yet no administrator has done more to lighten economic burdens in Ireland, where he carried out a policy that was held to lead straight to Home Rule. His solutions of labor problems were actually declared, during his incumbency some twelve years ago of the office of President of the Board of Trade, to be pauperizing London. This charge is akin to the familiar one that, for all his standing as a great administrator, Mr. Bryce is a relaxer of discipline. He is certainly most popular with subordinates. He seldom asks any man under him how he is putting in his time. He calls for information, for details or for results. He has the quickly thinking mind which enables him to generalize soundly from facts collected by others, to detect inconsistencies in the facts themselves and to put aside the irrelevant instinctively. Through such mental traits has Mr. Bryce earned his reputation as a public servant who gets more work out of his subordinates because he gives them less to do. Lord Rosebery put the matter in this way once.

Mr. Bryce, with his wife, has done much entertaining in London. The dinners at his town house have never been so elaborate as to suggest the man of wealth—for Mr. Bryce has but a small private fortune—but they have been elaborate affairs. The best of the Bryce entertaining has been done in Aberdeen. To this ancient Scottish town Mr. Bryce has repaired year after year with the homecoming sense of the Scot who, tho

born in Belfast, was bred in Glasgow and kept in the House of Commons by Aberdeen. Mr. Bryce's annual speech in Aberdeen has long been the political event of the year, as his garden party has long been the social event of the year in South Aberdeen. His social qualities include geniality in conversation, a complete unconsciousness that he is anybody in particular, and an aptitude for listening, to which attention has often been called. Mr. Bryce is believed to be sincerely delighted to listen. The circumstance is due to an ever fresh interest in human nature and to an eagerness to get information from men instead of from books. So that while Mr. Bryce is a good talker of the quiet kind he is probably the best listener anywhere in the world. Canon Rawnsley is thought to have put James Bryce the man, James Bryce the Home

Ruler, James Bryce the scholar, James Bryce the administrator and James Bryce the agitator of the Eastern question into this sonnet:

Friend of fair freedom, lover of the light,
 You who have climbed unconquered wastes of
 snow
 And seen the peaks of Oberland aglow
 When all the vales were purple-dark with night,
 Did not the vision from your morning height
 Help the great hopes within you—you who
 know
 Peace yet in far Armenian fields shall grow,
 Bulgaria rest and Macedon have right!

To other heights you climb, the thankless throne
 Of office and the pinnacle of state,
 Shall not that vision tell of dawn to be
 When love shall flow where roars a sunder-
 ing sea,
 When tireless years of good shall vanquish
 hate
 And Erin's heart with Britain's heart be one.

THE FIELD COMMANDER OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY



F William J. Bryan is commander-in-chief of the Democratic forces at the present time (a proposition that will not pass undisputed), John Sharp Williams is certainly the general in charge of the forces in the field. As the chosen leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives, he is the only man in the party whose leadership in national politics to-day has an official tag on it, and the only man who seems able to issue orders without exciting an insurrection in the ranks. When Williams came into this post of leadership in the House of Representatives, he found the Democratic minority in a condition likened to that of "a plowing, snorting herd of Texas steers suddenly released from all restraint." In five days he had turned his chaotic following into a disciplined and soldierly army. It was a feat all the more surprising because he had never been suspected of being an organizer. He was one of the orators of the party, brilliant and forceful, but known as "simply an orator." In the first five days he had a fight on his hands within his own army—the only serious fight of the kind he has had to wage. It was on the subject of Cuban reciprocity. Williams had determined that the watchword of his party should be tariff revision and that the bill for Cuban reciprocity should receive Democratic support. The Democratic senators were dismayed by his decision, but by gentle and persuasive

methods he won out, and his army presented a united front at the end of that time and has kept it surprisingly well. A recent attempt to depose him died a-borning. The Washington correspondent of the *New York Times* has described his methods of handling men as follows:

"He is persuasive, not domineering. He has a winning manner, and he seems to be seeking help and light from you at the very time he is bringing you around to his views. Congressmen who go into his little room in the library wing determined to let Williams understand that they will put up with no nonsense, go forth pleased and flattered and inclined to help him out. On the rare occasions where it is necessary for him to show his authority the iron hand comes out of the velvet glove, and the insurgent knows what has happened without having any one tell him."

None of the Washington correspondents finds Williams's personal appearance very impressive. His "corrugated" legs, his loose-hanging clothes, and his general unpretentious air give him the appearance of a man of little importance. Yet he "needs hardly to speak above a whisper to attract the close and strained attention of the whole house in a moment." Here is a personal description given by Dexter Marshall recently in the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*:

"John Sharp Williams is slightly below the average in height. Naturally slender, he is now showing some tendency toward stoutness. His gray eyes are deeply set beneath shaggy brows. His mustache is dashed with gray, and his dark curly hair appears never to have been combed.

When his face is in repose it seems to frown, but when he talks his smile banishes all notion that he can possibly be surly. He wears loose clothes—if they are not loose they hang awkwardly—his waistcoat is seldom entirely buttoned, and his black string tie is usually loose and dangling to one side or the other.

"His legs are replicas of his grandfather, John M. Sharp's, and Mr. Williams is proud of them. From hip to knee they are like ordinary legs, but below the knee they bend backward in an extraordinary manner. 'Corrugated,' they have been styled. He is not physically graceful.

"Mr. Williams is partially deaf in his right ear, and as that is the side presented to the enemy on the floor of the House, he is usually seen using his hand as an ear-trumpet, with his head cocked well forward. His voice is rasping and not attractive at first, but this is soon forgotten in the pleasure furnished by his rich Southern accent and drawl, and the purity of his English."

He is incisive in speech, and his command of sarcasm is said to be unequaled in the House by any one except De Armond. Yet his manners are "as easy and unpretentious as an old shoe." His occasional absent-mindedness has given currency to some amusing stories. Here is one which Mr. Marshall tells:

"Dressing for dinner one evening he encountered trouble with his tie, which would not take or keep a satisfactory set. Finally, however, he arranged it, gravely donned his dinner-coat and waistcoat and turned to his secretary for his approval.

"'Bob, do I look all right?' he demanded.

"'Yes,' replied the secretary, 'but, if you will pardon the suggestion, I think the effect would be better if you were to put on your trousers.'"

The great-grandfather of Williams was a colonel in the Revolution, his grandfather was a Confederate captain in the Civil War, and his father, a Confederate colonel, was killed at Shiloh. He and his brother inherited considerable wealth, and are to-day rich men for Mississippi. They own half a dozen cotton plantations in that state, covering about 10,000 acres, and real estate in Memphis as well. His brother attends to the management of the plantations, while John Sharp attends to the management of the Democratic Congressmen. He was educated at the Kentucky Military Institute, the University of the South, the University of Virginia, and the University of Heidelberg. There was some talk recently of his being asked to join the faculty of the University of Virginia, and there is more talk of his succeeding Senator Money in the upper house of Congress.

For several years his name has occasionally been mentioned in connection with the next Democratic nomination for the Presidency. But he refuses to take the subject seriously. Interrogated on this matter two years ago,



A FEW REMARKS TO MAKE

John Sharp Williams as he appears on the floor of Congress. He has taken to wearing a four-in-hand instead of a string tie, but his easy manners, winsome smile and incisive oratory are unchanged.

he replied with seeming earnestness: "My boy, my boom is making tremendous strides. My private secretary is unreservedly for me, and I have hopes of securing the support of Charley Edwards, the clerk of the minority room." Only a few days ago he was interrogated again on this subject, the chairman of the Democratic congressional campaign committee having come out in favor of his nomination. Williams pushed his big spectacles up on his forehead and solemnly assured the reporters that he had talked the subject over carefully with his wife and she was of the opinion that the White House cellars were so damp that Kit and Sallie would catch their death of cold there. Consequently he has decided not to accept the job.

If John Sharp Williams were to be the next Democratic nominee, he would be the first Southern man to be placed before the country in that capacity by either of the leading political parties since the war. Williams is intensely Southern, but he is singularly free from sectional prejudices. One of his most remarkable speeches in Congress was a defense of General Sherman against the charge

of having violated the rules of war in his famous march to the sea. It was listened to with breathless attention by a crowded house. Here is one of the passages which occurred in the course of that speech:

"As an American citizen, as the son of a 'rebel' soldier, as a man who is intensely American, although he is intensely Southern, I want the world to know that when civilized men were fighting civilized men upon the American continent—one of them in behalf of the cause of the preservation of the Union as he understood it, and the other in behalf of the cause of local independence as he understood it—the watchword was chivalry and fair fight."

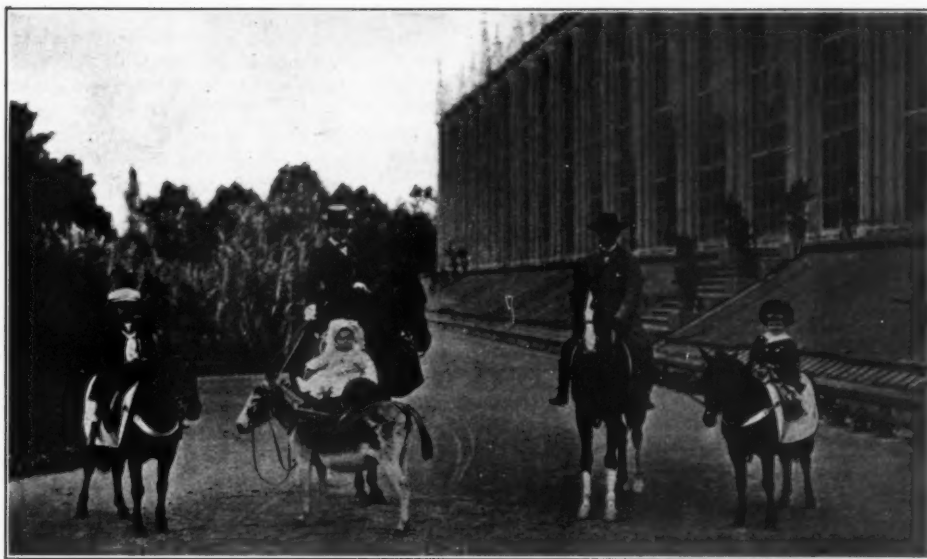
He has a wide reputation as a story-teller and the grave charge is made and denied and made again that he occasionally writes poetry. He spends most of the time not devoted to public affairs at his home in Yazoo, among his books. His wife, while of course interested in his career and proud of his success in public affairs, devotes most of her time to the family and does not attempt to follow closely the ins and outs of political strife. They have seven children,—four sons and three daughters.

THE CONCILIATORY GENIUS OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY

NO DIPLOMATIST in Europe is ignorant of the profound influence exerted by Queen Elena of Italy upon the relations subsisting between the Quirinal and the Vatican. At a time when the eldest daughter of the Church is in open rebellion, Italia has drawn closer to the faith than at any period since the fall of the temporal power. The Queen's conciliatory personality is given credit for it by the few who know what transpires behind the scenes. Yet Elena was not reared in the Roman Catholic faith. Indeed, she was educated in something like abhorrence of it. Her first religious notions were implanted in her girlish mind by no less a person than Procurator Pobiedonosteff, of the Holy Synod. Alexander III, when on the throne of Russia, had made up his mind that the bride of the future Czar—Elena having been selected for that high destiny—should be as orthodox as a member of the Greek Church could possibly be. To-day Elena is one of the potent personal factors in the good-will growing up between the King in the Quirinal and the Pope in the Vatican.

The commencement of what may be a reconciliation between the royal house of Italy and the sovereign pontiffs dates from the baptism of the little Prince of Piedmont. It had all along been the wish of the Italian irreconcilables in the anti-clerical camp to have this little boy made Prince of Rome. Such a title would have constituted a gross affront to the Vatican. There is but one Prince of Rome in the eyes of those who uphold papal claims to the temporal power. But if court gossip be a reliable guide, the title of Prince of Rome had already been selected for the little Humbert. It was at this juncture that the Queen of Italy interposed. To her influence was directly due the choice of "Prince of Piedmont," a title to be henceforth as distinctive of the heirs of the house of Savoy as is the appellation "Prince of Wales" with reference to the heirs of the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

From the hour of her reception into the Roman Catholic communion, Elena has constituted herself the medium of conciliation between church and state in Italy. The warm friendship that grew up between the present Pope during his incumbency of the patriarch-



ELENA AS MOTHER, WIFE AND QUEEN

One of the most beautiful women in Europe, Her Majesty, the Queen of Italy, is taking a morning canter with Victor Immanuel III and their three little ones. The Prince of Piedmont, heir to the Italian throne, is balanced on the baby saddle strapped to the donkey's back. The little Princess Mufalda (or Mafalda) is on a pony at the King's left. The Princess Yolande, first-born of the trio, is likewise mounted on a pony at her mother's right.

ate of Venice and the Queen still subsists. His Holiness has even granted her Majesty special recognition as Queen of Sardinia. In this last capacity it is permissible for Elena to avail herself of every spiritual favor granted by the Church to those of the faithful who are in the necessary state of grace. Elena has thus two royal titles. But she was merely a princess of Montenegro at the time of her marriage to the present King Victor Emmanuel of Italy in 1896.

This was the climax of the series of brilliant matches arranged by Prince Nicholas, reigning sovereign of Montenegro, for his beautiful daughters, of whom the Queen of Italy was originally intended to become the consort of the present Czar of Russia. Her Majesty, who is now thirty-four, was taken in girlhood to St. Petersburg to be educated for this exalted destiny. Elena and the present Czar's sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia, soon formed the most passionate of mutual attachments.

In due time, Elena's sister Militza married a Russian Grand Duke. Another sister, Anastasia, became Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg. Alexander III, then on the throne of Russia, bade his son take Elena to wife. But Nicholas had now taken an interest in the

Princess Alix of Hesse. Alix and Elena were at this time celebrated as the loveliest princesses in Europe. The gorgeous eastern coloring of Elena's dark countenance proved a foil for that gracious simplicity to which the effect of the blonder loveliness of Alix was mainly due. Elena subjected by every intoxicating form of feminine enchantment. Alix subdued through a pouting loveliness most stimulating to the chivalrous instinct in the breast of man. The affections of the one were all sentiment, of the other all passion.

Elena's education, finished at a young ladies' seminary patronized by the Empress Dagmar, equipped her for a more pretentious life than that led by her father, the Prince of Montenegro. He is a cultivated and traveled man, familiar with most European capitals, yet addicted to mountaineering habits and fond of his native costume, which he expected his children to wear when at home. There never was much ceremony or etiquette at the home of Princess Elena. The poorest of her father's subjects and the obscurest of strangers are received, as a rule, without formality. An eye witness relates that at the public announcement of Elena's betrothal to the present King of Italy, the Prince of Montenegro was seized by a dozen of his mountaineers and carried bodily



LENGTH IS THE "NOTE" OF THIS QUEEN'S BEAUTY

The arms, the waist line, the neck, the hair and the chin of Queen Elena of Italy are so harmoniously adjusted, so far as her Majesty's curves of beauty are concerned, that the extreme height of this most celebrated of royal beauties passes almost unobserved.

down the main street of his capital, all concerned roaring with laughter. When a diplomatist deplored the meager and valueless nature of Montenegro's exports in the hearing of the Prince, his Highness replied:

"I don't know. What about my daughters?"

The Prince of Naples, as Victor Emmanuel III was then styled, first met Elena in Venice during the famous exposition there. Her beauty was at this period as striking as her height. She was, in truth, ethereally huge, absolutely without pride, yet looking down upon everybody and everything. The soul of the Prince of Naples had seen a vision. But Crispi, the powerful minister of King Humbert, thought a Princess of Montenegro too farcical a royalty to share the throne of Italy.

Elena having been duly received into the Roman Catholic faith, however, her marriage to the man who has loved her with unremitting devotion ever since, took place in October, 1896.

The three children of this union are said to be responsible for the fact that Elena is so little seen in public. Her first child, the Princess Yolanda, was born in 1901, eleven months after the tragic death of King Humbert had brought his son to the throne. The birth of a second daughter caused great disappointment to the Italian people. The child was christened Mafalda. At last, in September of 1904 Elena gave birth to Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, who snatches the succession to the throne of Italy from the Duke of Aosta. In her care of these little ones Elena has studied fresh air, clothing, sleep and exercise so assiduously that her husband's subjects complain of the seclusion in which she lives. Racconigi, one of the most delightful of the various homes of the Italian royal couple, shows Elena in her most maternal aspect. The place is some twenty miles south of Turin. In and out among the park ponds, plentifully stocked with trout, wander the princesses, the prince and the Queen. "No royal child ever had more devoted or more constant care," says Mrs. Batcheller of the Prince of Piedmont.* "Nothing is ever allowed to interfere with his wants and needs, and no royal function of any sort can hope for the Queen's presence if it interferes with H. R. H.'s supper."

Queen Elena has inherited not only the majestic height of the Montenegrin princes, but nearly all the poetical talent transmitted through generation after generation of those royal mountaineers. Elena's father has written dramas based upon such events in Montenegrin history as appeal most strongly to the national pride. The Prince's verses deal effectively with every variety of feeling, situation and character. Queen Elena's poems reflect sentiments of the purely personal kind. Her latest book is made up wholly of stanzas inspired by the trials of one in a royal position. The strain is at times lofty and impassioned. But in the main, elegy seems best fitted to the frame of mind from which the Queen's versification proceeds. The correspondence between the Queen of Italy and the Queen of Roumania, which has subsisted long and breathes a mutual love, is conducted in rhymed stanzas.

*GLIMPSES OF ITALIAN COURT LIFE. By Tryphosa Bates Batcheller. Doubleday, Page & Company.

Literature and Art

IS GENIUS NEGLECTED BY THE MAGAZINES?



THE voice of "neglected genius" is one that never grows faint in our ears. In every generation there are those who will not let us forget that Milton sold his masterpiece for a song; that Chatterton was goaded into suicide by an uncharitable world; and that Keats died of a broken heart. To-day in America a small army of men who have evidently persuaded themselves that they are the lineal descendants of Milton and Keats are still raising the old cry, Why is genius forsaken? And since in our day and age the magazine editor is popularly regarded as the real arbiter of genius, this old cry has led to a new one, Why is genius neglected by the magazines?

The New York *Sun* has lately opened its columns to a discussion of this subject, and the result is a correspondence of unusual interest. One of the contributors says bluntly: "There is no market for the product of genius." He continues:

"Conditions to-day are just exactly the same as in E. A. Poe's time. One may tramp the streets of New York City with a valuable manuscript in his pocket and starve. He may make the 'rounds of the editors' with stories and articles that are the result of twenty years' experience; tales and treatises wherein there is nothing but first-hand information that has been gathered at a great cost, a tremendous sacrifice to the author; he may offer to editors products that contain nearly all of the elements that make literary genius; he can do all this and have all this and still be compelled to stop on his journey to Editor Wise and grab a handful of free lunch. And this in a land where enough good food is wasted to feed an entire nation!"

A second unsuccessful aspirant contributes a remarkable autobiographical document to the discussion. He came from Canada to New York, he asserts, with high literary ambitions, and was immediately struck by the contrast between the best English magazines, on which he had been nurtured, and the American periodicals. He sent out his stories to the magazines, but they were almost all returned. Editors wrote him that his tales were "not pleasant," or had an "unhappy ending," or were "gloomy," and the like. One editor said: "Please stick to the realities of life." He told this editor that he believed he *had* struck a chord in real life, and he tried to find

out what the editor meant by "realities." He gathered that under this term were included "the affairs of the body, exterior happenings, bodily adventures (always decorous, however; matters that a clergyman could view, or young ladies watch); fights and wrecks and plots and counterplots;" and he came to the conclusion that his idea of "realities" was something very different from this. To continue the narrative:

"I simply tried my best to relate honestly and as finely as I could my own real impressions of life to-day. And I found that such work would not keep me from hunger. It may be, of course, that I am not capable of writing such real works in an adequate manner. Passing that point by, I claim that even the attempt to write honestly of real life is discouraged in every possible manner by the magazine editors, the publishers and the theatrical managers of the day. I assert that they do not want to consider honest literary work; that they are not capable (the most of them) of judging, or even recognizing, honest literary work. I accuse them of moral dishonesty, witting and unwitting. I say that their criterions are false, and that with rare exceptions the stuff they foist on the public is trivial, banal, false and fraudulent in the highest degree."

"I had been slaving on an honest novel," the same correspondent goes on to say. But it was rejected, and he became discouraged and began to write "pot-boilers." He set to work on a new novel that he thought might meet the demands of the market. It took him just five days, and he sold it in a week for nearly \$300. The rest was easy:

"I banged off on the typewriter magazine fiction, articles; acceptances here, there, all around; with cupids dancing on the keyboard, matinee young ladies and musical comedy young heroes surrounding me; sexual interest (false and slushy sexual interest) everywhere.

"Gold bricks!

"And anybody can produce them. Of course, there are manufacturers of this brand of writing who are really honest, who think that way and write that way. Peace and the best of luck to all honest craftsmen! They have their place, even as Bowery whisky sellers have. At any rate, my stuff won't harm readers as much as the real stuff, for it lacks conviction. But the foolish editors buy it. I'll go on; what else is there for me to do? I, too, must live and graft."

These sentiments find an echo in many of the letters printed by *The Sun*. But by no means all of the correspondents take a view

of magazine conditions so pessimistic. Mr. Gustav Kobbé, the well-known writer on musical topics, thinks that the real trouble lies not so much with the editors as with the so-called "geniuses." "They have," he says, "what often is misconstrued as genius—an abnormal desire to produce something great without a corresponding creative faculty." A second correspondent thinks that "the man who returns your story comes pretty near knowing what he is about—he wouldn't be at the head of a responsible magazine if he didn't." And a third, "A Professional Writer," makes this comment:

"When a New York weekly magazine offered a prize of \$5,000 for the best short story submitted, the committee of judges was chosen wholly outside the magazine editorial field. These gentlemen reported that of 12,000 manuscripts submitted not 10 per cent. were worth a second reading. The scribbling public thinks that 'anybody can write

a story,' and that it will be better than 'the trash they publish in the magazines.' The talk of an editorial trust organized to bar these suffering victims is childish and absurd. The competition among editors is as keen as that among sellers of any kind of merchandise. Every month there appear stories by writers of no previous reputation. There was never a time when a writer with sufficient talent and industry could find a reader recognition or larger rewards.

"It is all tommyrot to say that Poe and Stevenson and Hawthorne could not sell their stories to a magazine to-day. If the magazines are not publishing great literature it is because America has not the writers capable of turning it out. Take Joseph Conrad, for example. He is writing pure literature, and magazines are glad to publish it. Yet his stories have a very limited popular appeal and his books have had an inconsiderable sale. There is not a writer of recognized literary talent in this country or England to-day who has not found ready access to the magazines regardless of his or her 'circulation building' power."

BRUNETIÈRE'S THEORY OF LITERARY CRITICISM



ERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE, who died in Paris last month, is universally conceded to have been the greatest systematic critic of contemporary French literature. Without possessing either the style of Hippolyte Taine or the marvelous intuitions of Sainte-Beuve, he became the master of critical methods that have carried his name to the ends of the world. These methods were primarily scientific. Brunetière was "more intent to weigh and compare than to enjoy or help others to enjoy," observes Jules Lemaitre. And M. Louis Allard, of Harvard University, in an article in the *Boston Transcript*, says:

"He believed that the function of criticism is not only to explain, but to judge and to classify, the works it considers. The principle of criticism should not be individual feeling, which is often capricious, and even fantastic, but reason; that is to say, that element of the critic's mind which is in harmony with the most fixed and constant and general and permanent characteristics of human nature in all time and in all civilizations."

Building on this basic principle, Brunetière came to the conclusion that France's purest literary period was that of the seventeenth century. Tested by this same standard, he held that much of the work of the modern "realists," such as Zola, was futile and corrupt. As M. Allard puts it:

"In this principle is the explanation of his whole work, is the origin of all his ideas. What value has he accredited to works of literature? A value in proportion to their expression of human

truth, the most general, as the most impersonal and universal. According to this idea has he established the hierarchy of writers or of groups. A work then is of value for its broadly human character, for what it expresses of the norm of human nature; and here his theory renews and adds new life to the classic theory of Boileau. For this reason he placed the literature of the seventeenth century above that of any other, and of the writers of that time, he placed Pascal and Bossuet at the top. For this reason he looked somewhat askance at the romantic literature, because it expressed more the particular than the general, and most especially the ME, that is, the most individual and the most unstable of the whole being. If he praised anything in the poetry of Lamartine or of Hugo, it was the expression of the emotions common to all mankind. For the morbid protrusion of personality as found in the poetry of Baudelaire and of Verlaine, he felt nothing but loathing. That affectation of indecency, which seems to be a part of present-day naturalism, was most repugnant to his pure nature, and he attacked it relentlessly, as well as the search for minute detail and the peculiarly personal trait—the unusual, in a word. All this in a work, he declares, will perish, and the work will last only because of the original expression, in which the author clothes universal truth."

Brunetière defended his point of view vigorously, and even bitterly, for he was something of a dogmatist by nature. "Sometimes," says M. Allard, "he went too far in his criticisms; he used the big stick, where a needle would have been enough." Still, "he was more impartial than is generally believed, and if, for instance, he did not value Zola at his real worth, he did at least distinguish the

ridiculous and indecent exaggerations of the naturalistic school from the real services which it rendered." Brunetière's work, it should be added, can only be truly estimated when considered in its relation to the "impressionist" school that preceded it—a school of which Renan was the pontiff, and Anatole France and Lemaitre are to-day the accomplished leaders. M. Allard writes in this connection:

"It does not seem to me that the objection which the impressionists have brought against him, that he has simply created a system out of his personal preferences and tastes, that the foundation of his whole method is but a personal inclination, in any way weakens the integrity of that theory. And besides, has he not always endeavored to enforce his preferences by his fund of reasoning? And indeed it seems to me, that he had an instinctive mistrust of all caprices and surprises of feeling, and was inclined to be hostile to all manifestations of individualism, which in his eyes were a menace not only to literature, which he took to be but the imitation of human verity, but also to order, and to the best interests of a well organized society."

The same logic that drove Brunetière into the championship of the classical tradition in literature, led him, quite inevitably, into the Roman Catholic Church. For several years previous to his death he was a stanch defender of the authority of Rome. Most of his essays, both on religious and literary subjects, were first printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which he became the director in 1894. His best known works are entitled "Études critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature française," "Nouvelles Études," and "Histoire et Littérature." He was an excel-



Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Company

THE GREATEST FRENCH CRITIC SINCE TAINÉ AND SAINTE-BEUVE

M. Brunetière has been described as "a bureaucrat of letters." He held it the duty of the critic to set authoritative literary standards before the unlearned public, and brought to this task untiring energy and great erudition. He has died at the age of fifty-seven.

lent speaker as well as a writer, and at the time of his death was one of the most influential members of the French Academy.

JAMES HUNEKER, AN INTERPRETER OF MODERNITY

THE name of James Huneker is associated with every modern art movement in America. "If," says Michael Monahan, in his extinct *Papyrus*, "there be in America or elsewhere any man who has more art, literature and music at his fingers' end than James Huneker, I have not heard of him. Indeed," he goes on to say, "I have only one criticism to pass upon James—he writes overmuch about people who are not nearly so interesting as himself." To quote further:

"James is a wonderful blend of Celtic and Hungarian genius with the American spirit, and his talents are as unusual as the racial combination that produced him. An immediate Irish relative of his bore a gallant part in the idealistic and

happily bloodless Fenian raid into Canada some forty years ago. Another direct forbear was a Hungarian music composer of no small renown. James has given a striking proof that the Celtic drop predominates in himself by adoring the Fenian patriot and damning, critically, the Slavonic master. The equation of the mingled elements of his blood might also be determined from his literary style, which is fairly riotous with provocation, suggesting the Irishman's well-known description of whisky as a mixture of ladies' charms and boxing gloves."

It appears from this that Mr. Huneker is a literary prophet honored in his own country. But not only there. We gather from the *New York Times Saturday Review* that an edition of his "Visionaries" has recently been published in Bohemian, with an appreciation

in the same language. And in the *Tageblatt* of Berlin we find an account of Mr. Huneker's literary work and personality in which he is spoken of as the greatest interpreter of modernity on this side the ocean. "Huneker," the writer continues, "is one of the pathfinders of literary America; he points the way to the future."

Mr. Huneker, we are told, interprets modernity, both in his critical work and in his fiction. The great iconoclasts in music and philosophy have always appealed to him most. This may seem strange, for his early environment was not of a nature to foster such tendencies. He studied several years for the priesthood, but, happening to look out of the seminary window one fine spring day, he saw one of the prettiest of girls and was diverted to secularism and letters. In appearance, however, he has never been quite able to overcome the influence of his early training. On meeting him on the street one would be tempted to mistake this exponent of Nietzsche and Ibsen for a Roman Catholic priest. Subtlety of psychological analysis and dialectic skill, these, we read, Mr. Huneker owes to his Jesuit teachers.

The peculiarity of his ancestry singled him out to become the interpreter to his compatriots of the wonderful civilization beyond the great water-wall, of which they knew little. With the charming impudence of a young man he started by stealing the literary thunder of the French, their devil-worship and their wit. Then, in conjunction with his friend, Vance Thompson, he founded a semi-monthly, *Mademoiselle New York*, one of the sprightliest things that ever escaped the professional moralists of the Comstock stamp. Unfortunately, the critic exclaims, it did not pay financially to throw pearls before the American public. It was used to a different diet. When finally business prospects brightened, other considerations forced the editors to discontinue their publication. However, like the famous "Yellow Book," it had fulfilled its purpose.

In all those years, the *Tageblatt* critic informs us, Huneker was wavering between two loves: music and literature. In the former he was more or less of a failure, at least in his own opinion. It is an irony of fate, the writer observes, that in spite of his fiasco as a musician, Mr. Huneker is one of America's first musical critics. It was he who took up the cudgels for Richard Strauss in America, and in his first book of short stories, "Melomaniacs," he is positively obsessed with

musical motives. Strauss, Chopin, and Liszt are the musical trinity from whose spell he cannot free his soul. In his second book of short stories, "Visionaries," the musical motive is less strongly pronounced. But his fiction, no less than his criticism, breathes the spirit of modernity.

"Have you never written poetry?" Mr. Huneker was once asked.

"Certainly," he replied, "but I possessed the courage of my criticism not to publish it." When he was very young—he is past forty to-day—Mr. Huneker was one of Walt Whitman's intimate circle. At that time he wrote a ludicrous parody of the good gray poet's "Children of Adam," and brought it to him. Whitman, whose sense of humor was very deficient, read and re-read the poem several times. After a while he remarked and without as much as a smile: "I've never written anything so rank as that."

After this interesting diversion, the *Tageblatt* writer speaks at length of Huneker's critical accomplishments. As a critic, he says, Mr. Huneker has no equal in America. Maeterlinck, indeed, once spoke of him as "the American Brandes." It was in a letter to Huneker that Shaw for the first time expressed his condemnation of Candida as a heartless woman. Ibsen and Nietzsche were, if not for the first time, at least most impressively interpreted in America by Huneker's "Overtones" and "Iconoclasts." This, our German critic insists, is the secret of Huneker's success: he unites Hibernian wit with German thoroughness. To quote further:

"His genius is closely akin to the modern Germany of Sudermann and Hauptmann. But Italy, France, Sweden, Norway and Russia, too, he has visited, at least, in spirit, to share the treasures of their literary storehouses with his people. It is significant that not a single of his essays in either of his two critical books deals with an American writer. Purposely or not, he has made himself the interpreter of a foreign civilization."

"The more Huneker's reputation is increasing, owing to his stories and critical essays, the greater his influence upon the development of American literature becomes. Without his pioneer work Ibsen, Shaw and Wilde would not have been so readily accepted even by the *cognoscenti*. His influence upon younger men is marked, but he is no more 'popular' than the author of 'Pippa Passes,' or Ibsen or Wilde. The highest aim that an artist may aspire to is, after all, to impress his personality upon an ever-growing number of men of culture. The greater their number, the greater the intellectual wealth of the nation. But even that is not Huneker's aim. Art, in his opinion, is self-sufficient. An English critic once observed, foaming with rage: 'Mr. Huneker writes as if art were the only object in life.' 'The devil!' was Huneker's retort, 'It is,—to me.'"

THE SIMPLE AND FANTASTIC GENIUS OF BLAKE

THERE is surely no more remarkable or romantic story in the annals of artist endeavor than that which tells of William Blake, the English poet and painter. He was born amid the gloom of a London November in 1757, and he died in humble rooms in the same city seventy years later, practically unrecognized and unknown. He manifested throughout his life a creative activity that was almost feverish in its intensity, yet he cared so little for fame that he took not the slightest pains to preserve his work. Poems that have since been extolled by Swinburne and the most eminent critics of our age were committed to scraps of paper, or to hand-illuminated folios. The only "editions" of much of his poetry were those engraved by himself and his wife, and issued in stray copies that drifted hither and thither. Drawings and paintings that are now beyond price, and have been compared with those of Michael Angelo and Rembrandt, lay for long years, undiscovered, in dusty attics and damp cellars.

Charles Lamb was one of the few contemporaries of Blake who discerned his genius. The Rossetti brothers, Dante Gabriel and William Michael, were among the next to set a high value on his achievement. Then came Swinburne, with his "William Blake: A Critical Essay;" and the humble poet's reputation was established beyond all cavil. Swinburne recognized in him "the single Englishman of supreme and simple poetic genius of his time," and his book, which has just been republished,* after forty years, is still regarded as the best criticism and commentary on Blake that exists. The standard life of Blake is by Alexander Gilchrist. This, too, has been recently reprinted,† with an essay by a London artist, W. Graham Robertson. At the present time new editions of Blake's writings and new commentaries upon his art and life are multiplying with a rapidity that is almost bewil-

***WILLIAM BLAKE: A CRITICAL ESSAY.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne. E. P. Dutton & Company.
 †**THE LIFE OF WILLIAM BLAKE.** By Alexander Gilchrist. Edited with an Introduction by W. Graham Robertson and Numerous Illustrations. John Lane Company.



Courtesy of John Lane Company

"WHAT IS MAN THAT THOU SHOULDEST TRY HIM EVERY MOMENT?"

(By William Blake)

One of a series of illustrations to the book of Job. In this mood William Blake has been compared with Michael Angelo.



Courtesy of John Lane Company

MADMAN OR GENIUS?

Some of William Blake's contemporaries regarded him as demented; but Swinburne recognized in him "the single Englishman of supreme and simple poetic genius of his time."

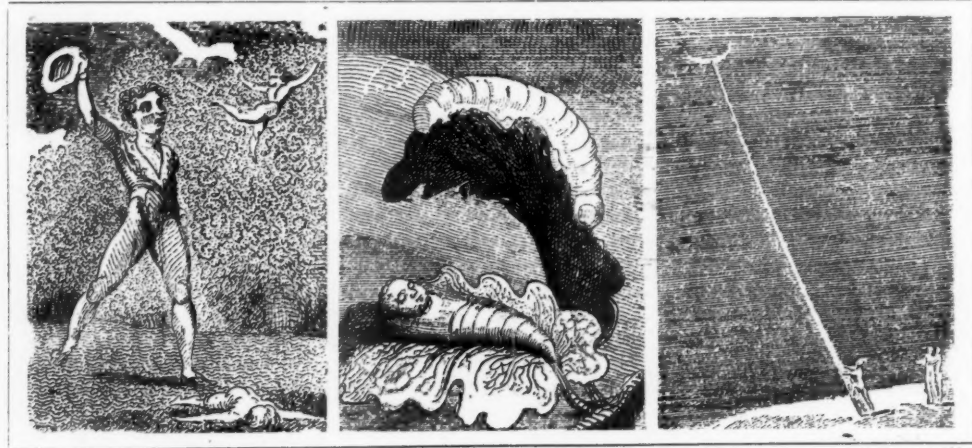
dering. Among the more recent volumes may be mentioned: "The Life and Letters of William Blake" (Scribner's), edited by A. G. B. Russell; "William Blake: Illustrations of the Book of Job" (London: Methuen), with an Introduction by Laurence Binyon; "The

Poetical Works of William Blake" (London: Chatto and Windus), edited by Edwin J. Ellis; and "The Poetical Works of William Blake"* (Oxford University Press), edited by John Sampson. When to these are added a study by Paul Elmer More in his newest collection of "Shelburne Essays," and a dozen magazine articles that have lately appeared in England and America, it becomes evident that William Blake has passed the stage of experimental or tentative estimate. He takes his place with the immortals.

The first element that strikes one in Blake's work, both literary and pictorial, is its extraordinary simplicity—a simplicity born in mysticism and so childlike that it constantly verges on the grotesque. He wrote for children and angels, it has been said, himself "a divine child" whose playthings were the sun and stars. One theme preoccupied him in all his writings, and it is expressed in the title of his greatest book—"Songs of Innocence and of Experience, showing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." The purpose of these songs, which a writer in the London *Academy* prophesies will outlive the poetry of Shelley, is to reconcile the surprising and grave lessons of experience with those joyous revelations which come to eyes newly opened upon the world; and this, says Prof. Walter Raleigh, is the problem of all poets. Professor Raleigh continues:

"There is nothing in all poetry like the 'Songs of Innocence.' Other writers—Hans Andersen, for instance—have penetrated into that enchanted country, have learned snatches of its language,

*Also issued in abridged form, with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. New York: Oxford University Press.

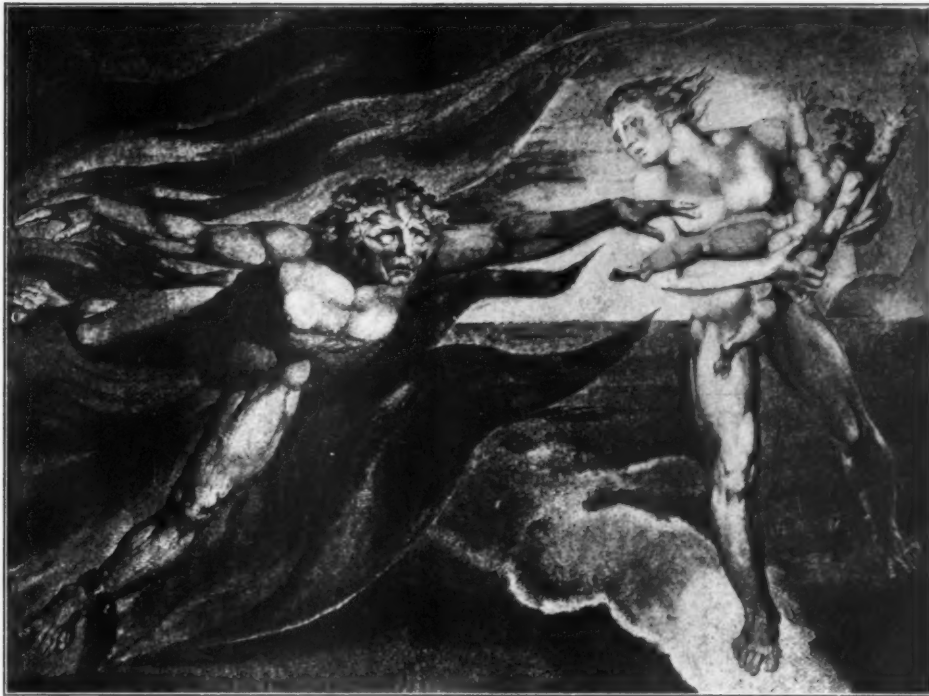


ALAS!

WHAT IS MAN?

I WANT! I WANT!

THREE OF WILLIAM BLAKE'S ALLEGORIES



Courtesy of John Lane Company

THE GOOD AND EVIL ANGELS
(By William Blake)

"Shapes of elements, the running lines of water, the roaring lines of fire, the inert mass of strong earth; above all, the naked human body in its numberless gestures and attitudes of effort or endurance"—such, says Mr. Laurence Binyon, were the subjects that Blake delighted in.

and have seen some of its sights. But they are at best still foreigners, observers, emissaries; the golden treasures of innocence which they bring back with them they coin into pathos and humor for the use of their own countrymen. There is no pathos in Blake's innocent world; he is a native of the place, and none of the natives sits aloof to compare and ponder. There is no humor; the only laughter heard in that Paradise is the laughter of woods, and streams, and grasshoppers, and the sweet round mouths of human children. There the day is a festival of unceasing wonders, and the night is like the sheltering hand of God. There change is another name for delight, and the parting of friends is a prelude to new glories:

"Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

"Death itself is an enterprise of high hope, an introduction to the Angel with the bright key who opens the long row of black coffins. Sorrow there is, and pity for sorrow; tears and bewilderment and darkness; but these things are all within the

scheme, and do not open vistas into chaos. When the little boy is lost, God himself, dressed in white, appears by his side and leads him back to his weeping mother, to the world of daylight and shepherds, and lions with golden manes. One who has known this holy land, and has lived in it until it was overrun by infidel invaders—how should not his later life be a great crusade for its recovery?—

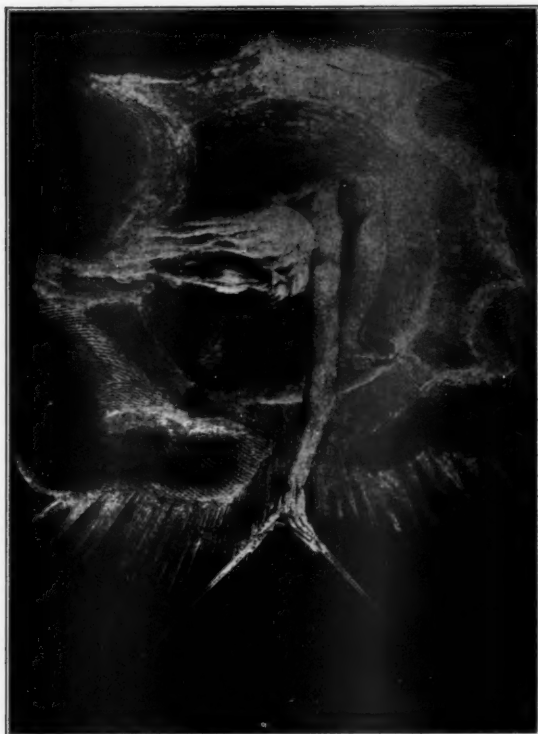
"Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

"I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant Land."

Even in the "Songs of Experience" the old simplicity and happiness reassert themselves.

"His whole-hearted joy in the world kept the enemy for long at bay.

"For I dance,
And drink and sing,
Till some blind hand
Shall brush my wing.



Courtesy of John Lane Company

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

William Blake's portrayal of Jehovah measuring the earth with His compass.

"He does not agonize with the Fate that holds him in its grasp; his peaceful, almost infantine, submission to the Power that is so cruelly strong in its dealings with those who struggle against it, saved him from anything like a tragedy of thought. He lay still, and knew no fear. The trouble, when it came to him, came in the form, not of doubt, but of bewilderment and sorrow of heart. The reign of love and of natural happy impulse is partial and precarious. Against it are ranked all the baser passions—fear, envy, anger, jealousy, covetousness—which Blake unites under the single name of Self-hood.

"While the soul is a fount of action, spending itself without stint on outward objects, joy and faith are supreme; but when its activities flag, when it becomes distrustful of itself and afraid of the world, defensive, secretive, eager to husband its resources, it falls under the control of Satan, and reasons, and doubts, and inhibits, and measures, and denies. Everything that it touches is blighted by the contact.

"He who bends to himself a joy
Doth the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise."

Not all of Blake's poetry is as coherent as that given here, and not all of his commenta-

tors are as sympathetic as Professor Raleigh. He was a poet of flashes and fitful outbursts, and did not always trouble to round out his thought or his inspiration. As Mr. G. L. Strachey, a writer in *The Independent Review* (London), puts it: "Blake was an intellectual drunkard. His words come down to us in a rapture of broken fluency from impossible, intoxicated heights. His spirit soared above the empyrean; and, even as it soared, it tumbled in the gutter." Some of the poems of William Blake read like the ravings of a lunatic. Of his later and more complex "Prophetic Books," with their rushing eloquence and strange symbolism, Mr. Paul Elmer More writes:

"The travail of soul that went into the recording of those apocalyptic visions is like nothing so much as some Titanic upheaval of nature, accompanied with vast outpourings of fire and smoke and molten lava, with rending and crushing and grinding, and with dark revelations of earth's unfathomable depths. And afterwards, in midst of these gnarled and broken remains, he who seeks shall find scattered bits of colored stone, flawed and imperfect fragments for the most part, with here and there a rare and starlike gem."

The simple idealism and fantastic imagery which distinguish Blake's poetry are just as clearly marked in his art. No artist has as yet done for the pictures of Blake what Swinburne has done for his poems, but his place as a world-figure in art is now assured. Never before, it may be stated confidently, has a great genius perpetrated such artistic atrocities as Blake was sometimes guilty of creating. The story is told of how Arthur Symonds once showed some of Blake's drawings to Rodin, the great French sculptor. "Blake used literally to see those figures," said Mr. Symonds; "they are not mere invention." "Yes," replied the sculptor; "he saw them once; he should have seen them three or four times!" The artist in Blake was too often supplanted by the poetic scribbler, and the worst of his pictures have the same kind of irresponsibility as the worst of his poems. Nevertheless, it must be added, he brought to his art a spirit creative in the highest sense. He had something new to express, and he succeeded in expressing it. "Shapes of elements, the running lines of water, the roaring lines of fire, the inert mass of strong earth; above all, the naked human body in its numberless gestures and attitudes of effort or en-

duration"—such, says Mr. Laurence Binyon, were the subjects that Blake delighted in. Mr. Binyon says further (*Independent Review*):

"Throughout Blake's art the image of fire and flame is a constant and haunting presence. It inspires his design so much that not only do these wavering yet energetic forms play a signal part in his decorations, but the human bodies that people his art bend and float and aspire, rush, recoil, embrace, and tremble, with an accordant vehemence of motion. There was indeed something flamelike in the nature of the man himself.

"Rhythmical line, radiant color—mastery of these is of the essence of art; and in the shapes of the fire Blake could find, without distortion, a theme entirely congenial to his eye and hand. But it was also congenial to his soul. I can not remember that any other European artist has treated this element with the peculiar imaginative joy of Blake. Those who have painted scenes of fire, from Raphael to Millais, have made the human terror and human courage evoked their subject. But of Blake I can not but think that he rejoiced with his flames in their destruction of the materials of this world. Here certainly we seem to find an attitude quite opposite to that of the normal painter, prizing so much the world's fair surface that ministers to his work and his delight. Yet the opposition is only apparent. It could only be real if art were indeed but imitation of nature. But art is never this. All creative minds, in whatever sphere they work, need to destroy the world that they may rebuild it new. Blake is only an extreme type."

Blake has been described as "an artist so eager for perfection that he could not submit to the laws of art;" but in all his greatest work he made his own laws, and lived up to them. The painter Romney ranked the historical drawings of Blake with those of Michael Angelo; and Mr. Graham Robertson speaks of his "Illustrations of the Book of Job" as having "crowned the world's greatest poem with an added glory."

Enough has been said to make it clear that Blake was much more than poet and painter only. He was seer and philosopher—a prophet with a gospel all his own. He claimed to have communion with the great spirits of the past, and sometimes he talked to his friends so strangely that they wondered whether he spoke in parable, or whether he was mad. But his biographer, Alexander Gilchrist, thinks that this was but the attitude of a prosaic world toward a man who, in Swinburne's phrase, was "drunken with the kisses of God." "So far as I am concerned," says Mr. Gilchrist, loyally, "I would infinitely



THE REUNION OF SOUL AND BODY
(By William Blake)

rather be mad with William Blake than sane with nine-tenths of the world." He continues:

"When, indeed, such men are nicknamed 'mad,' one is brought in contact with the difficult problem, 'What is madness?' Who is *not* mad—in some other person's sense, himself, perhaps, not the *noblest* of created mortals? Who, in certain abstruse cases, is to be the judge? Does not prophet or hero always seem 'mad' to the respectable mob, and to polished men of the world, the motives of feeling and action being so alien and incomprehensible?"

In an article in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, Prof. Lewis N. Chase likens William Blake to John Bunyan. These are "the two and the only two great visionaries of English literature," he avers. Mr. Graham Robertson prefers a comparison with Walt Whitman as the poet "most akin" to Blake.

But comparisons of Blake with Bunyan and with Whitman hold good only at certain points. After all is said, William Blake remains unique. He was a prophet without disciples. He had no predecessors, and he is not likely to have any successors.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH SAGAS

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is known to be an incessant reader, and once in a while he tells us what he reads and what he has learned from his reading. A year ago it was American poetry that engaged his pen. Now it is the Irish sagas. "Next to developing original writers," he remarks in an article in the *January Century*, "the most fortunate thing, from the literary standpoint, which can befall any people is to have revealed to it some new treasure-house in literature." In this spirit he calls attention to the ancient Celtic and Erse manuscripts as forming "a body of prose and poetry of great and wellnigh unique interest from every standpoint." The President confesses to a special admiration for the cycle of sagas which tell of the mighty feats of Cuchulain and of the heroes whose life-threads were interwoven with his. This series of poems dates back to a purely pagan Ireland—"an Ireland cut off from all connection with the splendid and slowly dying civilization of Rome, an Ireland in which still obtained ancient customs that had elsewhere vanished even from the memory of man." To quote further:

"The customs of the heroes and people of the Erin of Cuchulain's time were as archaic as the chariots in which they rode to battle. The sagas contain a wealth of material for the historian. They show us a land where the men were herds-men, tillers of the soil, hunters, bards, seers, but, above all, warriors. Erin was a world to herself. Her people at times encountered the peoples of Britain or of Continental Europe, whether in trade or in piracy; but her chief interest, her overwhelming interest, lay in what went on within her own borders. There was a high king of shadowy power, whose sway was vaguely recognized as extending over the island, but whose practical supremacy was challenged on every hand by whatever king or under-king felt the fierce whim seize him. There were chiefs and serfs; there were halls and fortresses; there were huge herds of horses and cattle and sheep and swine. The kings and queens, the great lords and their wives, the chiefs and the famous fighting men, wore garments crimson and blue and green and saffron, plain or checkered, and plaid and striped. They had rings and clasps and torques of gold and silver, urns and mugs and troughs and vessels of iron and silver. They played chess by the fires in their great halls, and they feasted and drank and quarreled within them, and the women had sun-parlors of their own."

Of the tales that go to make up the Cuchulain cycle the President selects for special

mention the "Fate of the Sons of Usnach," the "Wooring of Emer," the "Feast of Bricriu," and the story of the great raid to capture the dun bull of Cooley, which is said to be the most famous romance of ancient Ireland. The "sons of Usnach" were Naisi, the husband of the beautiful Deirdrè, and his two brothers. All four fled from Ulster to Scotland; and Deirdrè sang of her protectors:

"Much hardship would I take,
Along with the three heroes;
I would endure without house, without fire,
It is not I that would be gloomy.

"Their three shields and their spears
Were often a bed for me.
Put their three hard swords
Over the grave, O young man!"

Emer, the bride of Cuchulain, had the "six gifts of a girl"—beauty, and a soft voice, and sweet speech, and wisdom, and skill in needle work, and chastity; "she was true to him," says Mr. Roosevelt, "and loved him and gloried in him and watched over him until the day he went out to meet his death." In all these tales Bricriu appears as "the cunning, malevolent mischief-maker, dreaded for his biting satire and his power of setting by the ears the boastful, truculent, reckless and marvelously short-tempered heroes among whom he lived." To quote again:

"The heroes are much like those of the early folk of kindred stock everywhere. They are huge, splendid barbarians, sometimes yellow-haired, sometimes black or brown-haired, and their chief title to glory is found in their feats of bodily prowess. Among the feats often enumerated or referred to are the ability to leap like a salmon, to run like a stag, to hurl great rocks incredible distances, to toss the wheel, and, like the Norse berserkers, when possessed with the fury of battle, to grow demoniac with fearsome rage."

If the heroes of the Irish sagas were the tempestuous creatures of a barbaric age, the heroines, so Mr. Roosevelt makes us feel, were tender and womanly, in almost the modern sense. "Emer and Deirdrè," we are told, "have the charm, the power of inspiring and returning romantic love that belonged to the ladies whose lords were the knights of the Round Table." It is true they were not all of this kind. Says Mr. Roosevelt:

"There were other Irish heroines of a more common barbarian type. Such was the famous warrior-queen, Meave, tall and beautiful, with her white face and yellow hair, terrible in her

battle chariot when she drove at full speed into the press of fighting men, and 'fought over the ears of the horses.' Her virtues were those of a warlike barbarian king, and she claimed the like large liberty in morals. Her husband was Ail-ill, the Connaught king, and, as Meave carefully explained to him in what the old Erse bards called a 'bolster conversation,' their marriage was literally a partnership wherein she demanded from her husband an exact equality of treatment according to her own views and on her own terms; the three essential qualities upon which she insisted being that he should be brave, generous, and completely devoid of jealousy!

The Erse tales have suffered from many causes. "Taken as a mass," says the President, in concluding, "they did not develop as the sagas and the epics of certain other nations developed;" but, nevertheless, he thinks, "they possess extraordinary variety and beauty, and in their mysticism, their devotion to and appreciation of natural beauty, their exaltation of the glorious courage of men and of the charm and devotion of women, in all the touches that tell of a long-vanished life, they possess a curious attraction of their own." He adds:

"They deserve the research which can be given only by the lifelong effort of trained scholars; they should be studied for their poetry, as countless scholars have studied those early literatures; moreover, they should be studied as Victor Bérard has studied the 'Odyssey,' for reasons apart from their poetical worth; and finally they deserve to be translated and adapted so as to become a familiar household part of that literature

which all the English-speaking peoples possess in common."

The *New York Evening Post* finds this article interesting not only in itself, but as an expression of the taste and mental attitude of our Chief Magistrate. "In this too brief paper," it comments, "we see again the Theodore Roosevelt who has related with such gusto his experiences in ranching and hunting, and who has chronicled with such vivacity and sympathy the prowess of those mighty men who won the West." It continues:

"In this revelation his mind shows a suggestive kinship with that of Thomas Carlyle. It was one of Carlyle's pleasures to dwell on the virtues and the achievements of the heroic man—the man whose power of arm or of leadership raised him above his fellows and made him a law unto himself. . . . The glorious courage of President Roosevelt's Irish chieftains and of Thomas Carlyle's berserkers was just the thing for an unsettled state of society, when law had not yet brought order out of chaos; but exactly that kind of valor is no longer worthy of imitation by those who would be strenuous. That glorious courage may still have play in the field of moral forces. We may be brave enough to refuse, as individuals or as a nation, to be drawn into savage and wicked quarrels. We may be brave enough to rest in the security of doing justly rather than maintaining a vast naval force. We may also remember that the age of the ape and the tiger, of Cuchulain and Eric Blood-axe, has passed; that these splendid fighters were, after all, barbarians; and that the strong man of to-day must show his strength through and under the law."

THE TWO NATURES IN ROUSSEAU



HE dual nature of genius has furnished countless fascinating themes for biographers and critics, as well as for novelists and poets; and the general public has never shown itself indifferent to the discussion of those frailties which seem almost inseparable from the lives of men of the highest creative talents. Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Shelley, Richard Wagner, Edgar Allan Poe—none have escaped the blackening tongue of gossip. And Rousseau, the practical discoverer of the democratic principle in our time, the father of the romantic school in modern literature, has fared as badly as any of them. Was there ever a choicer morsel for gossip-mongers, a more interesting study for psychologists, than that presented by the spectacle of this great philos-

opher who chose to describe his *amours* in minutest detail; of this epoch-making writer on education who is charged with having committed his own children to a foundling asylum? There can be no doubt that Rousseau has been slandered. Voltaire's statements, in an anonymous pamphlet, that the author of "The Social Contract" and "The New Heloise" bore upon him "the marks of debauchery" and "exposed his children at the door of a hospital," are now known to have been the outgrowth of spleen and malice. It is also known that Rousseau was the victim of other persecutors who deliberately distorted the facts of his life. But after all has been said in extenuation, he remains a decidedly unattractive, if not repulsive, character, and many will sympathize with Sir Leslie



MADAME DE WARENS

Whose love affair with Rousseau is vividly described in the great philosopher's "Confessions." It was of this book, and more particularly of the part relating to Madame de Warens, that Sir Leslie Stephen said that whatever might be our differences of opinion about the author of the "Confessions," we must all agree that no gentleman could have written them.

Stephen's dictum that whatever might be our differences of opinion about the author of the "Confessions," we must all agree that no gentleman could have written them.

A determined effort is being made in our day to set the character of Rousseau in a more favorable light. Mrs. Frederika Macdonald, an English lady well versed in French literature, has devoted twenty years to an investigation of the worst charges that have been made against him, and publishes the results of her research in two bulky volumes.* She comes to the conclusion that "an entirely false reputation of Rousseau has been handed down to us"; and she asks us to share her conviction that "his private life was an example, in an artificial age, of sincerity, independence, and disinterested devotion to great principles," and that "his virtuous character lent authority to his writings."

*JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: A NEW CRITICISM. By Frederika Macdonald. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

In one respect Mrs. Macdonald is felt to have been completely successful. She proves beyond any reasonable doubt that Rousseau's character was systematically defamed by a clique of three, who were at first among his dearest friends, and later became his bitterest enemies. These three were the Baron Grimm, the encyclopedist Diderot, and Madame d'Epinay. In the lights of the new facts, it becomes evident that the "Memoires de Madame d'Epinay," hitherto accepted as an authority of the first consequence on the life of Rousseau, are quite valueless. Documents are photographed to show that the "Memoires" were grossly tampered with, and that libelous passages were interpolated. So that many of the "crimes" charged against Rousseau, such as anonymous letter-writing, ingratitude, calumny, spiteful temper, treachery toward Diderot, etc., will have to be discounted.

When it comes to clearing Rousseau of the more serious charge of deserting his own children, Mrs. Macdonald seems to have failed. Her theory is extraordinary indeed. She contends that Rousseau did not commit his new-born children to a foundling asylum, for the very good reason that he never had any children. At least, she says, no such children figure in the records of the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés, in Paris. The supposed maternity of Thérèse Levasseur, we are asked to believe, was an elaborate pretense designed to establish further claims upon the supposed father's affection. This theory, it may be stated here, is very generally scouted by the London press. *The Times Literary Supplement* regards it as "preposterous," and adds: "Even if Mrs. Macdonald's theory is correct, Rousseau's reputation does not gain very



THE VILLAGE IN WHICH ROUSSEAU WAS MOBBED

During the latter part of his life Rousseau lived for several years in the Swiss village of Motiers. It was while a habitant of the house shown in the picture opposite to the tree, that popular resentment against his writings rose so high that he was stoned.

much. Even if he was the victim of a deception, he certainly believed himself to be getting rid of his children in this barbarous manner, and must be judged accordingly."

The London *Outlook* finds Mrs. Macdonald's narrative as interesting as a detective story, and concedes the truth of her contention in the matter of the "Memoires." As a rehabilitation of Rousseau, however, it regards her book as a failure. It comments:

"In the attempt to clear that great man's name of the evil that clings to it we cannot see that she has advanced one step. What is it to our time to know that three petulant persons, full of the passion of a self-important intellectualism, put their heads together to 'show up' a man whom they honestly (we venture to think) believed to be so contemptible a character that no influence wielded by him could be other than noxious? They had changed their minds about Rousseau. Who that has read the story can blame them for that? If they showed a stunted spirit in elaborating disclosures which nobility would never have made, they acted after their kind. A generation that has seen the squabble over the graves of Thomas Carlyle and his wife cannot cast a stone at them. If their eyes were blind to the tragedy of that awful strife between soul and body of which their friend was the battle-ground, if they could not see that half of what they found evil in him was mere pathology, we are not yet wise enough to condemn them. If one should seek an example of the kind of temper in which desperate deeds of misconception and injustice are done, one might find it exemplified in Mrs. Macdonald's own writing, acrid and intemperate as it is, and penetrated with the motive of relentless antagonism. Such hero-worship can scarcely sweeten so much railing bitterness against the enemy. Rousseau, the man, needs no defense of this sort. That he needed any defense had not occurred to us until these volumes suggested it. With what agony and sor-

did pains ideas are often brought into the communities of mankind we know. As to the character of Rousseau, modern criticism has not been lightly led astray—not, at least, in England, where the waters of the Revolution have ceased to toss the minds of men. His strange mingling of nobility and vileness has not been learned from the writings of those who are here called 'the conspirators,' but from the body of his own work and from the instinctive apprehension of personality that the critic cultivates."

Mr. James Huneker, who writes on the subject in the *New York Times Saturday Review*, formulates an even severer indictment against Rousseau:



JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

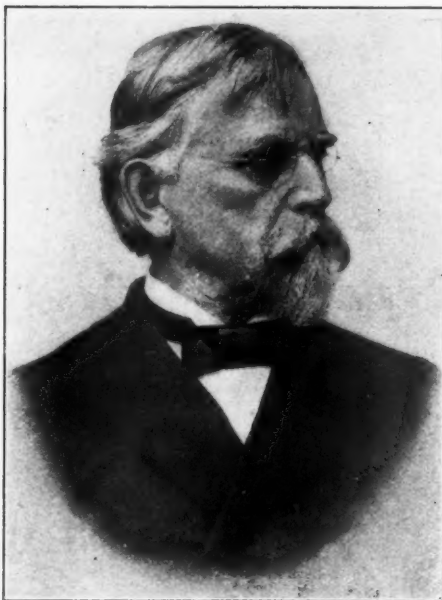
(From a painting by Ramsay)

"Jean Jacques," Carlyle once said, "was alternately deified and cast to the dogs," according to the point of view. The latest researches into Rousseau's life and character have only added to the mystery of his dual personality.

"Guilty or not, Rousseau and the whole crowd were an unsavory stew. No one can ever clear him of having sponged on women his life long. And from his own memoirs come the worst accusations against him. If ever a man deserved a place in the works of psychopathic specialists that man is Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is charitable to assume that he was often not far from madness; his life contained every sort of moral degeneracy, and by his own admission. Surely his memoirs were not forged; besides, his epoch is not so far away that his truthful contemporaries must be no longer heard. There is no doubt about the treacheries of his companions; Mrs. Macdonald has not gone into the matter

so deeply without securing indubitable evidence against Rousseau's assailants. But, granting the case, isn't Rousseau about where he stood before—i.e., as to the fundamental qualities of his character? He was a genius, a powerful prose writer, an original thinker, a disordered imagination, a loose liver; also something worse; a pathologic case; and a benefactor, an enemy of mankind in many particulars. As Ibsen once said: 'It is a pity that our best thoughts occur to our biggest blackguards.'"

The fact is, says the London *Saturday Review* in summing up the whole discussion,



THE AUTHOR OF "BEN-HUR"

Lew Wallace's famous book has had a wider circulation than any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

there were two men in Rousseau, the one an eloquent writer with the gift of touching many hearts with love of virtue or things of the spirit, the other "a man if not exactly of a vile character, yet of a very complex and imperfect one." The same paper continues:

"He was the victim of an over-excited imagination which exaggerated mole-hills into mountains: a man whose morbid love of introspection led him to submit his conduct and his motives to an over-elaborate analysis which is salutary neither before a confessor nor one's own conscience, and which tends only to degrade the moral sense, and to paralyze the power of right action. If we add to these grave faults an overmastering egoism and vanity and a jealous and suspicious spirit, we may perhaps understand him.

"Hence his hysterical behavior under the influence of external nature, and his exaltation of emotion above intelligence. Hence his frantic devotion to his friends and more specially his women friends as long as they continued to worship him, and his jealousy and violence when he thought that they were allowing others to share the exclusive empire he had hitherto wielded over them, or when they disputed the originality or the truth of his abstract theories. Hence his misanthropy in actual life in spite of all his theories, and finally, his utter want of sterling principle, a want which in prosperity led him to many base and unworthy acts, and in adversity left him rudderless before the storm, driven to the verge of insanity if not to insanity itself."

HOW "BEN-HUR" CAME TO BE WRITTEN

TWENTY-SIX years ago President Garfield ventured the prediction that Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" would "take a permanent and high place in literature." His prophecy, extravagant as it then seemed, has already been justified. It is true that General Wallace's novel has won a popular rather than a critical success; but a novel that can grip the hearts of a whole people becomes, by that very fact, a literary portent of the first order. With the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," no American book has equaled "Ben-Hur" in popularity. It has been published in fourteen editions, aggregating 1,000,000 copies. It has been translated into German, French, Swedish, Bohemian, Turkish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Arabic, and has been printed in raised characters for the blind. In its dramatic version it has been witnessed by tens of thousands of people in all our great cities.

An interesting account of the genesis of this famous novel is given in the posthumous

"Autobiography"* of Lew Wallace. General Wallace once took the pains to formulate for *The Youth's Companion* the motives that actuated him in writing "Ben-Hur;" and this article, together with other material bearing on the subject, is printed in the new work. It seems that General Wallace first started the book as a novelette which he intended to offer to *Harper's Magazine*; but the story soon outgrew its original design. 1875 was the year in which he began "Ben-Hur," and it occupied him for seven years. During a great part of this time he was Governor of New Mexico, trying, as he said in a letter to his wife, to "manage a legislature of most jealous elements," to "take care of an Indian war," and to "finish a book"—that book being "Ben-Hur." In the dead of night, and only then, was he able to escape the multitudinous demands that pressed upon him. It was his custom to retire from his executive offices in

*LEW WALLACE: An Autobiography. Harper & Brothers.

the old palace at Santa Fé to a kind of secret chamber in the rear. Once there, at his rough pine table, "the Count of Monte Cristo was not more lost to the world." Not all of "Ben-Hur," however, was written in Santa Fé. A considerable portion of the book was transcribed by General Wallace beneath the shade of a majestic beech-tree near his Indiana homestead. And certain other passages were "blocked out on the cars 'between cities' or in the waits at lonesome stations."

The motive for "Ben-Hur" is said to have come to the author after a straightforward talk one evening with Ingersoll on the eternal religious theme—God, Christ and immortality. He writes:

"Trudging on in the dark, alone except as one's thoughts may be company good or bad, a sense of the importance of the theme struck me for the first time with a force both singular and persistent.

"My ignorance of it was painfully a spot of deeper darkness in the darkness. I was ashamed of myself, and make haste now to declare that the mortification of pride I then endured, or, if it be preferred, the punishment of spirit, ended in a resolution to study the whole matter, if only for the gratification there might be in having convictions of one kind or another.

"Forthwith a number of practical suggestions assailed me: How should I conduct the study? Delve into theology? I shuddered. The theology of the professors had always seemed to me an indefinitely deep pit filled with the bones of unprofitable speculations.

"There were the sermons and commentaries. The very thought of them overwhelmed me with an idea of the shortness of life. No; I would read the Bible and the four gospels, and rely on myself. A lawyer of fifteen or twenty years' practice attains a confidence peculiar in its mental muscularity, so to speak."

Thus was born the idea of a great gospel story, which should tell of the birth and of the death of Christ, which should make the Messiah *live* again in the imagination of our time. It was an idea that bristled with difficulties. At this period General Wallace had not so much as set foot in Palestine. He says:

"I had never been to the Holy Land. In making it the location of my story, it was needful not merely to be familiar with its history and geography,—I must be able to paint it, water, land, and sky, in actual colors. Nor would the critics excuse me for mistakes in the costumes or customs of any of the peoples representatively introduced, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, especially the children of Israel.

"Ponder the task! There was but one method open to me. I examined catalogues of books and maps, and sent for everything likely to be useful. I wrote with a chart always before my eyes—a German publication, showing the towns and villages, all sacred places, the heights, the depressions, the passes, trails, and distances.

"Travelers told me of the birds, animals, vegetation, and seasons. Indeed, I think the necessity for constant reference to authorities saved me mistakes which certainly would have occurred had I trusted to a tourist's memory."

An even greater difficulty was that presented by the handling of the Christ-theme. "The Christian world would not tolerate a novel with Jesus Christ as its hero," says General Wallace, "and I knew it. Nevertheless, writing of Him was imperative, and He must appear, speak and act." The author of "Ben-Hur" settled this difficulty in the following way:

"I determined to withhold the appearance of the Saviour until the very last hours. Meantime, He should be always coming—to-day I would have Him, as it were, just over the hill yonder; to-morrow He will be here, and then—to-morrow. To bring Balthasar up from Egypt, and have him preaching the Spiritual Kingdom, protesting the Master alive because His mission, which was founding the kingdom, was as yet unfulfilled, and looking for Him tearfully, and with an infinite yearning, might be an effective expedient.

"Next, He should not be present as an actor in any scene of my creation. The giving a cup of water to Ben-Hur at the well near Nazareth is the only violation of this rule.

"Finally, when He was come, I would be religiously careful that every word He uttered should be a literal quotation from one of His sainted biographers."

General Wallace assures us that when he started "Ben-Hur" he was "indifferent" to religion, but that long before he had finished it he was "a believer in God and Christ." The year after "Ben-Hur" appeared he was appointed Minister to Turkey, and one of the advantages of his position, he afterward wrote, was that it gave him an opportunity to visit Jerusalem and Judea, under the most favorable circumstances. He took advantage of this opportunity to test the accuracy of the descriptions given in "Ben-Hur," and the result must have been most gratifying to him. As he tells the story:

"I started on foot from Bethany, proceeding over the exact route followed by my hero, walked to Mount Olivet, saw the rock at which the mother and sister waited for Christ to come and heal them of their leprosy. Then I went to the top of Olivet and saw the identical stone, as I thought, upon which my hero sat when he returned from the galley life. I went down into the old valley of Kedron, and from the old well of Enrogel looked over the valley, and every feature of the scene appeared identical with the description of that which the hero of the story looked upon. At every point of the journey over which I traced his steps to Jerusalem, I found the descriptive details true to the existing objects and scenes, and I find no reason for making a single change in the text of the book."

Music and the Drama

THE OPERATIC TRIUMPH OF OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN



WHEN Oscar Hammerstein was called before the curtain on the opening night of his new Opera House in New York, he stated very emphatically that he alone had created this enterprise, and that he had had "no assistance, financially or morally, from anybody." He has reiterated this statement on several other occasions. His attitude makes it clear that if failure had been the lot of the new venture, the responsibility would have been his. In view of the great success that has come to the Manhattan Opera, it seems only fair that he should have the credit.

Of course, Mr. Hammerstein could not have succeeded without the co-operation of a host of others—singers, conductors, stage managers, chorus, orchestra—but if, as has often been maintained, the real test of genius in any enterprise lies in the selection of the right kind of partners and subordinates, the efficient corps that the new impresario has gathered around him is but a tribute to his insight and astuteness.

"Mr. Hammerstein has done wonders—simply wonders," exclaimed Emma Eames, the famous opera singer, after attending a performance at the Manhattan; and her sentiment is echoed by much less enthusiastic temperaments. Mr. W. J. Henderson, of the *New York Sun*, pays a hearty tribute to Oscar Hammerstein's "extraordinary achievement"; and Mr. Richard Aldrich, of the *New York Times*, says:

"Mr. Hammerstein has gratified many and surprised some by the excellence of much that he has accomplished, and by the apparent spirit of determination to do something that shall take root in the New York musical soil. It will not, of course, be denied that there are crudities and weak spots and insufficiencies in Mr. Hammerstein's operatic presentations. But a review of the first month of his activities makes it certain that he has done something that is much in itself and still more in what it promises."

Much of the popular interest in connection with the new performances at the Manhattan has naturally centered on the "stars," and among these, it need hardly be said, Nellie Melba and Alessandro Bonci shine the brightest. Melba, who is appearing in grand opera in New York for practically the first time in six years, was given a royal welcome when

she appeared in "La Traviata" the other evening. Says *The Times*:

"Her engagement was Mr. Hammerstein's trump card; her coming was expected to put a crown upon his efforts in this opening season of his opera house, and to give the new undertaking its highest touch of distinction. So it was regarded by the opera-loving public of this city, which crowded the house in numbers that have not before been equaled at any of the regular performances since the house was opened, and gave it the appearance of brilliancy that it has not had before. The opera was 'La Traviata,' and with this and 'Romeo et Juliette' Madame Melba's name has been more closely associated in recent years than any other except Puccini's 'La Bohème.'"

"Her singing last evening showed her to be still in the possession of all those marvelous qualities of pure vocalism that have so often been admired here in other years. Her voice has its old-time lusciousness and purity, its exquisite smoothness and fullness; it is poured out with all spontaneity and freedom, and in cantilena and in coloratura passages alike it is perfectly at her command. Such a voice is a gift such as is vouchsafed but rarely in a generation, and her art is so assisted by nature, by the perfect adjustment of all the organs concerned in the voice that, like Patti's, it seems almost as much a gift as the voice itself. Madame Melba's singing of the music of Violetta was a delight from beginning to end."

The redoubtable Bonci came here with a big reputation to live up to, and, in the opinion of the majority of the critics, has more than "made good." His is "the finest male voice in the world," according to the *New York Evening Journal*. Mr. Lawrence Gilman, the musical critic of *Harper's Weekly*, finds Bonci greater in artistry, in "sheer skill and sensitiveness," than Caruso, but less great in natural endowment. He writes further:

"Mr. Caruso possesses what is probably the most magnificent voice of its kind in the world—its beauty is obvious and overwhelming; but scarcely less obvious to many is his distressing misuse of it: his exaggerated sentiment, his abuse of certain emotionalizing effects, his too ready lachrimosity. A superb singer—one whom it is often a delight of the keenest sort to hear; but one who makes too frequent sacrifices to the gods of the mob, and who is always less the artist than the man of incomparable gifts. Mr. Bonci presents a totally different case. It is his misfortune that he is unusually small of stature, and his voice, too, is small; but it is exquisitely beautiful, and it is employed with the dexterity, the finish, and the reposeful mastery of perfect and sufficient art. . . . Caruso is the most potent, the

more influential, personality; Bonci the more delightful and satisfying artist."

Not merely Melba and Bonci, but many of the less celebrated singers, win their meed of praise from the critics. Maurice Reynaud, a French baritone, is conceded to be a singer of the first rank; and Dalmorès and Ancona, Pauline Donalda and Regina Pinkert, are characterized as artists of sincere purpose and excellent accomplishment. "The performances at the Manhattan," remarks the *New York Sun*, "have shown that there are good singers in Europe who remain unknown to this public, and that the foreign field is by no means so barren as New Yorkers had been led to believe."

The two most brilliant performances so far given by Mr. Hammerstein have been those of "Carmen" and "Aïda," and their virtues are extolled by Mr. Edward Ziegler in the *New York World*:

"Bizet's 'Carmen' proved to be a rousing performance; in many particulars a model 'Carmen,' and to the fact both the public and the press attested. The principals engaged in this production have nearly all been equaled or eclipsed by their colleagues at the Metropolitan. Calvé has acted better than did Bressler-Gianoli, Fremstad has sung better; Saleza, at times, has been the superior to Dalmorès as Don José; the Micaela has easily been heard to better advantage at the Metropolitan, and as good a Toreador has certainly been on the boards many times. Yet the 'Carmen' at the Manhattan will live long in the memories of those who heard it as a glowing production, full of the lights and shades that are so essential to the beauties of Bizet's masterly score.

"These excellences are principally to be placed to the credit of Cleofanto Campanini,

the conductor, and the chief reason why this production, as a whole, outclassed the Metropolitan 'Carmen' was that Campanini is a more interesting conductor than were his colleagues of the baton at the other opera house. Instead of reading 'Carmen' in a cut-and-dried manner, as a thing to be taken for granted, Campanini deals with the most minute nuances, and colors his reading with episodes that, trifling tho they may seem at the moment, have their share in the design of the entire fabric; and, naturally, against such a shimmering, tonal background the singing of all the artists appears to greater advantage, and the whole performance becomes a notable one.

"Much the same applies to the production at the Manhattan of Verdi's 'Aïda.' This work has been particularly well performed at the Metropolitan during recent seasons, with casts embracing famous singers, with scenic display very imposing in its pomp, and with an interpretation at the hands of Conductor Vigna that has been

acknowledgedly the best work of this conductor. In the matter of singers and scenery the Manhattan production was not the best version of this work heard and seen here; but Campanini read a swing and fire into this opera, punctuating its climaxes with dramatic silences and imposing crashes of music until the audience was roused to a pitch of extraordinary enthusiasm."

In the contest between Mr. Hammerstein and Mr. Conried, the musical public has been the clear gainer. It has witnessed excellent performances at the Manhattan and at the Metropolitan, and is evidently willing and ready to extend its support to both establishments. "Why should not the two opera houses," suggests *The World*, "restrict themselves to programs along well-defined lines which do not conflict?" The Metropolitan, it thinks, might specialize on Wagner, and the Manhattan on the Italian and French schools.



THE CREATOR OF THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

"I am not proud," Mr. Hammerstein wrote lately to *The Musical Courier*; "but I am healthy; and I love to laugh and bring sunshine into the life of others."

A RUSSIAN COMPOSER WITH A NEW MESSAGE

OF all the ultra-moderns I recommend to you Alexander Scriabine. He is of all the most remarkable. I wish every student in America to know his piano music." In these-ingratiating words the new conductor of the Philharmonic, Wassily Safonoff, has directed public attention to one of his former pupils, the pianist-composer, Scriabine, who has crossed the ocean to introduce his music here. Scriabine is only thirty-five years old, but he has already written more than two hundred compositions. For several years past he has lived in Paris. His symphonies have been played in that city and



ALEXANDER SCRIBABINE

Who has come to this country to interpret his compositions. He is sometimes called "the Russian Chopin." His symphonies have been played in Paris and St. Petersburg, and his piano pieces are included in the repertoire of Josef Hofmann and Lhévinne.

in St. Petersburg, and his piano pieces are included in the repertoire of Josef Hofmann and Lhévinne. He has been called "the Russian Chopin," but objects to the title. Rather, says Florence Brooks, in *The Modern Theatre* (New York), his work should be described as a "development of Chopin." The same writer continues:

"Where Chopin left off Scriabine begins. Upon this foundation, more solid than the exquisite Chopinesque spirit might impress itself as being, his musical descendant builds a whole scheme of music. He founds a school in which he brings his art into an intellectual realm. He bases this new school of composition upon a psychological method whose perfected beginning was made by Richard Wagner.

"Alexander Scriabine aims to establish his compositions upon a whole philosophical system, which, including certain precepts from Hegel, is his own. Music and metaphysics, the human and sublime, are to be fused. The unity of the universe is the large aim to be disclosed, a revelation of the spiritual is to open before the sense, by means of greater forms, larger vistas, undreamed-of harmonies, and diviner laws."

Scriabine's best-known composition is a piano "Prelude for Left Hand Alone," but he refers to this depreciatingly, as a *tour de force* rather than a serious work. He has published more than sixty other preludes, as well as études, impromptus, mazurkas, vales, "allegros," "poèmes," a polonaise, a fantasia, and four sonatas, for the piano. A serious philosophic motive underlies all his compositions. His "Poème Satanique," for instance, represents "the sardonic raillery of the Superman at the creatures beneath him"; and his Third Sonata is explained as follows:

"The work as a whole represents the struggle of the soul for perfect freedom. The opening Allegro Drammatico typifies the protest of the spiritual against the material. In the Allegretto, the soul having reached a higher plane of introspection, the soul longs for obliteration of the passion of love, that as the poet says 'is bitter sorrow in all lands.' In the Finale, the soul, through complete renunciation, attains a moment of victorious enfranchisement, but unable to sustain the struggle sinks back into the thrall of its material environment."

Scriabine likens his philosophy to that of the Hindu or the theosophist. He aims to express, he says, "evolution through life to ecstasy, the absolute differentiation which is ecstasy, the ultimate elevation of all activity." For the future he has tremendous plans. His "Divin Poème" and "Poème Extase," he declares, are but the preludes to new musical forms, which will require two orchestras, a chorus and solo voices, and will be given in a specially constructed edifice in which the audience will have an integral part in the symbol itself. Of scenery and action, as ordinarily understood, there will be none. But above the heads of the people will rise a great dome, symbolizing the universe.

NOTABLE PLAYS OF THE MONTH IN AMERICA



ON the occasion of his recent visit to this country, Henry Arthur Jones, from whose latest play, "The Hypocrites," we reprint copious extracts in this number, devoted considerable time to the study of our stage. He is no less conversant with the current of theatrical affairs in England. And after revolving the question long in his mind, he has come to the conclusion that the American theater is superior to the English theater, and has stated this conclusion in print. In an argument provoked by this utterance, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. William Archer took a leading part, Mr. Jones fairly established the truth of his opinion that America is in advance of England so far as the appreciation of plays is concerned and so far as the future of a new national drama may be foreshadowed by present conditions. It is only necessary to compare the list of plays that are now running in the British capital with those advertised in the New York papers to see how much broader the tastes of our audiences are. This is less true of the past month than of any that preceded it. A notable revival was Maude Adams's presentation of "Peter Pan." A dramatization of Hugo's "Les Miserables" proved an artistic failure, while a dramatization of McCutcheon's novel "Brewster's Millions" was a decided hit. The plays discussed this month are of comparatively light fiber, but at least a touch of distinction or evidence of serious endeavor are discoverable in each.

In America we have always been accustomed to hear the greatest European celebrities, but in the last few years another surprising tendency is to be noticed. European actors and singers are no longer content with appearing in their own language but, adopting the speech of the land, become Americans. Schumann-Heink, Fritzi Scheff, and the Dutchman, Henry de Vries, to instance but a few, are such desirable artistic "immigrants." Others have tried and failed, like Madame Illing, the gifted German actress, and Madame Barsescu, a Rumanian actress, of undoubted genius. The former, it is announced, will attempt to gain a footing here by way of London, while the latter will appear with a Rumanian troupe in the ultimate hope of acting in English. Two successful newcomers are Madame Alla Nazimova, of whose Hedda Gabler we spoke at length in our January number, and Madame Abarbanell, a German

comedy singer, whose success in "The Student King" is one of the most remarkable of this month's dramatic events.

With "The Student King" Mr. Savage desired to rehabilitate a species of romantic operetta more pretentious than the ordinary light opera, but less weighty than the attractions of Mr. Conried and Mr. Hammerstein. The dialogue, remarks *The Times*, was never overloaded with brilliancy, but it was



A "DESIRABLE IMMIGRANT"

Lina Abarbanell, the German opera singer, who is starring in "The Student King." She has become an American and speaks English as well as Fritzi Scheff.

never coarse or vulgar, and all the numerous laughs it caused were never clouded by compunction. The music, it goes on to say, was in keeping with the pictures, bright, lively, harmonious, while the plot, if not original, was at least consistent. We are introduced to the Kingdom of Bohemia where, according to Messrs. Ranken and Stange, it was the custom for the reigning monarch to abdicate for twelve hours every year and permit a student,

elected by his fellows in Prague University, to reign in his stead.

Alan Dale wittily remarks of this plot that it is everything comic opera ever was.

The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the first appearance on any English stage of Lina Abarbanell, who last season tripped through the part of Haensel in Humperdinck's lovely opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mrs. Abarbanell, it may be added, has been in this country only for a year and a half. She knew no English when she came to play at Conried's German Theater and at his opera. It was then that Mr. Savage saw her and engaged her on the spot. In an interview with a representative of the *German Journal* the singer tells of her hard struggle to master the tongue of Shakespeare and Clyde Fitch. Her labor was not unrewarded. "Mrs. Abarbanell," says *The Tribune*, "speaks English now even as Fritz Scheff, with only a slight and piquant accent." *The Morning Telegraph* draws a further parallel. "As a prima donna soubrette," it observes enthusiastically, "she has but one superior and that the pre-eminent Fritz Scheff. So far as acting ability goes, Mme. Abarbanell is the superior."

Henry de Vries, the gifted Dutchman, who, following the current of the time, has expatriated himself linguistically and become an American in speech, recently made his appearance in a remarkable psychological play by Mrs. Rineheart Roberts, wife of a Pittsburg physician. Mr. Henry de Vries, it will be remembered,

scored a remarkable success in "A Case of Arson," in which his peculiar talent for representing multiple personalities was so aptly employed. "The Double Life" gives scope to an exhibition of the same qualities of

this extraordinary artist. In this play, according to the account of *The Herald*, a wealthy young man, Frank Van Buren, on his way to examine some mining property in West Virginia, is held up and wounded on the head by outlaws. When he comes to, his mind is a blank as to his past. To continue:

"His former name and identity are unknown to him. Otherwise he is normal. As Joe Hartmann he becomes a miner, marries, rises to the position of pit boss.

"Nearly a quarter of a century elapses, when a sudden shock reverses his mental outlook—brings him back in memory to where he was before, but causes him to forget what has happened since, so that he does not even recognize his wife and daughter, for whom, however, his love gradually re-awakens."

More interesting than even the play, is the genius of the actor. *The Evening Post* says that his art in the dual rôle of the hero

is a remarkable exhibition of thoughtful and highly skilful acting. "In a way it is nearly perfect. An equally satisfactory interpretation of Hamlet or Othello would be hailed universally as a great masterpiece."

The freshness of idea, crisp humor and incessant charm of "The Road to Yesterday," by Beulah Dix and Evelyn Sutherland, ought, in the opinion of *The World*, to maintain the play for a long time in high favor. The authors, avers this critic, combine the spirit of poetic romance with gentle



AN INTERPRETER OF MULTIPLE PERSONALITY

Mr. Henry de Vries, the Americanized Dutchman, of whose acting it is said that equally satisfactory interpretations of Hamlet or Othello would universally be hailed as great masterpieces.

satire which, whether the scenes pass in waking moments or in dreams, never miss the mark. And they have also accomplished the rare feat of leading their audiences through the intricacies of the tangled plot without the slightest confusion of characters."

The Herald is reminded of Kipling's story of the London store clerk who in a prior state of existence had been a Viking, and of Mr. Winsor MacCay's "Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend," while *The Times* poetically designates the play as a "mixing of Theosophy and Cheshire cheese." The amusing plot of "The Road to Yesterday" is summarized as follows:

"Elspeth Tyrell, a young girl, after a combination of historical novels, too much London sight-seeing, and a heavy luncheon at the Cheshire Cheese, is translated back in her dreams 300 years. She becomes a princess disguised as a barmaid, and a youth who has been posing for an artist friend in the costume of a swashbuckler, becomes her 'gallant hero,' though not until after he has woefully disappointed her through his unwillingness to fight five men at one and the same time.

"Unlike most of the heroes of romance, however, he has a modicum of common sense, and believing that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day, is eventually able to come to her aid at the moment when the deadly cheese—or, in the spirit of the play, the base villain—is about to force her into a distinctly distasteful marriage. Incidentally Elspeth, or her astral body, since she herself is supposedly suffering the nightmare in the artist's studio, meets all of her old friends in new guises.

"One, a gentleman with an artistic temperament, who has previously imagined himself as being a reincarnation of Oliver Cromwell, is the clownish tapster of a Lincolnshire inn, where all the grave things transpire. Another, a young woman who has imagined herself a descendant of the Romanies, is a terrifying black gypsy woman, who succumbs to the fascinations of a Jacobite wooer, who teaches her in no gentle way how a strong man may master a brave and violent woman. Eventually of course Elspeth wakes from her dream, and with a proper pairing off of lovers, including herself and her erstwhile romantic rescuer, the final curtain falls."

One of the most felicitous touches in the fantasy is the fact that the heroine realizes all the while that her odd experiences are merely the fantasmagoria of a dream. Both Chicago and New York critics find fault with the authors for descending at times to practice the thing they gibe at. Moreover, remarks *The Sun*, if "The Road to Yesterday" had appeared in the height of the craze for the kind of play it satirizes it would have stood a chance of unusual success. "As matters stand, what it most needs is a recipe to go back on the road to the past some four or five years. But not even welsh rabbit and ale at midnight, it is to be feared, will accomplish that."

A play of strong local interest in New York is Mr. Broadhurst's "Man of the Hour." Like

Charles Klein, this playwright **THE MAN OF THE HOUR** has taken a typical American subject and treated it more or less conventionally, but nevertheless with great effectiveness. Mr. Brisbane devoted a whole editorial to it in *The Evening Journal*. The *New York Dramatic Mirror* thinks that it should be one of the most popular plays of the season. "Not," it says, "because it is remarkable for its strength, its novelty or its beauty, for, viewed simply as a play, it has neither great strength, much novelty nor overpowering beauty, but because it is the unwritten, unpublished side of many newspaper stories, applicable principally to this metropolis, but not without parallel in any large city in the country." To quote further:

"How truly Mr. Broadhurst has pictured certain not long past episodes in New York city's history those most interested will be able to judge. The general public will be satisfied to think he has not missed the mark very far.

"Constructively, the play is old-fashioned, conventional and, in a manner, crude. Comic relief is introduced at regular intervals; climaxes are 'worked up to' according to all the rules of play-writing; there is the proper admixture of heart interest and sentiment; 'big scenes'—and some of them are really big—are anticipated by that sort of preparatory silence that always precedes the *piece de resistance* of a fireworks display; and all the dangling ends of the story are carefully wound up before the final curtain falls.

"The theme is as old as literature—virtue triumphant—but the incidents are new, the story vital, and the characters are tricked out in fresh-fashioned garbs. The plot justifies itself, and it is questionable whether any other than a conventional treatment would be so effective."

The Theatre (New York), in giving the plot of the play, remarks that at one place at least it becomes somewhat tedious. The story, we are told, concerns the attempt of a money magnate and a city boss to obtain a perpetual charter for a city railway enterprise. The writer continues:

"In order to succeed, they must have control of the mayor. An election is approaching. In a conference between the two scoundrels they decide that they can elect a young man who is in love with the daughter of the rich conspirator. . . . The young man is elected mayor and is to marry the girl. When he discovers that the charter is a perpetual one he vetoes the bill. There is a good deal of animation in the conduct of the action from now on. The boss threatens him with the exposure of his father who had been eminent in the Civil War and whose memory is revered, but who had really been a 'grafter' in city affairs. His mother counsels him to stand firm and suffer the truth to be told at every cost. By one turn or another the adherents of the boss are gained

from him, and the mayor's veto stands. This mere outline which merely suggests the main action, at once suggests many stirring scenes; and the action in detail connecting these striking scenes fill the play with constant unexpected turns and strong situations."

Additional interest is aroused by the resemblance between Bennet, the hero of the

play, and the present Mayor of New York, and between Horrigan, the corrupt politician, and the present leader of Tammany Hall. The franchise is analogous to a certain gas franchise that disturbed the public two years ago, and to make the resemblance still more emphatic the orchestra plays "Tammany" as the curtain falls.

LUDWIG FULDA'S SECOND FLING AT THE KAISER

FROM Berlin comes the tidings that Ludwig Fulda's latest play, "The False King," a masterful satire on monarchical government, was an unqualified triumph at its first performance. The success of the play is due, in part at least, to the adroit manner in which Fulda manages to charm his audience, while he swings the lash of humor over their heads. This play is his second fling at the Kaiser, who seems to take as a personal insult any slighting reference to emperors and kings. Many years ago, when he was a comparatively young man, Ludwig Fulda competed with his "Talisman" for a donation known as the "Schiller prize." The prize was awarded to him by a competent committee, but the Kaiser unwisely vetoed their decision and the young dramatist at once became the most popular writer of the day. The Kaiser's objection was due, no doubt, to the spirit of levity in which the young radical had approached the doctrine of the "divine right" and omniscience of kings. Since then we have had the pleasure of reading many plays from the same pen, all graceful, clever and epigrammatic, but none that, in the opinion of Berlin critics, ranks in effectiveness with the "Talisman." "The False King," however, is given a place right next to that play, and by some placed above it.

Herr Fulda has always been more popular with the public than with his critics, owing to the fact that he would not join in the indecorous chorus of decadent art. For, as he remarked in an interview, on his visit to America not long ago, he believes in health and sunshine and scorns to play the madman even in a literary madhouse. Having once found himself, he remained true to his ideal. "It is incredible," reflects one Berlin critic, "how difficult it is to strike one's own individual note in art. She always raises new illusions before our eyes. There always are great models who lure us to the mountain-tops and often into abysses. Fulda has succeeded at last in limit-

ing his literary activities to the field to which his talent directs him. It is that which makes his new play in verse and rhyme a harmonious whole." Says another critic: "Herr Fulda thus spake to himself, 'Go to! What your fashionable idol Bernard Shaw accomplishes for you, that I, too, can do.' And forthwith he depicted a heroic court with an unheroic courtier." German critics chuckle with glee that in doing so the dramatist has chosen England and King Arthur's court for his scene of action. The King Arthur in question, however, is not the Arthur of romance, but an imbecile scion of the warrior-king. Likewise the Lancelot of the play, an idiot, is a descendant of the character known to lore. The Arthur of Fulda's comedy, the tenth of his name, says the *Berliner Tageblatt* in its summary of the play, neither reigns nor rules. To quote further:

"In his stead the camarilla of courtiers oppresses the people. It however comes to pass that the King dies without an heir and they tremble at the thought of the hour when the royal name alone will no longer suffice to dazzle the people. Fortunately at this hour help comes from an unexpected quarter. The Princess Sigune, daughter of the Seneschall, had carried on an amour with a shepherd from the pasture to the palace. At once the courtiers hit upon a plan which will render it unnecessary for them to inform the people of the decease of the King. They announce that not only he still lives, but is to soon celebrate his nuptials. Thereupon the shepherd, impersonating the King, is married to Sigune. After some time,—the program discreetly speaks of ten months—unto them a prince is born. But before this consummation the shepherd gives ample proof of his mettle. When the Saxons are pressing upon his people, the youth dons the golden armor of Arthur the First, his alleged and legendary forbear—and, hiding his shepherd's face behind the visor, he routs the enemy at the head of his army. Thereby he establishes in truth his claim to the crown. But, when his subjects learn that it is not the blood of a king that circles in his veins, the tide of popular favor turns against him. They prefer degenerate blue blood to the vigorous shepherd's and in his place establish upon the throne Lancelot—the idiot."

TWO NEW OPERAS—MASSENET'S "ARIANE" AND MISS SMYTHE'S "STRANDRECHT"



BRILLIANT opening of the Paris opera season was assured by the production of a new work by the two veteran artists, Jules Massenet and Catulle Mendès. "Ariane" was the opera upon which they had collaborated, Mendès writing the libretto and giving it as much importance as Massenet's name gave to the music. All literary and artistic Paris was interested in the eventful presentation of "Ariane" (Ariadne), but while the occasion was notable and the success of the work apparently pronounced and unmistakable, the critical opinions deliberately expressed in the press are not all favorable. Some are distinctly adverse.

At Leipzig, at about the same time, another new opera was produced, a work by the English woman composer, Miss E. M. Smythe, whose one-act music-drama, "Im Wald," made a deep impression when given three or four years ago. Miss Smythe's opera aroused genuine enthusiasm among the audience, and is pronounced by one critic "the most powerful and unified production ever accomplished by a female composer." It is to be given at Prague and elsewhere on the Continent, but in England, her own country, Miss Smythe does not expect an early hearing.

The Massenet-Mendès opera is in five scenes, and tells the story of Ariadne, Theseus and Phædra in the poet's own way, with some departures from the classical version.

The first scene shows us the gate of the labyrinth, and we learn from the sisters, Ariadne and Phædra, of the thread Ariadne had given to Theseus. Then the hero appears, with the blood of the slain Minotaur on his sword. The three escape to the ship. In the second scene we see them in a boat in the open, tempest-lashed sea. Ariadne is joyful, and Phædra jealous and sad. In the third "the plot thickens," Ariadne becomes jealous, Phædra is killed and the contrite sister asks to be guided to Hades. The fourth scene takes place in the infernal regions, and the final one on the earth once more, Phædra having been restored to life. Theseus, after protesting devotion to Ariadne, follows Phædra to Athens, and the deserted Ariadne is driven to suicide by drowning.

There is great opportunity for fine stage effects, especially in the scene which takes

place in Hades, and the verse of Mendès is praised for its purity, simplicity and beauty. The interest, however, of the general public centers in the music. Gabriel Faure, the composer, analyzes the score in *Le Figaro*, praising it with some reservations. The musical editor of the *Mercure de France*, on the other hand, condemns the work severely. He writes:—"The music of 'Ariane' is of exceptional feebleness—the most monotonous and colorless that has flowed from Massenet's incontinent pen. It is banal and commonplace, irritatingly poor, and the orchestra is either clamorous or deaf."

Of Miss Smythe's opera a Leipzig correspondent of the London *Times* gives an elaborate account. The action is laid among the Cornish weavers in the eighteenth century, and is based on the fantastic idea that Providence arranged wrecks for the special benefit of these weavers. The plot is condensed as follows:

"'Strandrecht' begins by showing us the congregation and minister of a Cornish village, on a stormy Sunday evening, expecting the harvest that the morrow will bring. Everything is in their favor; the lighthouse keeper puts out his light; but yet no wreck comes to enrich the little community. Some one is playing traitor, for Laurent, the lighthouse man, brings the news that he has found traces of a recent fire, which has warned off the ships from the dangerous shore. Who has lit it? The first act ends before an answer has been found. Meanwhile Avis, the daughter of the lighthouse keeper, discovers that her sweetheart, Marc, no longer cares for her, and she identifies her rival by hearing the refrain of a song that Marc is fond of singing from the lips of Thurza, the minister's wife, who has braved popular opinion by declining to go to chapel with the others, by mending her nets on Sunday, and by protesting against the inhumanity of the trade by which the village subsists. She it is, in fact, who has induced Marc to light the warning fires, and, in spite of the suspicions of the villagers and an organized search for the culprit, Thurza and Marc kindle yet another, singing the while a passionate declaration of their love. As the villagers are heard approaching in their search for the fire, the lovers leave the stage, and Pasko, the minister, enters and discovers, not only the fire, but his wife's shawl dropped beside it. He falls down unconscious, and is found by the villagers, who suppose him to be the culprit, and settle that his guilt shall be judged in a certain cave that is used for such formalities. Before this rustic tribunal he keeps silence and is only saved from death by Marc, who owns to his actions. Avis, to save the man she still loves, tries to screen him by a false confession that he

spent the night with her, but Thurza confesses the whole truth, and she and Marc are left in the cavern to be drowned by the flowing tide."

There are many musical opportunities in this story, both of a lyrical and dramatic nature, and the correspondent says that Miss Smythe has made excellent use of them. Much of the music is powerful and original. The melodies are of singularly beautiful quality, and the orchestration is skilful and ingenious and impressive. The correspondent concludes:

"Here is a very remarkable work. It were

small praise to describe it as the most powerful and unified production ever accomplished by a female composer; it is much more than this, for it is not only completely free from the influence of any other music—even the most prejudiced critics are bound to admit this freedom—but the power with which the great situations are handled, the insight with which the characters are individualized, and the skill of invention and treatment which appears on every page make it one of the very few modern operas which must count among the great things in art. This being so, there is naturally no prospect of its being heard in England for many a year; but it is shortly to be given again at Prague, and will no doubt be heard elsewhere on the Continent before long."

THE TRAGEDY AND THE COMPENSATIONS OF THE ACTOR'S CAREER



ICHELANGELO is said to have once gratified a whim of his own or of some exacting patron by carving a statue of snow. It may have been his masterpiece, but, under the warm rays of the sun, it quickly melted into a shapeless lump, leaving no record of its beauty. "And this is what the actor does every night," Lawrence Barrett used to say; "he is forever carving a statue of snow."

The anecdote and the comment serve as a text for an article on the ephemeral reputation of the actor, by Prof. Brander Matthews. He sympathizes with the spirit of Joseph Jefferson's remark, "The painter, the sculptor, the author, all live in their works after death; but there is nothing so useless as a dead actor!" and develops the same thought further (in *Munsey's Magazine*):

"David Garrick was probably the greatest actor the world has ever seen; but what is he to-day but a faint memory—a name in the biographical dictionaries, and no more? Joseph Jefferson was the most accomplished comedian of the English-speaking stage at the end of the nineteenth century; but his fame will fade like Garrick's, and in a score of years he also will be but a name. This swift removal to the limbo of the vanished is the fate of all actors, however popular in their own day, and however indisputable their genius.

"And this fate the actor shares with all other performers, vocalists, and instrumentalists. It is a fate from which the practitioners of the other arts are preserved by the fact that their works may live after them, whereas the performers can leave nothing behind them but the splendid recollection that may linger in the memories of those who beheld the performance. Goldsmith was the friend of Garrick; and there are thousands to-day who have enjoyed the quaint simplicity of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' and to whom, therefore, Goldsmith is something more than a name only. Macready was the friend of Bulwer-Lytton, who wrote for him 'The Lady of Lyons'

and 'Richelieu'; but the actor left the stage half a century ago and has long been forgotten by the playgoers, who have continued to attend the countless performances of the two plays Macready originally produced."

And yet, continues Professor Matthews, the actor's lot is not all loss. It has at least two compensations, one obvious enough, and the other not so evident, but not less suggestive. The obvious compensation for the transitoriness of the actor's fame lies in the abundant rewards, both in cash and in fame, that he receives. "The actor is better paid," says Professor Matthews, "than any other artist. In proportion to his ability, he is greatly overpaid. . . . Where there are to-day only one or two novelists and portrait painters who have attained to the summit of prosperity, there are a dozen or a score of actors and of actresses who are reaping the richest of harvests. And even the rank and file of the histrionic profession are better paid than are the average practitioners of the other arts." Moreover:

"The actor, overpaid in actual money, so far as his real ability is concerned, is also unduly rewarded with praise. In the general ignorance about the art of acting, he is often rated far more highly than he deserves. He is greeted with public acclaim; and he can rejoice in the wide reverberations of a notoriety which is the immediate equivalent of fame. He comes almost in personal contact with his admirers; and they are loud in expressing to him the pleasure he has just given them. Far more directly and far more keenly than any poet or any sculptor can the actor breathe the incense offered up to him. And if he be a Kemble, he may have the good fortune to listen while a Campbell declares acting to be the supreme art:

For ill can poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.

But by the mighty actor brought,
 Illusion's perfect triumphs come—
 Verse ceases to be airy thought,
 And sculpture to be dumb.

"Even if the actor is not a Kemble and does not receive the homage of a Campbell, even if he is but one of the many stars that twinkle in the theatrical firmament, he has a celebrity denied to other artists. He may expect to be recognized as he passes in the street. He may count on the public familiarity with his name, such as no other artist could hope for. Few of those who stand in admiration before a stately statue in the square ever ask the name of the sculptor who wrought it.

"Even in the theater itself few of those who sit entranced at the performance of a play know or care to know its authorship. Mr. Bronson Howard was once asked how many of the audience that filled the theater at the hundredth performance of one of his plays would be aware that he was the author of the piece they were enjoying; and he answered that he doubted if one in ten of the spectators happened to be acquainted with his name. But at least nine in ten of the spectators knew the names of the stars; and when that piece chances to be performed nowadays by one of the stock companies, it is advertised as 'Robson and Crane's great play, *The Henrietta*.'"


The second compensation of the actor's

career lies in the fact that a reputation achieved during his lifetime cannot be destroyed after his death. The judgment of his contemporaries is final. On this point Professor Matthews writes:

"Painters exalted in one century as indisputable masters have been cast down in another century, and denounced as mere pretenders. Pope was acclaimed in his own day as the greatest of English poets, only to be dismissed in our day as an adroit versifier, not fairly to be termed a poet at all. From these vicissitudes of criticism the actor is preserved; his fame cannot be impeached. No critic can move for a retrial of Garrick; the witnesses are all dead; the case is closed; the decision stands forever. 'Succeeding generations may be told of his genius;—none can test it'—and because none can test it, succeeding generations must accept what they have been told. Garrick painted his picture with an empty brush, it is true, and he had to carve his statue in the snow; and therefore neither the picture nor the statue can ever be seen by unfriendly eyes to-day. The skill of the artist cannot be proved; we have to take on trust and to hold it as a matter of faith.

"Beyond all question it is a signal advantage to the actor that he can leave behind him nothing by which his contemporary fame may be contested by us who come after."

SCENES FROM "THE HYPOCRITES"—THE STRONGEST PLAY OF THE YEAR

 F this is a melodrama, let us have more melodrama." In these few words might be summarized the impression made on New York critics by Henry Arthur Jones's latest work, *"The Hypocrites,"* selections from which we reprint this month from a privately published copy, by the courtesy of Mr. Charles Frohman. Jones stands to-day undoubtedly in the front rank of dramatic writers. In England he has only one rival, Arthur Wing Pinero, Shaw being in a class by himself. While Pinero is, perhaps, a more calculating craftsman, Jones touches more directly the springs of human emotion. Both have in common a mastery of stage effects and apparently a sound hatred for their public—the English middle classes. They never cease to attack sham and hypocrisy, tho, it might be urged, not infrequently making concessions to the very qualities against which their shafts are directed.

Jones's play, *"The Hypocrites,"* significantly bears this legend from *"The Pilgrim's Scrip"*: "Expediency is man's wisdom; doing right is God's." The keynote of the play is struck in the passage in which Viveash, the rascally lawyer, remarks in the course of the first act

to Parson Linnell, the only man in the community who is not a hypocrite: "My dear Linnell, you aren't a baby; you're an educated man. Open your eyes! Look at the world around you, the world we've got to live in, the world we've got to make our bread and cheese in! Look at society! What is it? An organized hypocrisy everywhere. We all live by taking each other's dirty linen, and pretending to wash it; by cashing each other's dirty little lies and shams, and passing them on. Civilization means rottenness, when you get to the core of it. It's rotten everywhere. And I fancy it's rather more rotten in this dirty little hole than anywhere else."

The locality referred to certainly boasts of a goodly collection of respectable hypocrites. The first act introduces us to the house of Mr. Wilmore, lord of the Manor of Weybury. An animated discussion is going on between him and other dignitaries: the Reverend Everard Daubeny, Vicar of Weybury, more fond of dining than of things divine; Dr. and Mrs. Blaney, and Mrs. Wilmore. A tenant of the Wilmores, William Sheldrake, it seems, has been indiscreet with a girl and is to be coerced into marrying her for the sake of

morality, altho Curate Linnell staunchly opposes this union on the ground that the girl is unfit to be the young man's wife. These worthies, however, agree to make it incumbent upon Linnell to effect the marriage in question. It happens that at the same time Lennard, Wilmore's son, is engaged to Helen Plugenet, daughter of Sir John Plugenet, Baronet, of Plugenet Court. The Wilmores are anxious for the marriage to take place, as their finances are in a shattered condition and Sir John happens to own the most important mortgages on their property. The lawyer Viveash desires no less ardently to bring the union about, as his money is tied up with that of the Wilmores. Helen Plugenet is a pure and somewhat romantic girl who expects from her future husband the same purity of heart that she brings to him. Of late her suspicions have been somewhat aroused by Mrs. Wilmore's evasive replies to her queries with regard to Lennard's past. At that critical juncture turns up at the Wilmore mansion a young drawing mistress, Rachel Neve. It appears that the girl had sustained intimate relations with Lennard, and that, half a year previously, he had bidden good-by to her forever, in the belief that she would join her father in Canada. But Rachel, for very obvious reasons, feared to meet her father, and when at last her prospective maternity is no longer a matter of surmise, she comes to ask Mrs. Wilmore for advice and help. Lennard, who is a good fellow at heart, is almost overcome by shame and commiseration, but Mrs. Wilmore, who dreads a scandal, begs him to leave the matter in her hand. Her intention is to settle a sum of money upon the girl, but, above all, to get her away. Rachel promises everything, but on her way out of town happens to meet with an accident. She is brought, strangely enough, to Edgar Linnell's house. Mrs. Blaney, the doctor's wife, who is always on the lookout for immorality, pries into the girl's baggage and papers. Disturbed in reading one letter, she incautiously drops it on the floor. A little later Linnell happens to pick it up and peruses it under the impression that it is meant for him. From the letter he gathers enough evidence in conjunction with certain other incidents to connect the girl with Lennard. While he is still revolving the matter, Lennard makes his appearance and the following conversation takes place:

Linnell: Will you sit down? (*Lennard sits apprehensively.*) Mrs. Wilmore takes a great interest in Miss Neve.

Lennard: Neve—is that her name?

Linnell: Didn't you know?

Lennard: I think my mother mentioned it.

Linnell: Does Mrs. Wilmore know Miss Neve's history?

Lennard: I suppose she has told my mother something about herself.

Linnell: How much does Mrs. Wilmore know?

Lennard: You're very mysterious. What do you mean?

Linnell: I mean, does Mrs. Wilmore know the history of Miss Neve's relations with you?

Lennard: (*Starts up, betrays himself, then quickly recovers, stands face to face with Linnell for a moment.*) Relations with me! What bee have you got in your bonnet now? I'll send my mother down to you. You'd better ask her. (*Going off, opens door.*)

Linnell: I'm trying to save those dear to you from terrible sorrow and shame. To-morrow it may be too late.

(*Lennard closes door and comes down to him.*)

Linnell (very tenderly): Come, my dear lad! You see I know! So spare yourself all further equivocation, and let me help you if I can.

Lennard: It's a pretty bad business, isn't it?

Linnell: Trust me. Did you promise to marry her?

Lennard: I suppose I did. When a man's in love he promises everything.

Linnell: And you became engaged to Miss Plugenet, knowing that this other—

Lennard: No, I'm not quite so bad as that. I hadn't seen Helen since we were children. I was in Scotland last spring in charge of the railway, and when Mr. Neve left his daughter to go to Canada, she and I were thrown together a good deal. Then the railway was finished, and I came home and met Helen. Before I became engaged I saw Miss Neve again for a few days. We said, "Good-by," and parted, thinking it was all at an end. It was only to-day that I knew the cursed truth.

Linnell: What do you intend to do?

Lennard: My mother has promised to take care of her.

Linnell: And Miss Plugenet?

Lennard: There's no need she should know, is there?

Linnell: You'd marry Miss Plugenet, knowing this other one has your promise, knowing what she is going to suffer for you!

Lennard: It is rough on her, poor girl! And she's really good. It was her very innocence—and she did love me! When I remember how her face used to light up with the loveliest smile when she caught sight of me—by Jove, Linnell, a man may get to be a big scoundrel without meaning it, and without knowing it.

Linnell: But when he does know it, then he resolutely sets to work to undo the wrong he has done—as you mean to do?

Lennard: Well, of course, we shall provide for her.

Linnell: Yes—but Miss Plugenet?

(*A knock at the front door.*)

Lennard: I expect that's my mother. (*Patty [a servant girl] goes to front door and admits Mrs. Wilmore.*) You'll help us to keep this quiet, eh? You won't go against us and let it all come out?

Mrs. Wilmore (opens the door, and speaks to Patty): In here? Oh, yes. *(She enters.)* Ah, Len, why didn't you go back with Helen? Run back home, I want to have a little chat with Mr. Linnell about this young drawing-mistress. *(Looking at Linnell.)*

Linnell (stern and dignified): If you please.

(Mrs. Wilmore, arrested by his manner, looks inquiringly at him and Lennard.)

Lennard: Mother, he knows.

Mrs. Wilmore: Knows what? What has this girl been telling you?

Linnell: Nothing. By accident I saw a letter she wrote to your son.

Mrs. Wilmore: Why should she write to Lennard?

Linnell: Isn't it very natural?

(Lennard is about to speak, but Mrs. Wilmore secretly hushes him with a warning gesture.)

Mrs. Wilmore: Was this letter addressed to Lennard?

Linnell: No.

Mrs. Wilmore: Then to whom?

Linnell: To no one.

Mrs. Wilmore: And you jump to the conclusion—where is this girl? *(Going to door. Linnell intercepts her.)*

Linnell: One moment. She's very feverish and excited. Let me prepare her first.

Mrs. Wilmore: You won't prompt her to repeat this story?

Linnell: Story? You know it, then?

Mrs. Wilmore: It's easy to guess. I must see her, and get at the truth.

Linnell: The truth is as you know it.

(Exit to passage. Mrs. Wilmore watches him off, then turns quickly to Lennard. Her action throughout is rapid, keen, resolute, energetic, resourceful, remorseless, unflinching.)

Mrs. Wilmore: Quick, Len! What has taken place?

Lennard: He accused me, and of course I denied it.

Mrs. Wilmore: You denied it?

Lennard: At first. But, when I saw the game was up, I gave in.

Mrs. Wilmore: Gave in?

Lennard: I said I was sorry.

Mrs. Wilmore: What else? Tell me all.

Lennard: I'm afraid I let out I'd promised to marry the girl.

Mrs. Wilmore (with a gesture of despair): You've committed social suicide! You've ruined yourself!

Lennard: Can't we get him to hold his tongue?

Mrs. Wilmore: I'm afraid not. I'll try. I'll try everything! *(With a sudden thought.)* You say you did deny it at first?

Lennard: Yes. I rounded on him, and asked him what bee he had got in his bonnet!

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes! Yes! And then you said you were sorry, and pitied her, and he totally misunderstood you. It's only his word against yours. If we can only get the girl out of the way! What evidence is there to connect her with you in Scotland?

Lennard: Nothing that anybody can lay hold of.

Mrs. Wilmore: Think! There were other young fellows there—your chums on the railway?

Lennard: Bruce Kerrick.

Mrs. Wilmore (looking at him): It might have been him.

Lennard: It might, but it wasn't.

Mrs. Wilmore: Where is he now?

Lennard: In South Africa.

Mrs. Wilmore: South Africa? Good! Your father will be here directly. You'd better not wait. Leave this to me. Oh, Len, if I can save you yet!

Lennard: You are a brick, mother! And I've brought you nothing but trouble.

Mrs. Wilmore: Never mind that now. *(Opening the door for him.)* Go! *(Lennard goes noiselessly into passage.)*

Mrs. Wilmore (watches him off): Hush!

(He closes the front door noiselessly behind him, and she comes into the room, thoughtful, scheming, deeply considering. After a moment Linnell re-enters from study, and comes into room. Mrs. Wilmore composes her features.)

Linnell (entering): Your son has gone?

Mrs. Wilmore: There was no reason for him to stay, was there?

Linnell: We must come to some understanding about Miss Neve.

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes. What is to be done with her? You can't expect Mrs. Linnell to nurse a stranger through a long illness.

Linnell: The sprain will only last a few days. But there's a fever—

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes, poor creature! I know of some excellent rooms in Gilminster. I'll take entire charge of her myself, and see that she's thoroughly nursed.

Linnell: Pardon me, when I just now told her you were here, she seemed very much distressed.

Mrs. Wilmore: Why should she be distressed?

Linnell (sternly): Mrs. Wilmore, if we are to find some way out of this wretched business, I must beg you to be quite candid with me.

Mrs. Wilmore (rather hotly): I don't understand you! Why shouldn't I be allowed to take care of Miss Neve?

Linnell: You forget, there is another question behind.

Mrs. Wilmore: What question?

Linnell: Miss Plugenet. *(A loud knock at the front door.)*

Mrs. Wilmore: I believe that's Mr. Wilmore. He doesn't know about this. *(Another loud, impatient knock.)* Perhaps it would be better not to tell him for the present, at least not until you and I have decided what to do.

After the second knock Wilmore has entered at front door into passage. Patty, who has come out of the study to open the door for him, meets him in passage.

Wilmore (voice in passage): Mr. Linnell at home? Please show me in to him.

(Patty opens the door and shows him in. He blusters in, and closes the door after him.)

Wilmore: Excuse this unceremonious entrance, Linnell, but your letter about Sheldrake has thoroughly upset me. Coming just before dinner, too—I could scarcely touch a morsel. Haunch of venison, too! You saw me refuse everything, Charlotte?

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes, but something else has arisen—

Wilmore: I don't care what has arisen. We'll attend to this first. Now, sir, I've been talking with your Vicar, and we're thoroughly agreed—*(Mrs. Wilmore is making covert signs.)* Please don't interrupt me, Charlotte. It comes

to this—you will either uphold my ideas as regards morality, or you will leave Weybury forthwith. Which do you mean to do?

Linnell: What are your ideas as regards morality?

Wilmore (upset): Upon my word! My ideas of morality, sir (*tapping the table with his forefingers*), are the good, plain, old-fashioned ideas which all right-minded persons hold! And always have held! And always will hold! Do you, or do you not, intend to carry out my instructions respecting William Sheldrake?

Linnell: Meantime, what are your instructions respecting your own son?

Wilmore: My son?

Linnell: Look at home, Mr. Wilmore! Deal with your own household first.

Wilmore: I don't know what you mean. Explain yourself, sir!

Linnell: You will have no tampering with the plain dictates of morality? You have only one rule in these cases? Do you wish it to be carried out in the case of your own son, and the girl in the next room?

At once, of course, Wilmore's whole demeanor changes and he virtually offers Linnell the vicarage as the price of his silence. At the same time both he and Mrs. Wilmore deny that the incriminating letter was addressed to Lennard. Rachel upholds their denial. Wilmore asks, "Will you withdraw this monstrous charge against my son and own your mistake?" "No," the Curate replies, "not for a bishopric."

Here follows the famous third act in which all the forces of hypocrisy are united to crush the courageous curate. Rachel has consented to sign a statement that the father of her prospective child and Lennard are not identical. Sir John has arrived from India in order to give his daughter in marriage to young Wilmore. Informed of Linnell's accusations, he insists on a personal interview with all persons concerned. The scene is the Wilmore Manor, as in the first act:

Sir John (looking round): Mr. Linnell is not here?

Wilmore: Yes, I had him shown into another room until such time as we require him. (*Rings bell.*)

Sir John: We must have Lennard, too.

Wilmore: Lennard is only too anxious to face his traducer.

(*Goodyer [a man-servant] appears at door at back.*)

Wilmore: Ask Mr. Lennard and Mr. Linnell to come here. (*Exit Goodyer.*)

Sir John: And Miss Neve herself?

Viveash: In the next room.

Mrs. Wilmore: She's ready to come in at any moment, but I'm sure you'd wish to spare her as far as possible.

Sir John: Certainly.

Viveash: Meantime, there is Miss Neve's own statement in her own words. Just cast your eye over that. (*Giving him the letter Mrs. Wilmore has brought in.*)

Enter Lennard at back. Throughout the scene he assumes a careless, confident manner, but at moments he betrays intense anxiety and exchanges furtive looks with his mother.

Lennard: How are you? (*To Daubeny.*)

Daubeny: Good morning, my dear young friend. (*Shaking hands.*)

Lennard: How d'ye do, Mrs. Blaney?

Mrs. Blaney: How d'ye do?

Lennard: Good morning, Blaney. (*Shaking hands.*)

Sir John (having read the letter): But this is positively conclusive.

Viveash: I thought you'd say so.

Sir John: What can Mr. Linnell say to this?

Enter Goodyer at back, announcing "Mr. Linnell." Enter Linnell. Exit Goodyer. Linnell bows as he comes in. Sir John, poisoned against him by the Wilmores and Viveash, regards him with evident distrust and coldness.

Mrs. Wilmore (introducing): Mr. Linnell—Sir John Plugenet.

Linnell: Good morning, Sir John.

Sir John (very coldly): Good morning, sir.

Viveash: We may as well come to business at once. Will you be seated?

(*Daubeny, Mrs. Wilmore, Mrs. Blaney, Dr. Blaney sit. Viveash seats himself, and makes notes all the while.*)

Viveash: Mr. Linnell, I must ask you formally to withdraw certain damaging statements you have made regarding Mr. Lennard Wilmore and Miss Neve.

Wilmore: And apologize! (*A pause.*)

Sir John (sternly to Linnell): What have you to say, sir?

Linnell (glancing round him): Nothing.

Sir John: What! You make this dreadful accusation, and then you run away from it?

Linnell: I'm not running away. I'm here.

Sir John: But you've repeated this slander?

Linnell: Not to a single person since that night.

Wilmore: But it's all over the town!

Linnell: Not through any word of mine. I've no wish to repeat this story even now—unless you force me.

Sir John: Perhaps, sir, but before you leave this room you must either repeat it, or withdraw it absolutely.

Linnell: If you please. Through an accident I became aware of Mr. Lennard Wilmore's fault. I urged him to own the truth to you. I urge him still, I entreat him, with all—

Viveash (dry, hard): Mr. Linnell, please reserve your sentimental appeals for the pulpit. Sir John wants to get at the facts.

Linnell (sharp, dry, hard): I'll give them to him.

Sir John (cold, distrustful): I shall be obliged.

Linnell: While Miss Neve was in my house, a letter she had written tumbled on the floor. Thinking it was addressed to myself, I began to read it. It spoke of the writer's shame and distress—

Viveash: But what reason had you for connecting the writer's shame and distress with Mr. Lennard Wilmore?

Linnell: It said "I shall call on your mother this afternoon, and—"

Viveash: But, you may have observed, other people besides Mr. Lennard Wilmore have mothers.

Linnell: Yes, it is customary. (*Advancing a little towards Mrs. Wilmore.*) Mothers who bring their sons up to love the truth and hate lies—

Sir John: What? Mr. Linnell! You accuse a lady in Mrs. Wilmore's position!—Viveash, I shall lose my patience.

Viveash: Keep calm, Sir John! We shall soon explode this bag of moonshine. (*To Linnell.*) You're sure this letter didn't read, "I'll call on your grandmother?"

Linnell: No—the girl didn't mock at her agony. Do you?

Viveash: What became of this letter?

Linnell: Miss Neve burnt it.

Viveash: That's a pity. Mrs. Wilmore, will you please ask Miss Neve whether the letter Mr. Linnell picked up was written to your son, and whether it contained any reference whatever to you, or to him? (*Mrs. Wilmore goes towards door.*)

Linnell: Why ask her? You know she'll say "No."

Mrs. Wilmore: Surely Miss Neve must know to whom she wrote that letter. (*Exit Mrs. Wilmore, left.*)

Viveash: Have you any other evidence against Mr. Lennard Wilmore?

Linnell: Yes, his own word.

Lennard: My word?

Linnell: You owned to me you had betrayed this girl under a promise of marriage; and you begged me to hide it!

Lennard: What? I asked you what bee you'd got in your bonnet!

Wilmore: A bee in his bonnet! Now that to me exactly describes the situation.

Daubeny: A very happy phrase! A bee in his bonnet! (*Tapping his stomach.*)

Viveash: I suppose what really happened, Lennard, was this—Mr. Linnell told you this poor girl's story; you pitied her, and then he muddled up—

Linnell (*sternly*): Please don't put his lie into his mouth! He has it pat enough!

Wilmore: Lie! We're using very pretty language now!

Mrs. Blaney: And in the presence of ladies!

Dr. Blaney: Violent language is generally associated with a bad case.

Linnell: Yes, and sometimes with a good case, too!

Mrs. Wilmore re-enters.

Sir John: Lennard, my boy, you are to take my name, and be my son. Tell me—Is there any truth in what Mr. Linnell says?

Lennard (*catches sight of his mother's anxious face, and, after the faintest faltering, says firmly*): No, not the least.

Sir John: You did not confess you had betrayed this girl?

Lennard (*quite firmly*): No, Sir John.

(*Mrs. Wilmore shows immense relief.*)

Sir John (*relieved. Shakes his hand cordially*): I believe you. And now, tell this man to his face that he is—mistaken. He'll know what that means.

(*Mrs. Wilmore shows anxiety.*)

Lennard (*steps firmly to Linnell and says fiercely*): Mr. Linnell, you are mistaken!

(*Mrs. Wilmore shows great relief. Linnell flames with resentment, is about to reply, but*

stops and stares round, growing bewildered, and beginning to realize the hopelessness of his position; at length drops into chair, and buries his face in hands on table.)

Mrs. Wilmore (*comes forward*): Miss Neve says most positively that the letter Mr. Linnell picked up was not written to Lennard, and had no reference to him or to me.

Sir John (*to Linnell*): You hear that Miss Neve denies—

Linnell: Oh yes, she denies. They all deny! And Mr. and Mrs. Wilmore! Let them deny, too! If you please, both of you, deny, deny, deny!

Wilmore: So we're to be dragged into it! So we knew—

Linnell (*to Wilmore*): Aye, you knew! For you offered me the living to hold my tongue! (*To Mrs. Wilmore.*) And you—you begged me with tears to save your boy. Well, I've done my best to save him! You must go your way and ruin him! Go on and ruin him!

Sir John (*struck by the sincerity of Linnell's utterance*): Wilmore—Mrs. Wilmore, surely you didn't beg Mr. Linnell to—

Mrs. Wilmore: My dear Sir John, when we got there, we found Mr. Linnell in an excited state—with this bee in his bonnet—his own wife implored him to withdraw his silly statement. Mrs. Blaney, you remember?

Mrs. Blaney—Oh, yes. Poor Mrs. Linnell said she was sure he didn't mean it, and told him to beg Mr. Wilmore's pardon.

(*Linnell is overwhelmed. Sir John looks at Viveash, who shrugs his shoulders contemptuously.*)

Viveash: Have you any further evidence to offer us?

(*Linnell, growing more and more bewildered, shakes his head.*)

Viveash: Sir John, will you please show him Miss Neve's letter to Mrs. Wilmore.

Sir John: As, yes! (*Bringing out the letter which Viveash has given him.*) Please read that.

Linnell: To what end?

Sir John: Please read it. (*Linnell takes the letter, and looks at it mechanically, not trying to understand it.*) You see, the girl herself declares Mr. Lennard Wilmore is nothing to her.

Linnell: She knows! She knows!

Viveash: I'm glad you admit she knows.

Sir John: Well, what have you to say?

Linnell: Nothing. (*Giving back the letter.*)

Sir John: Nothing, sir? Nothing?

Linnell (*suddenly*): Yes! Please bring Miss Neve here—

Mrs. Wilmore (*alarmed*): Sir John, you shall see Miss Neve and question her yourself, but Dr. Blaney will say if she is in a fit state—

Dr. Blaney: I must certainly forbid any violent or distressing scenes. It would be highly dangerous to my patient.

Linnell: Then why is she here, if not to get at the truth? Sir John, for the sake of your daughter's happiness, I demand to ask Miss Neve one question in the presence of your future son-in-law.

Viveash: Surely Miss Neve's statement is sufficiently explicit.

Linnell: I demand to put them face to face.

Sir John: Mrs. Wilmore, I think we might ask Miss Neve to please step here for a moment.

Mrs. Wilmore: If you wish.

(*She just glances at Viveash, who just signs assent.*)

Sir John: I do.

Mrs. Wilmore: I'll fetch her.

(*Mrs. Wilmore goes off left, leaving the door open.*)

Viveash (to Sir John): Sir John, you'll take care Miss Neve is not frightened or brow-beaten?

Sir John: We will treat her with every consideration.

Mrs. Wilmore (appears at door): If you please—

Rachel enters very slowly, limping a little, with calm, set, determined face, and downcast eyes. She just raises them to meet Lennard's glance for an instant.

Mrs. Wilmore: This is Sir John Plugenet—Miss Neve.

(*Sir John and Rachel bow slightly.*)

Linnell: Good morning, Miss Neve. (*He holds out his hand.*)

Rachel: Good morning.

(*She just looks at him, does not give her hand at first, but as he holds his out, at length she gives hers. He takes it, holds it, and leads her towards Lennard.*)

Linnell (to Lennard): Will you please look at this lady?

Viveash: What now?

Linnell (to Rachel): Will you please look at Mr. Wilmore? I charge you both, as you will answer at that dreadful day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed—

(*Lennard draws back a little. Rachel also shows a very slight sign of faltering, which she instantly controls.*)

Viveash (very firmly): Sir John, I must protest against this paltry theatrical appeal! Miss Neve has scarcely recovered from her illness—

Linnell: If you please, Mr. Viveash! Let me put them to their oath.

Viveash: Doctor Blaney! Sir John!

Sir John: Mr. Linnell, will you please stand aside? I'll question Miss Neve myself. (*To Rachel, very kindly.*) I'm deeply grieved to trouble you. You know my daughter is to be married to this gentleman?

Rachel: Yes.

Sir John: Please forgive my asking. Has he ever been more to you than an acquaintance?

Rachel: No.

Sir John: Has he ever spoken to you any word of love?

Rachel: No.

Sir John: Have you the least claim upon him as a lover?

Rachel: No.

Sir John: That is your solemn word—your solemn oath, in the presence of Heaven? You have no claim whatever upon Mr. Lennard Wilmore?

Rachel (quite firmly, looking at Lennard, and then looking at Sir John): No, none whatever!

Sir John: Thank you for having spoken out so plainly. That sets the question at rest forever.

(*Rachel has answered quite firmly and steadfastly throughout, but at the end she drops back on the sofa a little exhausted.*)

Sir John: It has been too much for you?

Rachel: No—no—please don't trouble.

Sir John (turns to Linnell): Mr. Linnell, I daren't trust myself to speak to you! You, a

clergyman, whose first care it should be to hush all slander and evil speaking—

Wilmore: Leave this house, sir!

(*Linnell, bewildered, dazed, looks round, goes up to door at back.*)

Mrs. Wilmore (as he passes her): I told you how this would end.

Linnell: It's not ended! (*Suddenly turns at door.*) Sir John, tell your daughter to look! There's a rat under the floor of her new home! (*Sweeping his hand round to Wilmore, Mrs. Wilmore, and Lennard.*) You know it, all of you! You liars! You hypocrites! You time-servers! Damned time-servers! You know it! You know the rat's festering under the floor! (*Coming down to Rachel.*) You know it, too—

(*Rachel starts up frightened, and staggers. Viveash and Sir John pull Linnell away. Rachel looks round, meets Lennard's look, utters a cry, rushes past him, but staggers, falls as she is passing by him. He instinctively catches her in his arms.*)

Rachel (struggling to get free): No! No! Not you! Don't—don't touch me! They'll think—Oh, let me go!

Lennard: Rachel! Oh, what a hound! What a cur I've been! Rachel! Rachel, forgive me! (*She revives, struggles free from him, and goes off left.*) Sir John, I'm a scoundrel! I daren't face Miss Plugenet, but ask her—

Sir John (turns away from him with an angry gesture): Mrs. Wilmore, you knew this! And you lied to me and fooled me!

Mrs. Wilmore: What have you done, Len?

Lennard: Linnell, I beg your pardon. I've behaved like a—

Linnell: That's past! Look up! Look up, my friend! You've cleared yourself! You've owned your fault! You're a free man from this hour! (*Shaking hands warmly.*)

After this occurrence the Wilmores are being ostracised socially. Sir John is furious and threatens to foreclose his mortgage on the Manor. Financial ruin stares them in the face. To make matters still worse in Mrs. Wilmore's eyes, Lennard is determined to marry Rachel. All her plotting for his future seems to have been futile. She is losing not only her social position, but her boy as well. Helen Plugenet finds her in this state when she comes to bid her good-by. She is going to work with Linnell and his wife in London, where, through her father's influence, she procured an appointment for him. Mrs. Wilmore pours out her heart to the girl. "No. I'm dead. No, worse than that. I am living with nothing to live for."

They are embracing when the door at back opens, and Rachel enters, shown in and followed by Lennard. Rachel comes down a few steps. Mrs. Wilmore and Helen then disengage themselves, and Rachel and Helen recognize each other. Helen utters a little cry, and goes to the door.

Lennard (showing great shame): I beg pardon. I didn't know—(*He is going off.*)

Helen: No, please stay. I'm going. (*He stands deeply ashamed. Helen goes towards door, then stops, looks at Rachel a moment, goes to her.*) I hope you will be very happy! (*Kisses Rachel. Exit at back.*)

Lennard: Mother, we're leaving England in a few days. Haven't you a word to say to her?

Mrs. Wilmore (to Rachel, who has stood apart, ashamed): Yes. Please come to me. (*Rachel goes to her.*) I don't wish to speak unkindly, but, through you, Lennard's career has been destroyed for the time—

Rachel: Oh, don't say that!

Mrs. Wilmore: I must. My son was in a great position. He might have hoped for any honors—the highest—he had a splendid future. To-day he's a disgraced pauper—through you!

Lennard: Mother! Mother! Rachel, come away with me.

Mrs. Wilmore: No, Lennard, please let her hear me! (*To Rachel.*) I'm not reproaching you. It's done. But now you're going to do him a further injury—

Rachel: No! No!

Mrs. Wilmore: Yes! If you leave him, and go out of his life, this disgrace will pass away and be forgotten. We have some influential friends in London. In a few years he will redeem his mistake, and make a good marriage. Won't you give him a chance? Haven't you done him harm enough?

Rachel: Oh, what am I to do?

Lennard: Come away with me! Mother, I'll never give her up now.

Mrs. Wilmore: Then I hope she'll have the good sense and the good feeling to give you up.

Lennard: Rachel!

Mrs. Wilmore: Keep silence, Lennard, if you please, and let me save you from this last dishonor. What do you say?

Rachel: I love him so much! I can't give him up now! You won't ask me! I've promised Mr. Linnell! (*Linnell appears at door.*) Ah, tell me! Must I give Lennard up? Is it for his good? Tell me I ought, and I'll try to do it, even now!

Mrs. Wilmore: Mr. Linnell, please keep away from us now! I won't have you interfere in this. (*To Rachel.*) You've heard what I said! Don't listen to him.

Linnell: She will listen to me. And you will listen to me.

Mrs. Wilmore: I won't! Go, please! (*Pointing.*) The door! The door!

Linnell (to Lennard): Miss Neve, Lennard, please leave me a few minutes with Mrs. Wilmore. (*Motioning them to door, left.*)

Mrs. Wilmore: No! No!

Linnell: If you please, Lennard!

Lennard: Rachel—(*Taking her off.*)

Mrs. Wilmore: Is it always to be so? Will you always come in my way?

Linnell: Always! till you're in the right way.

Mrs. Wilmore: I won't hear you.

Linnell: Ah, but you will!

Mrs. Wilmore: No! No! You've broken up my home, you've defeated all my hopes, you've ruined my son, you're parting me from him now when I love and need him most, you're sending him away to India to die, perhaps, out there—I may never see him again. You've done all this! Well, you've done it! So be satisfied with your work, and let me be!

Linnell: My work isn't finished—

Mrs. Wilmore: Not finished? Pray, what more have you to do?

Linnell: To open your eyes! To make you see what you would have done! Think of it! And you asked me, God's minister, to wink at your foul trick and help you—help you prepare a long life of treachery and distrust for your son and his bride!

Mrs. Wilmore: You have stopped me! So be content.

Linnell: No, not till you own your son is doing right.

Mrs. Wilmore: To marry that girl?

Linnell: Yes! They love each other. Their future will be all the more secure from their bitter remembrance of the past. They'll work out their repentance in a great love. He'll build his house on the true love of man and wife. It will stand. His hopes, his honor, his safety, his duty, his happiness,—all lie with her. Can't you see that?

Mrs. Wilmore: I can see nothing, except that I'm to lose Lennard.

Linnell: No. (*Takes out a letter.*) Please read that. (*Gives it to her.*)

Mrs. Wilmore: From Sir John Plugenet? (*She opens and reads the letter.*)

Linnell: He feels sorry he made this story public. I've been with him and his lawyer all this morning. He proposes to take over all your mortgages, and leave you in possession here on easy terms.

Mrs. Wilmore: But we shall owe everything to Sir John Plugenet! (*Reading on.*) No! Worse than that! He says, "In conclusion, I may tell you that I am making this arrangement purely on the persuasion of Mr. Linnell. If it should secure your future well-being and happiness, you will owe it to him—" I can't! I can't! To owe everything to you!

Linnell: Don't think of me as your creditor. Think of me as your servant, God's servant, and therefore your servant, sent to hold a light to your path, and smooth it where it's rough and thorny.

Mrs. Wilmore (giving her hand): I'll try. But Lennard—Lennard is going from me.

Linnell: Go with him. A friend has given me money for a passage to India, and a year's stay there—

Mrs. Wilmore: A friend! Helen Plugenet!

Linnell: She has forgiven. You will forgive, too? Come to their marriage to-morrow, and go out to India with them. If you refuse, he will still make her his wife. You can't hinder that. Then you will remember all your life that you parted from him in anger. If, as you said, he should die out there—

Mrs. Wilmore: Bring them in! Bring them in!

Linnell goes to door, left, beckons to Rachel and Lennard, who enter.

Mrs. Wilmore (to Linnell): You've broken my heart! (*To Rachel.*) Come to me, my dear. (*The two women embrace in tears.*)

Linnell (to Lennard): Your mother is going to your marriage to-morrow, and to India with you—

Lennard: Mother, is that so? (*Mrs. Wilmore nods and smiles.*)

Linnell: Now my work in Weybury is finished! To-morrow all your lives begin anew!

Religion and Ethics

A POET'S REVERIE BEFORE THE GATE OF DEATH



ONE of the significant signs of the times is the invasion of the theological field by laymen. Grave questions of religion and immortality used to be handled almost exclusively by ecclesiastical experts. Nowadays the most sacred topics are freely discussed by scientists, artists and poets. And who can say that religion has not been the gainer by the change? At least it is certain that if every theological treatise were written with the deft touch and unfailing poetic charm of a newly published volume entitled "The Gate of Death,"* the complaint would never be made that religious problems are dull. The author of this unique work is understood to be Mr. A. C. Benson, the English poet and essayist, and a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. He sets forth his argument in the form of a diary which records his thought-life as he lay, during long weeks, before the "gate of death," disabled by an all but fatal accident. Face to face with the dark angel, he tells how the relative values of things were changed for him; in what aspect his past life appeared to him; and with what heart he confronted the unknown. "One hardly knows where in the literature of English," says the *New York Evening Post*, "to turn for an equally ingenious record of the experience of a human soul which has passed through the Valley of the Shadow and returned to consciousness of its house of flesh." The *London Telegraph* goes so far as to say: "Hardly any book since 'In Memoriam' has presented such notable claims to the consideration of popular theology."

The disabling accident is described as having taken place in the garden of a married sister's country home. It was followed by a period of complete unconsciousness, during which the doctor despaired of the patient's life. As he lay in bed all that he remembers is "a kind of fevered twilight," "loud booming sounds," "a face, strangely distorted." Sometimes he seemed "like a diver, struggling upwards through dim waters." Once he "came out quite suddenly on life, as from a dark tunnel, and saw two people bending over something which they held in their hands close to a bright

light." The first definite emotion of which he was conscious was affection. "I felt it," he says, "mostly in the form of compassion for those who were evidently so much distressed at what seemed to me a thing of very little moment. I had a sense of gratitude for the care and tenderness that were centered on me; a certain sorrow that I should give so much trouble." And then, as other thoughts returned, "like hovering birds to an empty dovecote," there fell on him a mood of introspection. He began to estimate what his life meant to him, what there was in it of good or bad. The result surprised him:

"I cared not at all for my personal successes; not at all about the little position I had achieved; not at all about having labored steadily and conscientiously—all those things seemed unreal and immaterial. I did not even care to think that I had, however fitfully and feebly, tried to serve the will of God, tried to discern it, tried to follow it. In that hour was revealed to me that I could not have done otherwise, that all my life, success and failure alike, had been but a minute expression of that supreme will and thought. What I did care about was the thought that I had made a few happier, that I had done a few kindnesses, that I had won some love. I was glad that there had been occasions when I had conquered natural irritability and selfish anxiety, had said a kind and an affectionate thing. Rectitude and prudence, they seemed to matter nothing; what oppressed me was the thought that I might have been readier to do little deeds of affection, to have been more unselfish, more considerate."

In the face of his own vivid experience the writer was led to feel that most of what he had read in books about the sensations of dying men was "unutterably false and vain." He says on this point:

"These books do not approach the real experience at all. They seem to have been composed by comfortable people sitting in armchairs and trying to fancy what death would be like; but it is like nothing in the world, different, not in degree, but in kind, from any imagination that any one can form. I suppose that different people have different experiences; but the hollowest and emptiest of all the things written on the subject seem to me to be the consolations suggested. For instance, it is said in religious books that the memory of a virtuous life brings peace, the memory of an ill-spent life brings agony. If there is any shadow of truth in that, it resides in the fact, I believe, that people of virtuous and temperate lives are generally people of well-balanced and tranquil temperaments, not as a rule imaginative or passionate or desirous; such peo-

*THE GATE OF DEATH. A Diary. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ple would be likely to meet death as simply and quietly as they had met life; but on the other hand, people who have yielded freely to temptation, who have gratified sensual impulse, are generally people of unbalanced, eager, impatient temperaments, greedy of joy, subject to terror, imaginative, highly-strung, restless, fanciful. To such as these death would perhaps be full of fears. But it is sensitiveness and imaginativeness that make, I believe, the difference, and not the thought of sins and failures. The greatest saint in the world, if of a self-reproachful temperament, would be likely to have abundance of failures to recall, a deep sense of opportunities missed, a passionate remorse for wasted hours; while on the other hand a strong, coarse, bestial nature would probably face death with a surly indifference.

"But my own experience is that one hardly thinks of the past at all, that the imagination is dulled and the senses concentrated upon the ebbing life."

It has sometimes been urged that the universality of death robs it of some of its horrors; but the author of "The Gate of Death" avers that during his sickness such an idea never even dimly entered his mind. "The loneliness of the experience is so great," he says, "the isolation so complete, that one does not think, at least I did not, of others in connection with it at all. My feeling was that the experience was so strange that I could not fancy that any one had ever experienced it before; it appeared absolutely unique and personal." To quote further:

"What really appals the mind, what came upon me with a force that I had never contemplated, was the terrible loneliness and isolation of it all. Here, in this world, one can always resort, however much alone one is, to familiar books and thoughts; one can turn to nature; one can call another human being to one's assistance; but the thought came home to me in those hours how little fit one is for loneliness, and how little of one's thought is given to anything but the well-known material surroundings of the world in which we move. From dawn to night one lives in these customary things, one is wholly occupied in them; even at night one trafficks in dreams with the same wares, rearranging memory and reminiscence to suit one's fantastic taste. I felt how slender and faint one's spiritual life was; how dreamful and vague one's speculations were; how wholly imaginary and inconclusive. Was it possible, I wondered, was it advisable to live more in the things of the spirit? It seemed to me that it was not possible, not advisable; if the region of the spirit were a definite one, full of unquestioned facts and definite laws; if one arrived by speculation any nearer to one's conception of God and of the soul, if man after man succeeded in making discoveries about the life of the spirit which could not be gainsaid, it would be different; but each mystical and spiritual nature treads a lonely path; the discoveries, the certainties of one are not confirmed by, nay, are frequently at variance with, the discoveries and certainties of another. In mystical reveries we

are merely building an imagined house of our own in the gloom. The prophet of old saw the celestial city as a square fortress crowning a crag, with gemlike foundations and gates of pearly hue: but can we be assured for a moment that any such place existed out of his beautiful imagination? Is it not rather clear that the dreaming mind was but painting its own fancies upon the void?"

The writer goes on to state very frankly and definitely his own attitude toward immortality:

"It seems to me that just as I cannot conceive of the annihilation of existing matter, neither can I conceive of the annihilation of what I call vital force and consciousness. The life that animates matter is to my mind fully as real and actual as matter itself. As to consciousness, that is a different question, because life can certainly exist, as in the case of a person stunned by a blow, when consciousness does not exist, or when at all events the memory of consciousness does not exist afterwards. It may be that consciousness is dependent upon the union of life and matter; but I believe with all my heart in the indestructibility of life, and I thus believe that when I die, when my body moulders into dust, the life that animated it is as much in existence as it was before. Further than this I dare not go, because all the evidence that there is seems to point to a suspension of consciousness after death. How that vital force may be employed I cannot guess. It may sink back into a central reservoir of life, just as the particles of my body will be distributed among both animal and inanimate matter when I have ceased to be. It may be that the vital force which I call myself may be distributed again among other lives; it may be that it is a definite and limited thing, a separate call or center; and thus it may hereafter animate another body—such things are not incredible. But in any case it is all in the hands of God; and though I may desire that I knew more definitely what the secret is, it is clear to me that I am not intended to know; and it is clear to me, too, that all who have professed to know, or to assure us of the truth of theories, are either building upon their own imaginations or upon the imaginations of others, and that none of the theories that we so passionately desire to believe belong to the region of even practical certainties."

Gradually the writer was given strength to turn away from the gate of death. He shares with the reader his sense of the exhilaration of daily increasing vitality. He tells of the simple joys of a slow convalescence—of companionship and sympathy that made him feel more truly than ever before the privilege of mere life and consciousness. And he closes with a prose-poem that symbolizes his own deepest thought of death:

"I walked this afternoon, just at sunset, alone, along a little lane near the house, which has become very familiar to me of late, and is haunted by many beautiful and grateful memories. I was very happy in the consciousness of recovered strength, and yet there was a sadness of fare-

well in my mind, of farewell to a strange and solemn period of my life, which, in spite of gloom and even fear, has been somehow filled with a great happiness—the happiness of growing nearer, I think, to the heart of the world.

"The lane at one point dips sharply down out of a little wood, and commands a wide view over flat, rich water-meadows, with a slow, full stream moving softly among hazels and alders. The sun had just set, and the sky was suffused with a deep orange glow, that seemed to burn and smolder with a calm and secret fire, struggling with dim smoky vapors on the rim of the world. The color was dying fast out of the fields, but I could see the dusky green of the pastures among the lines of trees, which held up their leafless, intricate boughs against the western glow, and the pale spaces of stubble on the low hills which rose wooded from the plain. The stream gleamed wan between its dark banks, in pools and reedy elbows. The whole scene was charged to the brim with a peace that was not calm or

tranquil, but ardent and intense, as though thrilled with an eager and secret apprehension of joy.

"Just at that moment over the stream sailed a great heron, with curved wings, black against the sky, dipping and sinking with a deliberate poise to his sleeping-place.

"So would I that my soul might fall, not hurriedly or timorously, but with a glad and contented tranquillity, to the shining waters of death; to rest, while all is dark, until the dawn of that other morning, sleeping quietly, or if in waking peace, hearing nothing but the whisper of the night-wind over the quiet grasses, or the slow and murmurous lapse of the stream, moving liquidly downward beside its dark banks.

"God rests, but ceases not. Through day and night alike beats the vast heart, pulsing in its secret cell. Through me, too, throbs that vital tide. What pain, what silence shall ever avail to bind that nightly impulse, or make inanimate whatever once has breathed and loved?"

BERNARD SHAW'S RELIGION



T will come as a surprise to many to learn that Bernard Shaw, the subversive and paradoxical dramatist, regards religion as "the most interesting thing in the world." He has confessed that, as a dramatic critic in London, he often wondered why people paid high prices to see bad theatrical performances, when, by going to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's Cathedral, they might have listened to "much more interesting talk" free of charge. On the invitation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. Shaw recently occupied the pulpit of the most influential Congregationalist Church in England, the London City Temple, and from this point of vantage defined his religious views. His address was attentively listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience, and, according to a reporter for *The Christian Commonwealth* (London), was distinguished by an attitude "essentially reverent." In fact, Mr. Campbell, who presided over the meeting and took occasion to affirm his substantial agreement with Shaw's position, has since declared: "The one thing that astonished the City Temple audience was the moral seriousness of Mr. Shaw."

"It is from the great poet, who is always the really religious man, that we get true ideas on great subjects," said Mr. Shaw at the outset of his address; and he illustrated the statement by citing Voltaire and Ibsen. Voltaire has often been called an atheist, but, in Bernard Shaw's opinion, his religious ideas, so far from being atheistic, were much the same as those held by the leaders of the Free Churches in England to-day. In view of the celebrated

Frenchman's "splendid record of social work, his far-sightedness, his self-sacrificing philanthropy," the lecturer urged that Free Churchmen should set up busts of Voltaire in all their places of worship. This led to an allusion to Ibsen, a "very great religious force in the nineteenth century," and a quotation from "Brand" ("the history of a deeply religious man") of the passage in which the hero protests, "I do not believe in your God. Your God is an old man, my God is a young man." We are apt, remarked Mr. Shaw, to picture God as an elderly gentleman with a beard, whereas "He ought to be typified as an Eternally Young Man."

According to Mr. Shaw's definition, a religious man is "a man who has a constant sense, amounting on his part to a positive knowledge, that he is only the instrument of a Power which is a Universal Power, the Power that created the universe and brought it into being; that he is not in the world for his own narrow purposes, but that he is the instrument of that Power." Given that belief, said Mr. Shaw, it was of no consequence what else a man might hold; without it a man had no religion in him. The lecturer went on to say:

"The great tragedy of human character is human cowardice. We pretend that we are brave men, but the reason why a nation will allow nothing to be said against its courage is because it knows it has none. Without fear we could not live a single day: if you were not afraid of being run over, you would be run over before you got home. What will really nerve a man, what, as history has shown over and over again, will turn a coward into a brave man, is the belief that he is the instrument of a larger and higher Power.

What he makes of this conviction and the power it gives depends upon his brain or conscience. It is useless for people to imagine they have apologized for everything when they say, 'I did my best, I acted according to my conscience.' The one thing you will never get in this life is any simple rule of conduct that will get you through life."

Mr. Shaw thereupon paid his respects to what he regards as the almost universal habit of keeping business and religion in separate mental compartments. Actually, he said, there is a very widespread feeling that any man who makes an attempt to apply religion to the affairs of life ought to be suppressed. Now he, for his part, did not pretend to "keep Sunday holy in such a tremendous manner as the ordinary city man does;" but, on the other hand, he did not altogether secularize Monday and the other days. To quote further:

"The religious life is a happy life. Because I do not eat meat and drink whisky people think I am an ascetic. I am not. I am a voluptuary! I avoid eating meat because it is a nasty thing to eat; I avoid drinking whisky because it gives me unpleasant and disagreeable sensations. I want to live the pleasantest sort of life I possibly can. What I like is not what people call pleasure, which is the most dreadful and boring thing on the face of the earth, but life itself. And that, of course, is the genuinely religious view to take: because life is a very wonderful thing. Life is this force outside yourself that you are in the hands of. You must not forget that the ordinary man who is not religious, who does not know that he is an instrument in the hands of the Higher Power, is nevertheless such an instrument all the time. While I have been describing the religious man you have been saying, 'That's me!' and while I have been describing the irreligious man you have been saying, 'That's Jones!' But I don't want you to feel uncharitable towards Jones. Although only an agricultural laborer, Jones may be doing the work of the universe in a more efficient way than the man who has become conscious of the Higher Power and brought his own mind to bear upon it, but not having a first-rate mind, and being mixed up with purely rationalistic theories of the universe, he may be doing a great deal of mischief, doing something to defeat the Higher Power. For it is possible to defeat that Power."

The audience is said to have followed with "breathless interest" Mr. Shaw's next statement, which goes right to the core of his argument and expresses a theory of Deity most striking and suggestive:

"Any personal belief is a document, at any rate. You may think mine fantastic, even paradoxical. I have more or less swallowed all the formulas, I have been in all the churches, studied all the religions with a great deal of sympathy, and I will tell you where I have come out. Most people call this great Force in the universe God. I am not very fond of the term myself, because it is a little too personal, too close to the idea of the

elderly gentleman with the beard. But we won't quarrel about the term. To me the Higher Power is something larger than a personal Force. But even the people who would agree with me there still cling to the idea that it is an almighty force, that it is a force which can directly and immediately do what it likes. But if so, why in the name of common-sense did He make such creatures as you and I? If He wants His will fulfilled on earth, why did He put Himself in the position of having to have that will fulfilled by our actions? Because what is done in this world has to be done by us. We know that a lot of work lies before us. What we call civilization has landed us in horrible iniquities and injustices. We have got to get rid of them, and it has to be done by us. There is the dilemma. Why is it not done by God? I believe God, in the popular acceptance of the word, to be completely powerless. I do not believe that God has any hands or brain of our kind. What I know He has, or rather is, is Will. But will is useless without hands and brain. Then came a process, which we call evolution. I do not mean natural selection as popularized by Charles Darwin. He did not discover or even popularize evolution; on the contrary, he drove evolution out of men's minds for half a century, and we have only just got it back again. The evolutionary process to me is God—this wonderful Will of the universe, struggling and struggling, and bit by bit making hands and brains for Himself, feeling that, having this will, He must also have material organs with which to grapple with material things; and that is the reason we have come into existence."

In words that must have come with strange force from the lips of a man who seldom speaks directly and seriously, and who has spoken so often in biting epigram and irreverent satire, Mr. Shaw concluded:

"If you don't do His work it won't be done; if you turn away from it, if you sit down and say, 'Thy will be done,' you might as well be the most irreligious person on the face of the earth. But if you will stand by your God, if you will say, 'My business is to do Your will, my hands are Your hands, my tongue is Your tongue, my brain is Your brain, I am here to do Thy work, and I will do it,' you will get rid of other worldliness, you will get rid of all that religion which is made an excuse and a cloak for doing nothing, and you will learn not only to worship your God, but also to have a fellow-feeling with Him."

"This conception that I am doing God's work in the world gives me a certain self-satisfaction—not with the limitations of my power and the extravagances of my brain or hand—but a certain self-respect and force in the world. People like their religion to be what they call comforting. I want my religion to give me self-respect and courage, and I can do without comfort, without happiness, without everything else. This sort of faith really overcomes the power of death."

On the strength of this address Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent English scientist, whose recent utterances and articles on religious subjects have attracted world-wide attention, finds "Mr. Shaw also among the prophets;" and Mr.

G. K. Chesterton, the London author and journalist, draws the inference that it is impossible for a man in the modern world to be completely intelligent and a complete materialist. *The Christian Commonwealth* is convinced that Bernard Shaw, whatever one may think of his views, is "undoubtedly one of the people who

make history of the intellectual sort." It comments further: "Such utterances and episodes as these are indicative of the enormous change that has taken place in recent years in the attitude of the most brilliant intellects of the time to the problems with which religion concerns itself."

ORGANIZING CHRISTIAN WORKINGMEN IN GERMANY



IN order to counteract the anti-Christian tendencies of the Social Democratic movement, a concerted effort is being made, on the part of Christian leaders in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches of Germany, to unite the laboring people under the banner of Christian principles and teachings. As a result of this effort, a "Christian Social party," under the leadership of the ex-Court Preacher Stöcker, of Berlin, has already been organized, and several labor unions with a pronounced Christian and Catholic program, have been established under the patronage of Roman Catholic Archbishops. Moreover, the official heads of the Roman Catholic and Protestant labor unions have now joined in a public appeal to the working people of Germany to establish and maintain only such organizations as recognize the positive teachings of Christianity. The *Chronik der christlichen Welt* (Munich), which devotes the whole of a recent issue to this new movement, publishes the appeal in full. It is signed by Dr. A. Pieper, in the name of the Catholic labor unions of Western Germany; by E. Walterbach, in the name of the Catholic labor unions of Southern Germany; by Pastor Weber, as chairman of the united Protestant labor unions of Germany, and by the executive committee of the non-denominational Christian unions of the country. The appeal distinctly declares that the object of the new movement is not, and in the nature of the case cannot be, denominational, and bases its arguments on the assumption that there are fundamental teachings of the Christian religion maintained by both Roman Catholics and Evangelical Protestants. The need of the times, it says, is to root all the unions fairly and squarely in Christian principles; to consider labor in all of its relations from the Biblical standpoint; and to regulate the dealings between employers and employees in accordance with these principles, thus making labor unions and the labor movement important factors in

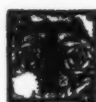
the interests of Christian culture and civilization. The appeal deplors the fact that hitherto so many Christian workingmen have stood aloof from distinctively Christian labor organizations, and maintains that the interests of both Christianity and labor demand a serious reform in this respect. Protestant and Catholic labor unions are described as "two great armies which the Christian workingman can employ in order to advance his best interests."

In connection with the appeal, the *Chronik* quotes from the *Wanderer*, the organ of some of these Christian unions, statistics showing the strength of the associations. While the Social Democrats are able to command several million votes, the non-Social Democratic organizations command only about 900,000, distributed as follows:

Christian Trade Unions.....	300,000
Catholic Labor Associations.....	300,000
Protestant Labor Associations.....	130,000
Catholic Journeymen's Unions.....	75,000
German National Clerk Association..	81,000
Trades Societies.....	120,000

Side by side with this joint movement there are also working class organizations specifically Catholic and Protestant in character. Of the latter the most prominent is a "National Christian Workingman's Committee," recently formed, with the sanction of Dr. Stöcker and Pastor Weber, for the purpose of electing Protestant candidates in the Parliamentary elections in 1908, and creating a party that shall represent the Protestants in Parliament, as the Center represents the Roman Catholic Church. A convention of the representatives of the Protestant organizations was held at the end of October in Cassel, and worked out a program in considerable detail, beginning with the words: "We stand on the ground of Evangelical Christianity." A convention on a still grander scale was held in Berlin in the last week in January. The movement has also spread to Holland, and has taken root there among the textile workers.

HARNACK'S NEW THEOLOGICAL DEPARTURE



HE latest work of Adolf Harnack, defending Luke's authorship of the book of "Acts," and constituting the *pièce de résistance* in a new series of special New Testament handbooks published in Leipzig, seems to confirm the claims of those who have all along maintained that in the brilliant Berlin theologian—now conceded to be the most famous and influential theologian of the Protestant world—there are two minds struggling for supremacy, one conservative and evangelical, and the other critical and neological. At any rate, he has managed to keep the theological world on the *qui vive* in regard to the trend and tendency of every book that he has published. It is scarcely ten years since he inaugurated a theological controversy by advising his students to ask that the Apostles' Creed be stricken from the ordination vow, on the ground that portions of it, notably the declaration in respect to the conception of Christ by the Holy Ghost and His birth from a virgin, no longer expressed the best results of modern theological research. Soon afterwards he delighted the conservative world with his "Chronology of the New Testament," in which he declared that the historical data found in the New Testament books could easily be understood as the outcome of a single generation's development, and ascribed to a number of New Testament books, especially the Pauline letters, an even earlier date than that claimed by such conservatives as Zahn. The cry that Harnack had become conservative, then raised, was effectually hushed by the appearance of his famous "Essence of Christianity," which takes the position that Jesus Himself finds no place in the gospel as He proclaimed it, and which has come to be regarded by friend and foe as a most perfect expression of modern radical New Testament criticism. Now Harnack has again turned upon his own tracks, and in this new work, entitled "Luke the Physician, the Author of the Third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles," has fundamentally, it would seem, gone over into the conservative camp. In fact, if not formally, the book recognizes the traditional authorship and authenticity of two New Testament books, and this in the face of the data and facts furnished by that inner literary criticism which is generally regarded as the last court of appeals in advanced circles. Incidentally, it may be suggested that the seem-

ing contradictions in Harnack's theological development can be explained psychologically by two facts. On the one hand, it must not be forgotten that this eminent German thinker came originally of strong and stalwart Lutheran stock, his father, Professor Theodosius Harnack, of the University of Rostock, having in his day been one of the most pronounced exponents of the strict Erlangen school. On the other hand, it is necessary to take account of the fact that Harnack himself received his theological training at a time when the principles of the new critical school were beginning to supersede the older doctrines in the universities of the Fatherland and in Protestant theology in general.

Harnack is now a decided defender of Luke as the author of both the third gospel and of the entire "Acts." It is the "Acts," rather than the book of Luke, which constitutes debatable ground for the theologians. Harnack appeals to the third gospel chiefly in confirmation of his claim that Luke is also the author of the "Acts." His line of argument is briefly this—that, as it is generally admitted, even by most critical scholars, that the so-called "We" section in the "Acts," i.e., those portions in which the writer speaks of himself as having participated in the events recorded, are genuine, this fact, correctly interpreted in the light of the third gospel, compels the acceptance of Luke as the writer of the entire book of "Acts."

Of even greater importance and value than his defense of Luke as the author of the "Acts" is Harnack's insistence that the contents of the book, despite some critical difficulties, are historically reliable and correct. Notwithstanding the claim of critics that the "Acts" is a one-sided representation, or rather misrepresentation, of the actual course of events, Harnack contends that Luke's account of primitive Christianity is substantially correct; that his story of the origin of the Church among the Gentiles is also in accordance with facts; that Paul's relation to the law is truthfully recorded; that there is no evidence whatever that the author has, in the interests of any peculiar tendency, suppressed or perverted the truth; that he is writing not as a panegyrist, but as an objective historian; and that as a literary production the "Acts" is a work of prime value and worth. According to Harnack's view, Luke was not even a blind dev-

otee of St. Paul—at any rate he hardly shared Paul's profound conceptions of sin and grace. He was rather a warm advocate of the Pauline doctrine of universal grace. In short, Luke's writings must be regarded as historical sources of the first quality. Harnack goes so far as to claim that primitive Christianity was fully developed, in accordance with Luke's accounts, between the years 30 to 70 A. D., and that this development took place in Palestine, and more particularly in Jerusalem. Only to a limited extent, he avers, was the early Christian Church affected by the pronounced Jewish influence in the provinces of Phrygia and Asia, and "the critical view," he continues, "which claims that early Christianity was developed under influences found throughout the Gentile diaspora and extending over a period of at least one hundred years, is incorrect."

Luke is not regarded by Harnack as reliable in every particular. The German theologian is inclined to doubt the authenticity of the reports of many miracles credited to the early

Apostles. He suggests that Luke at times accepted testimony from unreliable sources, as, for instance, in the case of the four daughters of Philip and their prophetic gift (Acts: xxi. 9).

These conclusions have aroused keen interest in theological circles. A prominent conservative paper of Leipzig, the *Kirchenzeitung*, thinks that "the modern critical school will scarcely thank Harnack for what he has written about Luke." It is significant that, with one or two exceptions, the advanced journals have preserved an awkward silence in regard to the unexpected turn affairs have taken. Even the *Christliche Welt*, of Marburg, generally fair even to opposition views, has given Harnack's new departure no serious attention. On the other hand, the conservative *Literaturblatt* of Leipzig, while welcoming Harnack's researches, claims that the problem is not yet fully solved and that more evidence is needed before it can be said to be proved that the contents of the book of "Acts" are perfectly reliable and correct.

MONCURE CONWAY'S PILGRIMAGE TO INDIA



HERE is a sense in which the life of Moncure Conway, from the beginning until now, may be described as the pilgrimage of a truth-seeker. He has journeyed far and long since the days when he began his Methodist ministry in the South, has seen the world from many angles, has undergone fundamental intellectual changes. Two years ago he published an autobiography which told of his acquaintance and conversation with many of the most eminent men of our age. Now he has written a kind of spiritual autobiography* in which he describes his journey to India in search of a truer wisdom than any he had known.

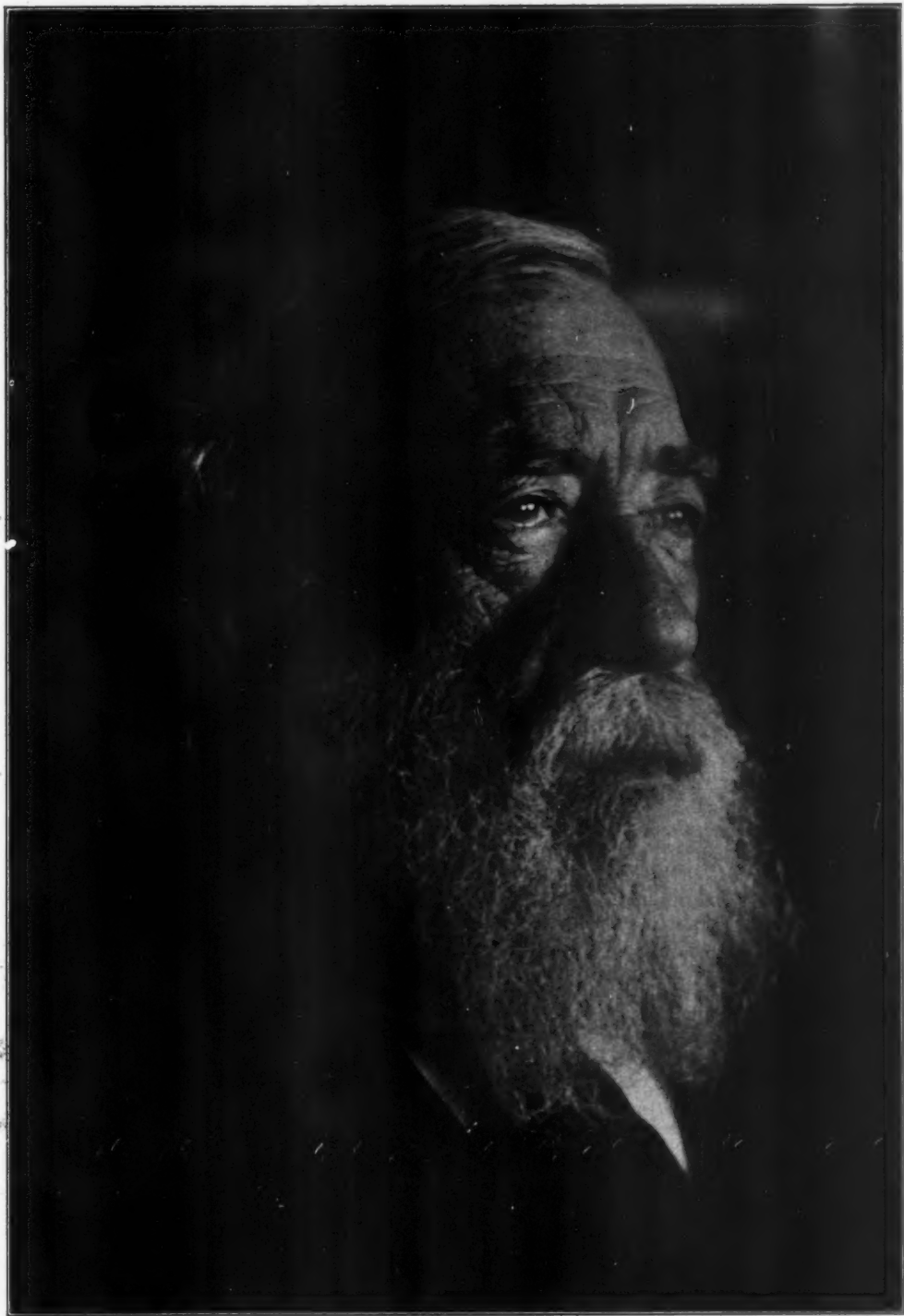
Mr. Conway had been for twenty years the leader of the South Place ethical congregation in London, when, in the summer of 1883, he was granted a vacation that made possible the fulfilment of a long-cherished dream. He was anxious to revisit America; to lecture in Australia; and, above all, to get a personal impression of the country which had always fascinated him more than any other, the coun-

try which may almost be described as the cradle of all religions—India.

"Grateful am I to sit at the feet of any master," says Mr. Conway, in a foreword to his present work, "and nothing could give me greater happiness than to find a master in the field to which the energies of my life have been given—religion and religions." It was in this spirit that he traveled to India, searching for "wise men" who could answer his questions and throw new light on the problems with which he had grappled. His quest, it may as well be said at once, was only in part successful. There are some things which mortal mind cannot compass, and before which the Oriental and the Westerner alike must stand mute. But, at least, in this unique pilgrimage, Mr. Conway succeeded in gaining a real insight into the Eastern mind; and in his new book he has interpreted that mind most suggestively, correcting many of the false ideas hitherto cherished by Europeans and Americans.

Almost all of the facts in regard to Indian religion, he thinks, have been colored by missionary partizanship. The sentiments ex-

*MY PILGRIMAGE TO THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Houghton, Mifflin & Company.



Photograph by Van der Weyde

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY

Whose latest work, describing his pilgrimage to "the Wise Men of the East," differs from other books of travel, says a London critic, "as a picture by a master differs from a photograph."



BUDDHIST PRIESTS OF CEYLON

During his sojourn in India Mr. Conway mixed freely with the priests, visiting them in their temples and theological seminaries, and discussing with them the problems of religion.

pressed by Bishop Heber in a famous hymn—

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile"—

are only too typical, avers Mr. Conway, of a certain kind of missionary spirit. Ever since our childhood we have been nurtured on stories of Indian idol-worship and the bloody car of the Juggenauth. But, as Mr. Conway explains, even the humble Indians do not worship idols in themselves. "The images are covered with symbolical ornaments," he says, "representing the character or legendary deeds of this or that divinity. Each divinity has a certain day in the month and a certain hour when he or she enters his or her temple, and by a temporary transubstantiation enters the image. After receiving due offerings the deity departs, and from that moment until the return of their festival the image is without any sanctity whatever." As to the Juggenauth story, Mr. Conway writes:

"I found learned men in India, both native and English, puzzled by the evil reputation of Juggenauth and his famous Car, throughout Christendom. He is a form of Vishnu, the Lord of Life, to whom all destruction is abhorrent. The death of the smallest creature beneath the wheels of that car, much more of a human being, would entail long and costly ceremonies of purification. It is surmised that the obstinate and proverbial fiction about the Car of Juggenauth must have originated in some accident witnessed by a missionary who supposed it to be a regular part of the ceremonies. There have been suicides in India, as in Christian countries, from religious mania, but the place where they are least likely

to occur is in the neighborhood of Juggenauth.

"The effort to prove that human sacrifices occurred under the Car of Juggenauth has totally failed. The lower classes still continue the animal sacrifices on great festival occasions, but one cannot say how far this is due to the motive of propitiation, or simply the continuance of old usages without any conscious purpose. At any rate, the presence of blood on any altar in India means a sacrifice to some demon."

During his sojourn in India, Mr. Conway had unequaled opportunities for conversing with the priests and sages, visiting the temples, and witnessing the religious ceremonies. "The Buddhist religion," he declares, "beginning with a philosophy that seems pessimistic—without deity or faith in any paradise, heavenly or millennial—has produced the happiest believers on earth;" and he says that while he was in Ceylon he did not see a single



SUMANGALA, THE BUDDHIST PRIMATE

One of the "wise men" whom Moncure Conway went to India to meet. Sumangala showed great cordiality toward the visitor, and when Mr. Conway lectured in Colombo, sat on the platform beside him.

child crying. He was greatly impressed by the care with which Buddhist families are instructed in the moral tales and parables of their religion. "While the Christian mother is telling her child the story of the Prodigal Son, the Pearl searched for, the Leaven and Meal, the Buddhist mother is telling her child tales and parables just as sweet; and so far as they come from the unsophisticated mother's heart such instructions are alike in justice and compassionateness."

Mr. Conway enjoyed the rare privilege of visiting Widyodaya College, a Buddhist institution not far from Colombo, and presided over by Sumangala, the Buddhist Primate and "Priest of Adam's Peak." He was admitted to the classrooms, and listened while the priest read an eloquent and moving plea for free thought, written by Buddha two hundred and fifty years before Christ was born. Then followed a colloquy, which Mr. Conway describes:

"Invited to question, I asked the priest about covetousness, and why it occupied such a cardinal place among the sins. I observed that all commerce is developed from man's desire for what belongs to his neighbor. I asked whether it might not be possible that originally the covetous eye meant the evil eye; it being still believed in some parts of England that if one strongly desires a thing belonging to another, that thing may be so rendered useless to its owner or even destroyed. The priests knew of no such superstition, and Sumangala said that covetousness was not associated with the things a man desired to exchange, and that it was regarded by Buddhism as especially evil because of its lasting effects. 'There are short sins and long sins. Anger is a great sin, but does not last long. Covetousness is a small sin, but endures long and grows. Even if a man loves his own things strongly, it brings unhappiness; still more if he strongly desires what belongs to others. He cannot ascend in the path of Nirvana—the extinction of desire. There are five sins especially destructive of what bears man to Nirvana, and these we reckon worst, though in immediate effects they may appear least.' 'But suppose,' I asked, 'a man strongly desires to go to heaven; is that covetousness?' 'Yes,' said the priest, resting his chin upon the table and levelling his eyes like arrows at the head of Christian faith; 'yes, it is covetousness to desire paradise strongly. One who goes there with such desires is as a fly stuck fast in honey. Paradise is not eternal. One who goes there



AN EASTERN RELIGIOUS ALLEGORY

This symbolical picture, presented to Moncure Conway by a devotee of the Jain religion in India, is supposed to represent the moral condition of mankind. A man has fallen into a well full of serpents, and is only saved from drowning by holding on to the branches of a banyan tree. From a honeycomb in the tree honey drips down to his lips. So absorbed is he in the sweetness of the honey that he does not notice the serpents, nor a rat gnawing the slender limb that he clings to, nor an elephant that will soon pull the whole tree down. Nor does he regard at all the priest who stands by, ready to save him if only he is willing.

must die and be born again elsewhere. Only the desire for Nirvana escapes from the mesh that entangles all other desires, because it is not desire for any object at all.' I asked: 'Have those who are in Nirvana any consciousness?' I was then informed that there is no Sinhalese word for consciousness. Sumangala said: 'To reach Nirvana is to be no more.' I pointed to a stone step and said: 'One is there only as that stone is here?' 'Not so much,' answered the priest; 'for the stone is actually here, but in Nirvana there is no existence at all.'"

Passing a temple one day on which were mural paintings representing monstrous hells and devils and the torture of human bodies, Mr. Conway asked a Buddhist scholar how it was that a religion of mercifulness could thus menace mortals with supernatural terrors. The Buddhist replied that it was the great aim of Buddha to save mankind from those sufferings. "But who, then," questioned the writer, "is responsible for the existence of such tortures in the universe?" "No one is responsible. These are the evils of nature, the conditions of existence, which no god or demon originated or causes, which not even the power of Buddha could abolish, but which he taught us how to escape." Wishing to know the popular, as distinguished from the theological, view of this matter, Mr. Conway

asked an intelligent layman what was his own view of punishment after death. His reply was: "None is ever punished by other than himself. All the evil that a man does during life, if not overbalanced by the good he has done, forms at his death a retributive self of that man; an image of himself, unconscious as a machine, tortures him according to his demerits."

The truest of all the Eastern religions, in Mr. Conway's estimation, is Zoroastrianism. It is based on the principle of dualism,—the eternal struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman, the Good Mind and the Evil Mind. Ormuzd, the "Shining One," is not in our modern sense a god at all. He is rather "a source of light, trying to inspire men and women to contend against the forces of darkness; he asks for no glorification, claims no majesty; he is lowly and in pain, and tells Zoroaster that he

is unable to achieve anything except through the souls of good and wise men and women."

In this connection Mr. Conway writes:

"In India I steadily realized not only that the true religion was that of Zoroaster, but that fundamentally the only practicable religion is the struggle of Good against Evil. That is what everybody is necessarily doing. Why, then, do I feel disappointed about these masses of the ignorant in India? I suppose that unconsciously I expected to see the great epics reflected in their religious festivals instead of sacrificial superstitions. But after all, were not these poor people struggling against Evil—disease, hunger, death—in the only way they could? . . . And when I hesitate about this, and fear that when Evils are resisted as persons—Satan, Ahrimans—the resistance is ineffectual, because unscientific, the overwhelming sense of Fate overwhelms me. A population of 300,000,000 whose most imperative religious duty is to multiply, must inevitably act inorganically. It cannot have the free thought or free agency of an individual."

THE RISE AND FALL OF DOWIEISM



ITH John Alexander Dowie incapacitated, and no longer able to lead the handful of followers that still remain loyal to him, what is to become of that curious addition to the world's religion, Dowieism? Will the principles which its founder laid down still be practiced by those who have rallied around Voliva, Dowie's former assistant, who led the revolt against him and brought about his unseating as the head of Zion City; or will the membership of his church gradually disintegrate and disappear as a religious body altogether?

These questions are raised by a writer in the *New York Sun*, and involve a unique chapter in the history of modern religion. It is but eleven years since "the Christian Catholic Church in Zion" was organized, and a much shorter time since Dowie told his followers, in a burst of pride, that the "estate of Zion," which he controlled, was "worth \$21,000,000 in this city and county alone." Dowie had world-encircling dreams, and for a while it looked as if they might be realized. He established branches of his church not alone in this country, but in Australia, in Germany, in England. He planned a new Jerusalem on the Nile, a colony in Mexico, a great temple in Zion City that should be a monument to the faith. Then came the New York crusade—and the beginning of the end.

"It was New York, the Relentless City,"

says Henry Underwood, a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, "that pricked the Dowie bubble." Mr. Underwood goes on to recall the salient features of those memorable days when Dowie and all his hosts descended upon New York and set up their tents—so to speak—in Madison Square Garden. He gives us a vivid picture of the first meeting of the crusade, attended by tens of thousands, and celebrated with noble music and solemn processional. The glamor of the occasion was only dispelled, he avers, by the "harsh, shrill, metallic voice" and "bullying spirit" of Dowie himself. To continue the narrative:

"Instead of being cowed the New Yorkers were bored. Very gently and quietly men and women arose singly or in little groups in various parts of the Garden. In the arena alone I estimated that between eight hundred and a thousand visitors were tiptoeing their way out with great decorum. They were too polite to whisper, but every face expressed the idea: 'Well, is that the wonderful Dowie? What in the world can any one see in him?'"

"And poor old Dowie, drunk with power, his judgment drowned by years of adulation, made at that moment the mistake of his life. His beady eyes became fiery points that darted the lightning of his wrath upon the departing ones. 'Sit down!' he yelled. 'You must sit down. You shall not go out.'"

"But the people placidly continued on their way. Dowie roared at them, his voice rising almost to a shriek. What was most impressive in the crowd's demeanor was that they did not even turn to look over their shoulders at the fat little

old man who was hurling billingsgate after them. They had come to the Garden to see and hear the Wonderful Dowie. Well, he wasn't wonderful at all, merely commonplace and abusive. So they were going as decently as possible out into the pleasant air and clean sunshine.

"Stop those people!" Dowie shouted. "Captain of the Zion Guard, I command you not to let one of them go out!"

"The captain drew up his Zion Guard in a thin blue line, but the departing New Yorkers were now in such a great mass that the Guard was swept away without a struggle. Their captain ran to Smiling Dick Walsh, the police inspector in charge.

"Stop them!" he panted. "They musn't go out."

"Hm!" mused Walsh, as he smiled and stroked his blue chin. "If you can show me any statute they're violating, I'll make arrests. But it isn't against the law to leave the Garden, you know." And the crowd having stopped to listen to the colloquy, began to laugh, all the more amused because Dowie was now yelling "Conspirators!" "loafers!" "ruffians!" and unprintable epithets after them.

"If only Dowie had controlled his temper that day—who shall say what a chapter he might have written in the history of marvellous pseudo-religions!"

The New York expedition cost Dowie \$500,000, and he never recovered from the defeat. His subsequent journeys to Mexico, and, further afield, to Australia and Europe, were unsuccessful, and were followed by domestic dissension and financial ruin. Zion City is now in the hands of a receiver, and has shrunk from a population of 12,000 or 15,000 to less than 4,000. The Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, in an article in the *Boston Transcript*, collects some interesting first-hand testimony showing the rapid disintegration of the city. Voliva's rule, it seems, is not popular. A former officer in Zion makes the statement: "The present head of the Church is tyrannous and cruel, carried away by the desire to rule." Another man, still in Zion but meditating withdrawal, expresses much the same sentiments. "Voliva resorts to the most abusive language," he says, "and is a man of tyrannical spirit. He is also a man of unbusinesslike methods, in whose control the affairs of Zion would not be safe." A third witness, a former elder, who has now turned his back on Dowieism and is going as a missionary to China, offers the following comment on Dowie and Zion City:

"My own opinions have been somewhat in flux. I recall many happy experiences in the work in Zion, when we went forth two and two in earnest work, the like of which I have never known for earnestness and love. But Dr. Dowie has been for years a puzzle to me. Whether his nervous disease is really a case of demoniacal possession

I am not sure. I have often heard him say he was conscious of another personality affecting him through a control which he called 'embodiment.' But I wearied of the denunciation, the pride, the overmastering love of power.

"To succeed widely, the Zion plan of destruction and reconstruction requires a great prophet with unmistakable divine authority and marked common sense, attested by a holy life and mighty miracles. No such man is in sight. When he appears we shall consider his message.

"Both the Dowie remnant standing pat and the Voliva reform party seemed unable to conceive of theocracy except as the lifelong supremacy of one man as ruler over all Christians on earth. This idea of theocracy is against the letter and spirit of the New Testament, taken as a whole; it is against history and the experience of the best men.

"The wholesale condemnation of all surgery (dentistry strangely excepted) is not warranted by a fair review of all the facts. Many, indeed, are harmed by surgery; many also are helped. True, it would be better if all would trust God and be quickly healed in answer to prayer. But to educate men up to divine healing is a slow process and is made slower by indiscriminate denunciation of all surgery.

"The Zion movement originally had noble aims, and much good was done in earnest rebuke of evil and in the rescue of many from sin and sickness. It was a vigorous attempt to restore a truly Christian and broadly Catholic church. We pray God to bless all who are led to work in separate and special movements. But let such also learn that God is great and good enough to continue to bless us who conscientiously abandon separatist movements and prefer to labor in some larger fellowship."

In the opinion of the *Sun* writer, already mentioned, Dowieism "is destined to be added to the long list of queer religious sects which have not outlived their founders." He says further:

"In fact, it is doubted by some persons if the Christian Catholic Church in Zion, the name given by Dowie to his organization, will outlast Dowie. Just at present its members seem to be more interested in getting back the worldly goods which they turned over to Dowie than in building up their Church.

"Dowieism seems to have been centered in its founder and leader. With their belief in his divine origin shattered, it would be unusual if his followers continued to subscribe to any of the tenets of the Church which he started."

The report that Dowie is now "stretched helpless in bed, his mind a wreck," is evidently an exaggeration. Dr. Barton speaks of receiving a letter from Dowie recently, in which the deposed prophet says that he looks on the disintegration of Zion City as the sure sign that in the end he will return to his own and be received by his people. "If he had physical strength," comments Dr. Barton, "his prophecy might come true."

A WORSHIPER OF BEAUTY AND OF POWER



ONE of the most brilliant of the younger English essayists, Mr. H. W. Garrod, of Merton College, Oxford, has lately given us a new definition of religion. "Religion," he says, "consists of an ardor of devotion which seeks ever to identify itself with the highest power and the most perfect beauty." "Power" and "beauty," he would have us understand, he interprets in the largest sense, including under the former term the Satanic, as well as the Godlike, forces, and under the latter the delights of friendship and travel, as well as of literature and the arts. And if it be urged that this is but "a sort of hedonism," he admits that the charge is true, adding, however, that it has been good for his own soul, and may be good for the souls of others.

Let every man ask himself, says Mr. Garrod, in a newly published book of essays,* what were the first objects to him of natural and spontaneous worship. "The first and most natural objects of worship," he thinks we must all admit, "are persons and places." He continues:

"Throughout life, in the religion of all men—whatever their creed—the worship of persons fills, as all men must know, a large space. The devotion to parents and brethren can never fail to be a large part of most men's religion. More passionate still, more religiously intense, is the devotion which we lavish in early youth, upon friends. Parents and brethren are a kind of divine accident. Our friends we have ourselves chosen out from the whole world; nor is the boy who, tho he dare not confess it even to himself, prefers his friend to his father, so unnatural as he may sometimes seem to the laudable jealousy of the latter. He is finding his religion, or a part of it. The worship of heroes, tho it be but a boy's worship, is in some sense a worship of God. Later comes the passion of love—in the popular signification of the word:

*'Ille mi par esse deo videtur,
Ille, si fas est, superare divos.'*

[He seems to me the equal of a god,
Yea, impious though it be, to surpass the gods!]

"I ask in all sincerity, and would desire that every one should answer to himself in equal sincerity: Did any man ever love God as he has loved some human beings? Did he ever derive from the love of God a greater inspiration for all good things and thoughts than from the love of some one or other child of earth? Did he never feel that in the love of some single human being he was loving God? 'Forasmuch as ye have done

it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me?'"

The emotion which attaches us to places is described as "strong and deep also, tho slower and more subdued." Many factors contribute to it. For him "who plows with pain his native lea" there is a real religion of the soil. Then again there is the spell of patriotism, and of scenic splendor. There are also historic ties, and ties half historic, half domestic. "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." To quote again:

"Other ties of a sort similar, or but little unlike, need hardly be spoken of. What is the source of the power of each and all of them I neither know nor ask to know. But I ask, is there not religion—not the whole of religion but much of it—in all of them? And if any man tells me that he does not worship these things, that it is not worship that he lavishes on father, fatherland, friend, hills of home, and the fields he played in, and rocks and streams,—I know that his 'own heart condemns him'; and the apostle who tells us that 'God is greater than our hearts' knew when, and in so far as, he said it, neither the heart of man nor the mind of God. Let us be honest, let us not, to escape an empty reproach of paganism, call those highest devotions and attachments of which we can have experience by any lower name than that of worship. Neither let us be afraid of making too strong these earthly ties. What we cannot but worship, that we should."

Religion, however, is much more than worship of persons and of places. These words but open up the way to larger horizons; and behind them both is "a whole world of mystery." Mr. Garrod recalls for us one place—the Brocken; and one person upon it—the person of Goethe. Goethe was not what the world would call a religious man, but when he stood for the first time upon the Brocken height his emotions found their natural expression in the words of the Psalmist of Israel, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou takest account of him?" and "the words he used," says Mr. Garrod, "gave expression to the sense which must be always with every man at all times when he reflects, the sense that he is ever in the presence of an infinite power imperfectly known." Then follows the argument:

"We are all of us worshipers of power—of mere and sheer power. We are too apt to suppose that worship is worship of the good. We have learned, indeed, that that is not so with the worship of savage or primitive races. Nor is it so, I believe, with a large part of the worship of

*THE RELIGION OF ALL GOOD MEN. And Other Studies in Christian Ethics. By H. W. Garrod, Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. McClure, Phillips & Company.

the so-called higher races. The darling of man, like that of nature, is still the strongest. I would even say that man is, must, and should be, largely a 'devil worshiper.' That, with regard to persons, the highest passion and devotion is often and knowingly lavished on objects the least worthy of it, is a commonplace. The Corsair of Byron had the love of a good woman, and it is the same with all Corsairs and the like of Corsairs. Nothing commands such devotion as power, and the devotion is legitimate. Goodness must stand in the cold disconsolate; and it is only loved when it is seen to be a higher power than mere power. Similarly in nature. The storm, the cataract, the avalanche, the earthquake, the terrors of deep and height—all these instruments of Satan are in greater or less degree *worshiped* by all men. They are worshiped because they are power. There is in this worship, as in all devotion, an *odi et amo*: therein lies the romance of it all. 'Love thou the gods by withstanding them,' says Sigurd the Volsung, and I could almost think it the last word in religion."

Mr. Garrod goes on to speak of the worship of beauty. "To some extent," he thinks, "beauty and power are interchangeable terms;" at least "it is certain that the order and harmony which are a part of beauty are a symbol of power." All human experience recognizes that a sensibility to the appeal of beauty should be recognized as inherent in the nature of religion. In this connection Mr. Garrod writes:

"We speak of the 'beauty of holiness,' and intend in so speaking to pay to holiness the highest

compliment in our power. The Greeks again, made a practical identification of the beautiful and the good. And poets and philosophers alike have identified the beautiful and the true. I would ask, also, Among the many emotions of life, which are those which, recognizing them to have been of the highest purity and excellence, we would most gladly recall? Sunset over the sea, a picture of Raphael, the cathedral of Milan first seen by moonlight—are not these and their like the kind of experiences in which we have seemed to ourselves to draw nearest to the best that life can offer in the way of emotion? Was there not *religion* in these?"

All this should not carry us so far from Christianity, says Mr. Garrod, in concluding. He adds:

"I pity the man for whom the services of the Church in which he was brought up have lost altogether their appeal. I pity the man to whom God is no longer a Father, though I hold no brief for Theism. I pity the man to whom the best of men is not still a Son of God. It is well that the imagination should dwell in these metaphors, though they may be but metaphors. Of the existence of a 'supernatural' God I think much what John Stuart Mill thinks: *it is a possibility*. I say only that we cannot worship a possibility. A *possible* God is a possible, and therefore not an actual, object of worship. None the less I feel no difficulty, I will not even admit any inconsistency, in regarding that variety of emotions which I call religious as a service to God the Father. I am myself a part of, a child of, that ever mysterious Power and Beauty which seem to me to be the real objects of all worship."

A NEW KIND OF IMMORALITY



CELANDIC mythology tells how the god Thor, when visiting the Giants one day, was challenged to lift a certain gray cat. "Our young men," they said, "think it nothing but play." Thor strained and strained, but could only succeed in lifting one of the creature's feet. The portent was so mysterious that he asked its meaning. "The cat—ah! we were terror-stricken when we saw one paw off the floor," replied the Giants, "for that is the Midgard serpent which, tail in mouth, girds and keeps up the created world."

This anecdote serves as a text for an article in the January *Atlantic*, in which Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross, of the University of Nebraska, endeavors to make us feel that new and subtle sins, as unyielding as the gray cat, are undermining our social fabric. He writes:

"How often to-day the prosecutor who tries to lay by the heels some notorious public enemy is baffled by a mysterious resistance! The thews

of Justice become as water; her sword turns to lath. Though the machinery of the law is strained askew, the evildoer remains erect, smiling, unscathed. At the end, the mortified champion of the law may be given to understand that like Thor he was contending with the established order; that he had unwittingly laid hold on a pillar of society, and was therefore pitting himself against the reigning organization in local finance and politics."

The real weakness in the moral position of Americans, continues Professor Ross, is not their attitude toward the plain criminal, but their attitude toward the quasi-criminal. And this attitude, he declares, is due not to sycophancy, but to perplexity. According to his viewpoint, we simply do not recognize the new sins as yet. To quote further:

"The immunity enjoyed by the perpetrator of new sins has brought into being a class for which we may coin the term *criminaloid* (like *asteroid*, *crystalloid*, *anthropoid*, etc. *Criminaloid* is Latin-Greek, to be sure, but so is *sociology*). By this we designate such as prosper by flagitious prac-

tices which have not yet come under the effective ban of public opinion. Often, indeed, they are guilty in the eyes of the law; but since they are not culpable in the eyes of the public and in their own eyes, their spiritual attitude is not that of the criminals. The lawmakers may make their misdeeds crime, but, so long as morality stands stock-still in the old tracks, they escape both punishment and ignominy. Unlike their low-browed cousins, they occupy the cabin rather than the steerage of society. Relentless pursuit hems in the criminals, narrows their range of success, denies them influence. The criminaloids, on the other hand, encounter but feeble opposition, and, since their practices are often more lucrative than the authentic crimes, they distance their more scrupulous rivals in business and politics and reap an uncommon worldly prosperity."

The key to the criminaloid, we are next informed, is not evil impulse, but moral insensibility. The director who speculates in the securities of his corporation, the banker who lends his depositors' money to himself under divers corporate aliases, the railroad official who grants a secret rebate for his private graft, the builder who hires walking delegates to harass his rivals with causeless strikes, the labor leader who instigates a strike in order to be paid for calling it off, the publisher who bribes his textbooks into the schools—these, says Professor Ross, "reveal in their faces nothing of wolf or vulture. . . . They are not degenerates, tormented by monstrous cravings. They want nothing more than we all want—money, power, consideration—in a word, success; but they are in a hurry, and they are not particular as to the means." The criminaloid may often be a very good man, judged by the old standards. Most probably he keeps his marriage vows, pays his debts, stands by his friends, and has contracted a kind of public spirit. "He is unevenly moral: oak in the family and clan virtues, but basswood in commercial and civic ethics." Of this type was Tweed, the Tammany boss, who had a "good heart," donated \$50,000 to the poor of New York, and was sincerely loved by his clan. To quote again:

"It is now clear why hot controversy rages about the unmasked criminaloid. His home town, political clan, or social class, insists that he is a good man maligned, that his detractors are purblind or jealous. The criminaloid is really a borderer between the camps of good and evil, and this is why he is so interesting. To run him to earth and brand him, as long ago pirate and traitor were branded, is the crying need of our time. For this Anak among malefactors, working unchecked in the rich field of sinister opportunities opened up by latter-day conditions, is society's most dangerous foe, more redoubtable by far than the plain criminal, because he sports the livery of virtue and operates on a Titanic scale. Every year that sees him pursue in insolent

triumph his nefarious career raises up a host of imitators and hurries society toward moral bankruptcy."

The plain criminal, we are reminded, can do himself no good by appealing to his "pals," for they have no social standing. The criminaloid, however, is shrewd enough to ally himself with some legitimate group, and when he is in trouble looks to his group to protect its own. Hiding behind the judicial dictum that "bribery is merely a conventional crime," boodlers denounce their indicter as "blackening the fair fame of his State." The law-breaking saloon-keeper identifies the interests of merchants with his by declaring that enforcement of the liquor laws "hurts business." When a pious fraud is unmasked, his pastor will declare: "Brother Barabbas is a loyal and generous member of our denomination. This vicious attack upon him is, therefore, a covert thrust at the church, and should be resented as such." High finance, coming to the defense of self-confessed thieves, will assert that it is "un-American" for an avenging public to "gloat over" the disgraces of the dethroned. In this connection Professor Ross writes:

"Here twangs the ultimate chord! For in criminaloid philosophy it is 'un-American' to wrench patronage from the hands of spoilsmen, 'un-American' to deal Federal justice to rascals of state importance, 'un-American' to pry into arrangements between shipper and carrier, 'un-American' to fry the truth out of reluctant magnates."

It is of little use, as Professor Ross points out, to bring law abreast of the time if morality lags.

"By the time new sins have been branded, the onward movement of society has created a fresh lot of opportunities, which are, in their turn, exploited with impunity. It is in this gap that the criminaloid disports himself. The narrowing of this gap depends chiefly on the faithfulness of the vedettes that guard the march of humanity. If the editor, writer, educator, clergyman, or public man is zealous to reconnoitre and instant to cry aloud the dangers that present themselves in our tumultuous social advance, a regulative opinion quickly forms and the new sins soon become odious.

"Now it is the concern of the criminaloids to delay this growth of conscience by silencing the alert vedettes. To intimidate the moulders of opinion so as to confine the editor to the 'news,' the preacher to the 'simple Gospel,' the public man to the 'party issues,' the judge to his precedents, the teacher to his text-books, and the writer to the classic themes—such are the tactics of the criminaloids. Let them but have their way, and the prophet's message, the sage's lesson, the scholar's quest, and the poet's dream would be sacrificed to the God of Things as They Were."

Science and Discovery

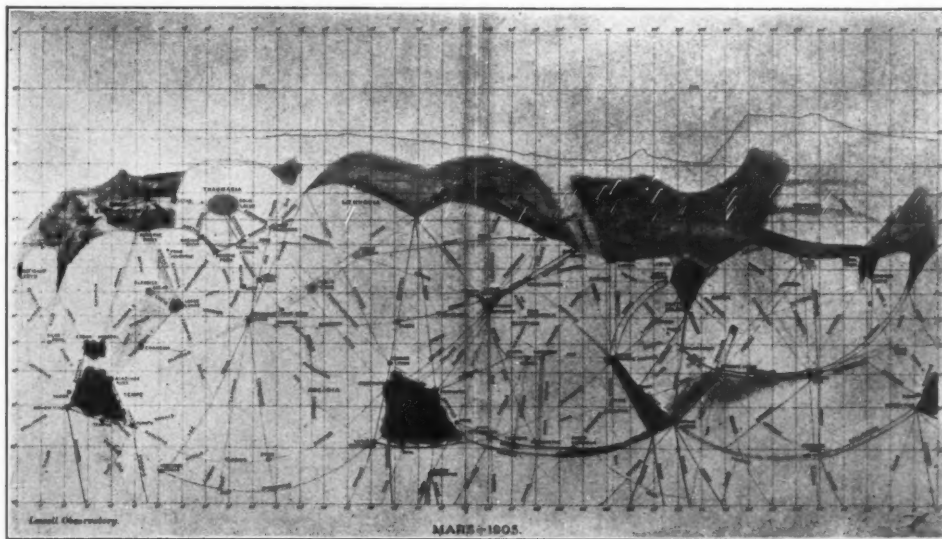
WHY THE DWELLERS ON MARS DO NOT MAKE WAR

MARS is inhabited by beings of some sort or other. So much is affirmed by that famous astronomer, Professor Percival Lowell, director of the observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz. This renowned authority likens the theory of the existence of intelligent life on Mars to the atomic theory in chemistry. Both theories lead to belief in units that cannot be defined. Both theories explain the facts in their respective fields, and they are the only theories that do so. "As to what an atom may resemble we know as little as what a Martian may be like. But the behavior of chemical compounds points to the existence of atoms too small for us to see, and in the same way the aspect and behavior of the Martian markings implies the action of agents too far away to be made out." So contends Professor Lowell in the new volume* setting forth the results he has arrived at after many years' practical observatory work devoted to Mars.

*MARS AND ITS CANALS. By Percival Lowell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company.

Girdling the globe of those who dwell on Mars and stretching from pole to pole, the Martian canal system, insists Professor Lowell (going farther on this point than any authority has yet done), not only embraces the whole planet, but is "an organized entity." Each canal joins another. There is in turn a connection with yet another and so on over the entire surface of the planet. This continuity of construction indicates "a community of interest." Mars is 4,200 miles in diameter. The unity of the canal system of Mars thus acquires considerable significance. The most gigantic work of human hands on earth seems petty in comparison.

The first deduction drawn by Professor Lowell in summing up the theory of the habitability of Mars is the "necessarily intelligent and non-bellicose character" of the community which thus co-operates over the entire surface of the planet. "War is a survival among us from savage times and affects now chiefly the boyish and unthinking element of the nation." The wise understand that there are better



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MAP OF MARS ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION

To the large spots, those of the first class, fall the places of intersection of the largest and most numerous canals, while the little spots make termini to fainter lines, ones that bear to them a like ratio of unimportance. Spots and lines are thus connected not simply in position but in size. The one is clearly dependent on the other, the importance of the center being gauged by the magnitude of its communications. This chart of Mars is one of the latest made, dating some eighteen months back and newly published by Professor Lowell's permission.

ways than battle affords of displaying heroism, other and more certain means of insuring the survival of the fittest. War is a thing that a nation outgrows. But whether they consciously practice peace or not, nature in the course of evolution practices peace for a race. After enough of the inhabitants of a globe have killed each other off, those who are left must find it to their advantage to work together for the common good. Professor Lowell adds:

"Whether increasing common sense or increasing necessity was the spur that drove the Martians to this eminently sagacious state we cannot say, but it is certain that reached it they have, and equally certain that if they had not they must die. When a planet has attained to the age of advancing decrepitude, and the remnant of its water supply resides simply in its polar caps, these can only be effectively tapped for the benefit of the inhabitants when arctic and equatorial peoples are at one. Difference of policy on the question of the all-important water supply means nothing short of death. Isolated communities cannot there be sufficient unto themselves; they must combine to solidarity or perish.

"From the fact, therefore, that the reticulated canal system is an elaborate entity embracing the whole planet from one pole to the other, we have not only proof of the world-wide sagacity of its builders, but a very suggestive side-light, to the fact that only a universal necessity such as water could well be its underlying cause.

"Possessed of important bearing upon the possibility of life on Mars is the rather recent appreciation that the habitat of both plants and animals is conditioned not by the minimum nor by the mean temperature of the locality, but by the maximum heat attained in the region. Not only is the minimum thermometric point no determinant of a dead-line, but even a mean temperature does not measure organic capability. The reason for this is that the continuance of the species seems to depend solely upon the possibility of reproduction, and this in turn upon a suitable temperature at the critical period of the plant's or animal's career."

This last point calls for a word of amplification. Contrary to previous ideas on the subject, the dependence of reproduction upon temperature was established in the case of the fauna of the San Francisco peak region in northern Arizona. The region was peculiarly fitted for a test because of its rising as a boreal island of life out of a sub-tropic sea of desert. It thus reproduced along its flanks the conditions of climates farther north, altitude taking the part of latitude, one succeeding another until at the top stood the arctic zone. It has been conclusively shown that the existence of life there was dependent solely upon a sufficiency of warmth at the breeding season. If that were enough, the animal or plant propagated its kind and held its foothold

against adverse conditions during the rest of the year. This it did by living during its brief summer and then going into hibernation the balance of the time. Nature, in a word, suspended her functions to a large extent for months together, enabling her to effect a resurrection when the conditions changed.

Thus hibernation proves to be a trait acquired by the organism in consequence of climatic conditions. Like all such, it can be developed only in time, since nature is incapable of abrupt transition. An animal suddenly transported from the tropic to a sub-tropic zone will perish. It has not had time to learn the "trick" of sleeping out a winter. "While still characterized by seasonal insomnia, it is incapable of storing its energies and biding its time." Given leisure to acquire the art, the ensuing existence depends upon the supply of heat in sufficient store to permit the vital possibility of reproducing its kind.

Diurnal shutting off of the supply of heat affects the process but little, says Professor Lowell. But a fall in temperature must not be to below the freezing point at the hottest season. So much is shown by the fauna of our arctic and sub-arctic zones, and, with even more pertinence as regards Mars, by the zones of the San Francisco Peak region, since the thinner air of the great altitude—through which a greater amount of heat can radiate off—is there substituted for the thicker one of different regions. We quote again:

"Now, with Mars the state of things is completely in accord with what is thus demanded for the existence of life. The Martian climate is one of extremes, where considerable heat treads on the heels of great cold. And the one of these conditions is as certain as the other, as the condition of the planet's surface shows conclusively. In summer and during the day it must be decidedly hot, certainly well above any possible freezing, a thinner air blanket actually increasing the amount of heat that reaches the surface, though affecting the length of time of its retention unfavorably. The maximum temperature, therefore, cannot be low. The minimum, of course is. But it is the maximum that regulates the possibility of life. In spite, therefore, of a winter probably longer and colder than our own, organic life is not in the least debarred from finding itself there."

Indeed, affirms Professor Lowell, the conditions appear to be such as to put a premium upon life of a high order. The Martian year being twice as long as our own, the summer is there proportionately extended. Even in the southern hemisphere, the one in which the summer is briefest, it lasts for 158 days, while at the same latitudes our own is but 90 days. This lengthening of the period of reproduc-



Photograph by Van der Weyde, New York

THE HIGHEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT OF MARS

Professor Percival Lowell has spent many years in careful study of the so-called Martian canals. He is looked upon as America's most eminent living astronomer. So valuable to science have been the results of his researches in connection with the habitability of the planet Mars that he was awarded the Janssen medal by the French Astronomical Society.



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THE CAUSE OF PEACE ON MARS

This picture of the north polar cap of the planet was made under Professor Lowell's supervision at Lowell Observatory some eighteen months ago, but has only recently been published. The sharpness of outline here shown is not so distinct as the telescope presents, but a vivid idea of the artificiality of the markings is afforded.

tion cannot but have an elevating effect upon the organism akin to the prolongation of childhood pointed out by John Fiske as playing so important a part in the evolution of the highest animals. Day and night, on the other hand, alternate there with approximately the same speed as here, and except for what is due to a thinner air covering reproduce our own terrestrial diurnal conditions, which as we saw are not inimical to life.

In this respect, then, Mars proves to be by no means so bad a habitat. It offers another example of how increasing knowledge widens the domain that life may occupy. Just as we have now found organic existence in abysmal depths of sea and in excessive degrees of both heat and cold, so do we find from exploration of our island mountains, which more than any other locality on earth reproduce the Martian surface, its presence there as well. In an aging world, again, where the conditions of life have grown more difficult, mentality must characterize more and more its beings in order for them to survive, and it would, in consequence, tend to be evolved. To find, therefore, upon Mars high-

ly intelligent life is what the planet's state would lead one to expect.

The next step leads to Professor Lowell's contention that the inhabitants of Mars cannot indulge in the practice of war at any spot on their globe. The compelling motive has to do with the necessity for husbanding water. Dearth of water is the key to the character of the canals of Mars. Water is very scarce on this far-off planet. So far as we can see, the only available water comes from the semi-annual melting at one or the other cap of the snow accumulated there during the previous winter. Beyond this, there is none except for what may be present in the air. Now, water is absolutely essential to all forms of life. No organisms can exist without it:

"But, as a planet ages, it loses its oceans, as has before been explained, and gradually its whole water supply. Life upon its surface is confronted by a growing scarcity of this essential to existence. For its fauna to survive it must utilize all it can get. To this end it would be obliged to put forth its chief endeavors, and the outcome of such work would result in a deformation of the disk indicative of its presence. Lines of communication for water purposes, between the polar caps, on the one hand, and the centers of population, on the other, would be the artificial markings we should expect to perceive.

"It is, then, a system whose end and aim is the tapping of the snow-cap for the water there semi-annually let loose; then to distribute it over the planet's face.

"Function of this very sort is evidenced by the look of the canals. Further study during the last eleven years as to their behavior leads to a like conclusion, while at the same time it goes much farther by revealing the action in the case."

The action in the case is the result of co-operation among all the inhabitants. This is the distinctive feature of life on Mars. All the beings on that planet must combine in a far more effective way for existence than conditions on earth necessitate. A war on Mars having anything like the aspects of those sanguinary conflicts of which the earth's history is so full would terminate the career of the Martians as effectively as the ravages of the Punic wars led to the destruction of Carthage. Irrigation on Mars is existence.

DISCOVERY OF A SUPPOSED PRIMITIVE RACE OF MEN IN NEBRASKA



N extremely low, receding forehead and high projections of bones just above the eyes drew the attention of Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn to the craniums discovered in Nebraska last July by Mr. Robert Fletcher Gilder. Dr. Osborn is Da Costa professor of Zoölogy in Columbia University, and he has distinguished himself in that school of anthropology which teaches that man reached America at a very early period. Yet no direct evidence that man did, in fact, reach our shores before a comparatively late stage in his development presented itself until the recent "find" in Nebraska of crania or skulls in the Missouri Valley near Omaha.

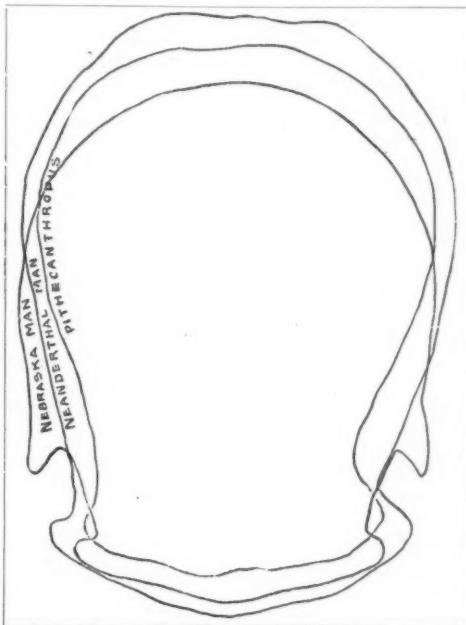
Dr. Osborn was impelled to conclude that these skulls, so far as photographs could indicate, had no Indian characteristics. He made a trip to Omaha, with the acquiescence of the authorities of the University of Nebraska, to which institution the "find" had been made over by Mr. Gilder. Altogether, Mr. Gilder had recovered parts of six skulls. Two of them, as Dr. Osborn relates in an article in *The Century*, from which magazine these details are borrowed, were of the modern Indian type. But the other four were of a more primitive type. Dr. Osborn separated the skulls into two lots. The two skulls having the larger brain cavities were found nearer the surface in a superficial layer. Beneath this layer was a stratum of ashes. Beneath the ashes was a deep and extensive layer of silt. The layer of silt had been compacted and hardened by the fire above. Beneath this earth the second lot of skulls was found. With these crania occurred other parts of skeletons. The only semblance of an implement was a small, broken, triangular flint knife.

Now, the comparisons which Dr. Osborn institutes between these Nebraska skulls and early cranial types in Europe—the three links in the chain of human ancestry—prove that the recent "find" tends to increase rather than diminish the probability of the early advent of man in America. The world has been afforded within a year, in other words, and within the limits of the United States, a glimpse into the ancestry of man that puts a new face upon anthropology. To quote from *The Century*:

"Virtually three links have been found in the chain of human ancestry. The earliest is repre-

sented by the Trinil man of Java, the discovery of which by DuBois, in 1890, aroused the widest interest. This pre-human species is known as *Pithecanthropus erectus*, in reference to its intermediate position between man and the anthropoid apes, and to its certainly erect carriage. In type it stands midway between the chimpanzee, which is the highest of the anthropoid apes, and the 'Neanderthal man,' or *Homo primigenius*, which constitutes the next higher link in human development. The German anatomist Schwalbe says that in its general structure it resembles the skull of the highest apes and most closely that of the chimpanzee, but in its details is unlike them all. . .

"The second great human type of Europe is the *Homo primigenius*, or 'Neanderthal man,' the top of a skull found, in 1856, in a cave in the valley of the Neander, near Düsseldorf. Schaaflhausen's detailed description of this Neanderthal man as extremely primitive aroused specially the adverse view of Virchow that the skull was abnormal or pathological. . . . All doubts as to the normal character of this cranium were entirely removed through the discovery, in 1886, by Fraipont and Lohest, in a cave near Spy in Belgium, of the skulls and skeletons of two persons, which in all essential points agree in character with the Neanderthal type. These skeletons are known as the



From Putnam's Monthly

CONTOURS OF SKULLS OF PREHISTORIC MEN

The Nebraska specimen indicates that it is of a remoter antiquity than either of the others, although the others are affirmed by anthropologists to date back to the period when mastodons were common. The Nebraska man whose skull is here contoured was undoubtedly a primitive type of mound builder.



RECONSTRUCTION OF THE HEAD OF THE
NEANDERTHAL MAN BY CHARLES R.
KNIGHT UNDER THE DIRECTION
OF PROFESSOR OSBORN

"I have endeavored to depict the facial characters of the Paleolithic men of Neanderthal, Spy, and Krapina as I can conceive them, with the skilful aid of Mr. Charles R. Knight, the well-known animal painter," writes Professor Osborn in *The Century*, from which this picture is copied. "It appears to me that the superior individuals of this race must have exhibited a resolute and determined type, characterized by alertness and considerable intelligence."

men of Spy. They enable us to reconstruct the entire head and the framework of the limbs of the men of Spy. Still another discovery, in a cave near Krapina in Croatia, of the Neanderthal man, we owe to Gorganowicz-Kramberger. In this cave were found also bones of many extinct animals, and these men of Krapina are even somewhat more primitive than those of the first Neanderthal discovery.

"The period of this Neanderthal man is that known as Moustiérien, or, in the middle of the Paleolithic Age. On this all the authorities agree. . . .

"To return to the recent discovery in Nebraska, the comparisons which we are able to make now prove that this cranium is of a more recent type by far than that of the Neanderthal man. It may prove to be of more recent type even than that typified by the early Neolithic man of Europe. Even if not of great antiquity it is certainly of very primitive type and tends to increase rather than diminish the probability of the early advent of man in America."

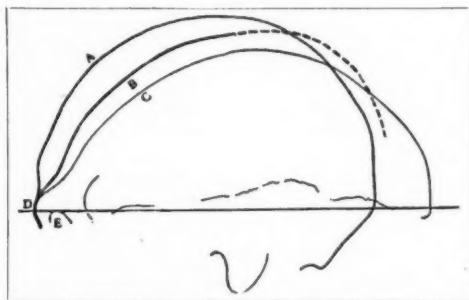
American anthropologists are divided into two schools of opinion on the question of the time of the appearance of man in America. There are those who believe that man reached America at a very early period, and among those who so contend is Professor Osborn. Other anthropologists believe that man first reached America in a late stage of development as compared with his history in Europe. The supreme importance of the

Nebraska discovery becomes evident. As Professor Osborn writes:

"During the early Pleistocene period, when we begin to find the first positive evidence of man in Europe, America, Asia, and Europe still formed one great continent, with a temperate climate in the northern portions, because the broad land ridge between America and Asia shut out the Arctic current, and the northern Pacific region was favored by what is now known as the Japanese current. In this period there culminated the great interchange of mammalian life between America, Europe, and Asia; America contributing to Europe its horses and camels, while Europe and Asia contributed to North America virtually all of the large existing fauna at the present time. But for this great contribution, North America would to-day be virtually barren, because the only quadruped of any considerable size, indigenous to North America, which survived the Glacial period is the prong-horn antelope. Europe sent us elephants and mammoths, which have become extinct, as well as all the great quadrupeds which still survive, as our moose, caribou, wapiti or true deer, Virginia deer, and, also, among Carnivora, the bear and the wolf.

"The primitive, or Paleolithic, man of Europe was a hunter. The earliest objects of human manufacture known are not utensils for the preparation of food, but weapons, of flint and stone, for the killing of game; the earliest works of art are representations of game animals, some of them of considerable artistic merit. There is no *a priori* reason why these Paleolithic hunters should not have followed the game in its exodus from Europe and Asia into North America; there is, on the contrary, much reason to believe that the older parts of Europe were already thickly populated, that there was considerable competition between different races of men in the chase. That hunting was carried on on a vast scale is proved by the enormous numbers of bones which were piled about some of the ancient hunting camps. For example, one of the bone heaps of the Solutrén period is estimated to include the remains of over 80,000 horses.

"Is it not *a priori* probable that man followed them, and crossed the great land ridge?"



From *The Century Magazine*

COMPARISON OF THE PROFILES OF THE
SKULLS OF PRIMITIVE MEN

A, skull found in the upper layer of the Nebraska mound. B, skull found in the lower layer of the Nebraska mound. C, the Neanderthal skull. D, brow or supra-orbital ridges. E, the orbits.

PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE BACTERIA AND OTHER LOWER ORGANISMS



PROF. H. S. JENNINGS, assistant in the chair of zoology in the University of Pennsylvania, was observing the behavior of an amoeba moving towards a Euglena cyst. The amoeba is a shapeless bit of jelly-like protoplasm, continually changing as it moves about at the bottom of a pool amid the remains of decayed vegetation. From the main protoplasmic mass there are sent out, usually in the direction of locomotion, a number of lobe-like or pointed projections, the pseudopodia. These are withdrawn at intervals and replaced by others. The Euglena cyst—Euglena is an organism—is sufficiently defined for the present purpose as a round mass floating in the environment of the amoeba, the prey of the latter.

When the anterior edge of the amoeba came in contact with it, the cyst rolled forward a little and slipped to the left. The amoeba followed. When it reached the cyst again, the latter was again pushed forward and to the left. The amoeba continued to follow. This process was continued till the two had traversed about one-fourth the circumference of a circle. Then the cyst, when pushed forward, rolled to the left, quite out of contact with the animal. The latter then continued straight forward, with broad anterior edge, in a direction which would have taken it straight away from the food. But a small pseudopodium on the left side came in contact with the cyst, whereupon the amoeba turned and again followed the rolling ball. At times the animal sent out two pseudopodia, one on each side of the cyst, as if trying to enclose the latter, but the spherical cyst rolled so easily that this did not succeed. At other times a single, long, slender pseudopodium was sent out, only its tip remaining in contact with the cyst. Then the body was brought up from the rear and the food pushed farther. Thus the chase continued until the rolling cyst and the following amoeba had described almost a complete circle, returning nearly to the point where the amoeba had first come in contact with the cyst. At this point the cyst rolled to the right as it was pushed forward. The amoeba followed. This new path was continued for some time. The direction in which the ball was rolling would soon have brought it against an obsta-

cle, so that it seemed probable that the amoeba would finally secure it. But at this point, after the chase had lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the ball was whisked away by one of those unicellular organisms known as infusoria.

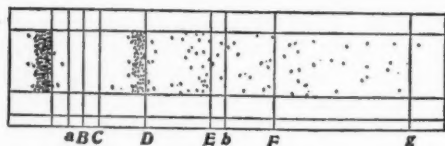
Such behavior on the part of an amoeba makes a striking impression on the observer, notes Professor Jennings in his elaborate work on the behavior of these low forms of life.*

For everywhere in the study of life processes we meet the puzzle of regulation. Organisms do those things that advance their welfare. If the environment changes, the organism changes to meet the new conditions. If the mammal is heated from without, it cools from within. If it is cooled from without, it heats from within. It maintains the temperature that is to its advantage. The dog which is fed starchy diet produces digestive juices rich in enzymes that digest starch. While upon a diet of meat it produces juices rich in proteid-digesting substances. When a poison is injected into a mouse, the mouse produces substances which neutralize this poison. But how can the organism thus provide for its own needs? To put the question in the popular form, how does it know what to do when difficulty arises? It seems to work towards a definite purpose. In other words, the final result of its action seems to be present in some way at the beginning, determining what the action shall be. In this the action of living things seems to contrast with that of things inorganic. It is regulation of this character that has given rise to theories of vitalism. The principles controlling the life-processes are held by these theories to be of a character essentially different from anything found in the inorganic world. This view has found recent expression in the works of a German scientist.

To return to the case of the amoeba. This jelly-like mass of protoplasm sometimes finds itself in an extremely inconvenient position. Sometimes an amoeba is left suspended in the water, not in contact with anything solid. Under such circumstances, the animal is as nearly completely unstimulated as it is possible for an amoeba to be. It is in contact only with the water and that uniformly on all sides. But

*BEHAVIOR OF THE LOWER ORGANISMS. By H. S. Jennings. Columbia University Press.

such a condition is most unfavorable for its normal activities. It can not move from place to place and has no opportunity to obtain food. Amœba has a method of behavior by which it meets these unfavorable conditions. It usually sends out long slender pseudopodia in all directions. The body of the animal may become reduced to little more than a meeting point for all these pseudopodia. It is evident that the sending out of these long arms greatly increases the chances of coming in contact with a solid body, and it is equally evident that contact with a solid is under the circumstances



Distribution of bacteria in a microscopic spectrum. The largest group is in the ultra-red, to the left; the next largest group in the yellow-orange, close to the line *D*.

exactly what will be most advantageous to the animal. As soon as the tip of one of the pseudopodia does come in contact with something solid, the behavior changes. The tip of the pseudopodium spreads out on the surface of the solid and clings to it. Currents of protoplasm begin to flow in the direction of the attached tip. The other pseudopodia are slowly withdrawn into the body, while the body itself passes to the surface of the solid. After a short time the amœba which had been composed merely of a number of long arms radiating in all directions from a center, has formed a collected flat mass, creeping along a surface in the usual way. This entire reaction seems a remarkable one in its adaptiveness to the peculiar circumstances under which the organism has been placed.

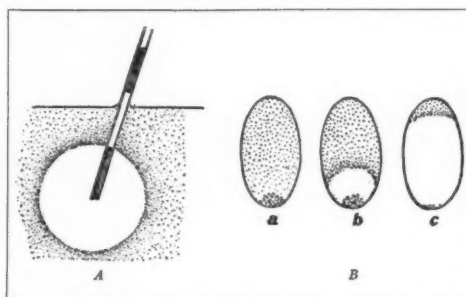
We now come to bacteria, which are perhaps the lowest organisms having a definite form and special organs for locomotion. In these characteristics they are less simple than the amœba, and resemble higher animals, tho in other ways the bacteria are among the simplest of organisms. Bacteria are minute organisms living in immense numbers in decaying organic matter and found in smaller numbers almost everywhere. They have characteristic definite forms. Some are straight cylindrical rods. Some are curved rods. Some are spiral in form. Others are spherical, oval or of other shapes. The individuals are often united together in chains. It is superfluous

for the present purpose to draw distinctions between disease-producing bacteria of various kinds—bacilli of typhus, diphtheria bacillus and the like. Bacteria are here viewed collectively. The purpose is merely to indicate their capacity to profit by their experience.

While some bacteria are quiet, others—we follow Professor Jennings, of course—move about rapidly. The movements are produced by the swinging of whip-like protoplasmic processes known as the flagella or cilia. The flagella may be borne singly or in numbers at one end of the body, or may be scattered over the entire surface.

In most bacteria we can distinguish a permanent longitudinal axis and along this axis movement takes place. Thus both the form and, in correspondence with it, the movement, are more definite than amœba. If the bacterium is quiet, we can predict that when it moves it will move in the direction of this axis. For amœba, such a prediction can not be made. In some bacteria the two ends are similar and movement may take place in either direction. In others the two ends differ, one bearing flagella while the other does not.

The movements of the bacteria are not unordered. They are of such a character as to bring about certain general results, some of which at least are conducive to the welfare of



REPULSION OF BACTERIA BY CHEMICALS

A, repulsion of one form of bacteria by malic acid diffusing from a capillary tube. *B*, repulsion of another form of bacteria by crystals. *a*, condition immediately after adding the crystals. *b* and *c*, later stages in the reaction.

the organism. If a bacterium swimming in a certain direction comes against a solid object, it does not remain obstinately pressing its anterior end against the object, but moves in some other direction. If some strong chemical is diffusing in a certain region, the bacteria keep out of this region. They often collect about bubbles of air and about masses of decaying animal or plant material. Often they

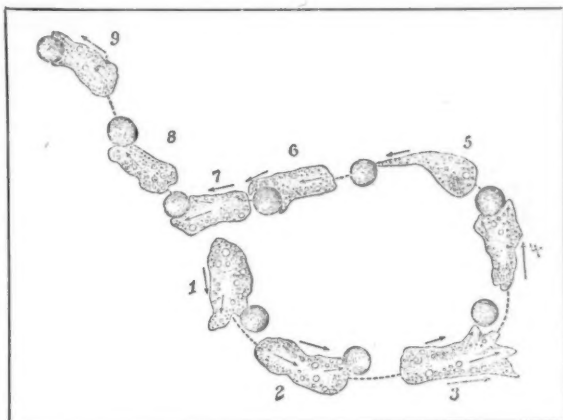
gather about small green plants, and in some cases a large number of bacteria gather to form a well-defined group without evident external cause.

How are such results brought about?

The behavior of bacteria under any form of stimulation to which they may be subjected depends on the nature of the normal life processes. Bacteria that require oxygen in their process of assimilation collect in water containing oxygen, displaying discrimination in their choice of environment when an alternative is afforded. Bacteria to which oxygen is useless or harmful avoid oxygen. Bacteria that use hydrogen sulphide in their life processes gather in that substance. Bacteria that require light for the proper performance of the assimilative process of their existence gather in light. Others do not. When one color is more favorable than others to the life processes, the bacteria gather in that color even though—strange as this may seem—they may under natural conditions have had no previous acquaintance with separated spectral colors.

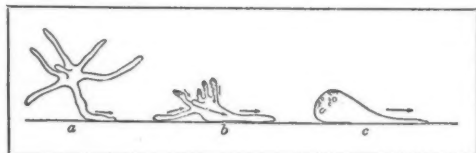
Keeping in mind that all these gatherings are formed through the fact that the organisms reverse their movement at passing out of the favorable condi-

entiated character, and acted under similar conscious states in way parallel to man? Professor Jennings is thoroughly convinced, after long study of this organism, that if the amoeba were a large animal, so as to come within the every-day experience of human beings, its behavior would at once call forth the attribution to it of states of pleasure and pain, of hunger, desire and the like.



Amoeba following a rolling *Euglena* cyst. The figures 1-9 show successive positions occupied by amoeba and cyst

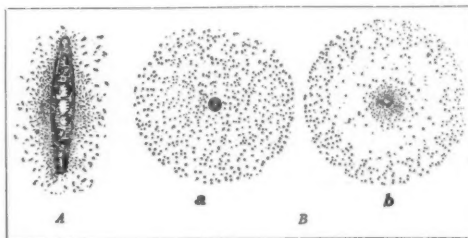
It might be inferred that such terms as pleasure and pain have only a limited meaning when applied to the lower organisms. But this is leaping at a conclusion. If words have meaning, it is correct to say that the bacteria enjoy themselves. They struggle for existence. The struggle implies all the victories and all the defeats attendant upon the struggle for existence among the highest organisms. The bacteria of an organic disease should be as capable of sensations as an elephant.



Method by which a floating amoeba passes to a solid.

tions, these relations can be summed up as follows: Behavior that results in interference with the normal processes is changed, the movement being reversed, while behavior that does not result in interference or that favors the processes is continued.

Why do the bacteria choose certain conditions and reject others? This selection of the favorable conditions and rejection of the unfavorable ones presented by the movements is perhaps the fundamental point. It is often maintained that this selection is personal or conscious choice. Now, is the behavior of these lower organisms of the character which we should naturally expect and appreciate if they did have conscious states, of undiffer-



Collections of bacteria about algae, due to the oxygen produced by the latter. A, spirilla collected about a diatom. After Verworn. B, bacteria gathered about a spherical green alga cell in the light. C shows the condition immediately after placing the bacteria and alga on a slide; no collection has yet formed. D, condition two minutes later; part of the bacteria have gathered closely about the cell.

BEHAVIOR OF THE BRAIN WHEN PIERCED BY A BULLET



THE consequences produced by a bullet crashing into the skull are often so difficult of explanation, according to the British surgeon, Dr. R. Lawford Knaggs, that the numerous experiments made to obtain a knowledge of their nature merit the closest study. Now there is a certain physical phenomenon so closely associated with the effects of bullet wounds that Dr. Knaggs alludes to it first of all. In hydrostatics there is a law known as Pascal's. This law is that pressure exerted upon a mass of liquid is transmitted undiminished in all directions and acts with the same force on all equal surfaces, and in a direction at right angles to those surfaces. The bearing of this law upon the subject in hand depends on the fact that the skull is completely filled with contents of various degrees of fluidity. During life the general sum of the fluidity is greater than after death. Thus there is the cerebro-spinal fluid in the ventricles and in the subarachnoid space, the fluid in the lymphatics and the blood in the vessels. The brain itself, moreover, is a soft and viscous substance. The cranial contents do not constitute a uniform fluid, but we should expect Pascal's law to apply to them.

The results of firing a bullet at a flat brittle bone and into a soft substance like the brain are very different. The bone is pierced and the lateral displacement of its particles is very slight; but the brain is thrown aside in all directions. The difference is due to the different degree of cohesiveness of the particles composing the two bodies or, in other words, to the greater fluidity of the softer structure. Next, the importance of fluid contents in intensifying the effects of a bullet fired through a closed receptacle is shown by one of Kocher's experiments. Two identical tin canisters were filled with equal quantities of lint, which in one was dry and in the other saturated with water. A bullet of moderate velocity fired through them simply perforated the dry one, but caused the wet one to burst explosively. Kocher also filled a skull with water and found that a bullet fired through it caused bursting of the sutures. Very remarkable is the shattering that results when skulls that have been filled with water or with wax are treated in this way, and if they are compared with others showing the effects of bullet wounds under normal conditions, it is

easy to appreciate that the variations presented are dependent, in part at least, upon the difference in the character of the contents.

Dr. Knaggs is quoted in the *London Lancet*:

"A great many bullet wounds of the brain prove rapidly fatal either from the initial shock to the brain or from the hemorrhage that follows and compresses it, and it can only be in very exceptional instances that surgery can be of any material use at this stage. But if the individual should survive these dangers he still has to reckon with the possibilities of sepsis and in preventing or combating these the surgeon is by no means helpless. The risks of sepsis in these cases are such as are common to all compound depressed fractures of the skull and do not call for any special comment. But the bullet is a special feature and its relation to the question of sepsis is of considerable moment.

"It has been taught that the heat developed in the bullet when it strikes the body is sufficient to render it aseptic, but that idea is disproved by the fact that 'a bullet deformed by impact may inclose a hair or a piece of wood without these being in the least degree altered by heat.' On the other hand, its smooth surface, the heat developed at the moment of firing and from the friction in the barrel, as well as the effect of the friction of the air in its course, are all in favor of rendering it surgically clean at the moment when it enters the body. . . .

"Now how does this explosive force tend to produce death? Remember that it is propagated through the cerebral tissues in all directions against the hard and unyielding skull, not only toward the vertex, but also toward the base, and that if it is insufficient to burst open the cranium it will be reflected on to the brain. In such cases the surface of the brain, both at the base and elsewhere, shows numerous points of bruising as a result of the forcible contact produced between it and the bone. Moreover, in the floor of the fourth ventricle are two very important nerve centers—the center for the respiratory movements and the nucleus of the vagus, the nerve which is able to inhibit the action of the heart. These ganglia suffer with the rest of the brain from the general eccentric shock which follows the entry of the bullet. . . . It is the respiratory center that fails first and when death is taking place the heart will often continue to beat for some time after all respiratory movements have ceased. So Horsley found that when a bullet was fired into the cranial cavity, complete arrest of respiration followed. But the heart continued to beat and when artificial respiration was performed the animal recovered from what would otherwise have been a fatal arrest. But if this immediate shock to the respiratory center does not prove fatal another rise of intracranial pressure very frequently follows. This second increase of tension is due to hemorrhage taking place within the skull and as the blood accumulates the respiratory center is once more paralyzed, the vagus center is irritated, the heart's action is slowed, and death results."

MISUSE OF HYPNOTISM IN SECURING CONFESSIONS OF CRIME

SOME little time before or after midnight on a January day last year a young married woman, by name Mrs. Bessie M. Hollister, was brutally murdered in Chicago. Immediately after the discovery of her body a young man, Richard Glines Ivens, was arrested and charged with the crime. It is alleged that he almost immediately confessed that he was guilty. He was tried by judge and jury, sentenced to death and duly executed last year. Nevertheless psychologists of international fame, including Professor Hugo Munsterberg and Professor William James, have asserted that young Ivens fell a victim to "popular ignorance of morbid psychology." In other words, his detailed confession of the crime was hypnotically suggested to the lad. Whether guilty or innocent, the case of this Chicago youth has already become classic in the annals of psychology, having been commented upon as far away as Paris by so eminent a psychologist as Professor Charles Richet, of the University of Paris. The inference of the most eminent of these authorities is that the confession of Ivens was "grafted" upon his intellect by the hypnotic suggestion to which the police subjected it. Dr. J. Sanderson Christison speaks as follows of the hypnotic state in general.

"In a hypnotic state the most absurd notions can be imposed upon a subject without arousing in him any sense of incongruity. He will show memory interruptions, irregularities of the will, inhibitions of faculty and a capricious and altered manifestation of personality. Absurd ideas may not only be grafted upon the subject's mental condition, but he can be led to believe and assert successive slight modifications suggested to him, while he may be opposed to other suggestions. For example, Dr. A. Stoddard Walker (in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, January, 1898) cites the example of a hypnotic patient who doubted the suggestion when only warned that a certain person disliked him, but when told next day that the same person only waited for an opportunity to poison him, he immediately acted on the suggestion. Of course, hypnotic manifestations vary with personal peculiarities.

"The hypnotic state is allied to somnambulism or sleep walking, with which it is often practically identical. It may be spontaneously induced or it may result from the operation of outside influence. It is more readily induced in persons with certain peculiar conditions of the nervous system, which may not be particularly noticeable on the surface, such as hysterical qualities. The hypnotic state may be entered upon quickly or gradually, and may also pass off in the same manner, whether it lasts for moments or for weeks.

"It is most frequently induced by external conditions and commonly requires counteracting conditions to relieve it.

"An example of spontaneous or 'self-suggestion,' which finally resulted in the subject 'confessing' to a murder, was told the other day by Dr. Hastings H. Hart, superintendent of the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, having offices in the Unity Building, Chicago. The subject was a girl he knew in Minnesota. She was fifteen years of age when her story became so burdensome to her conscience that she was impelled to 'confess' it. She declared that some years before, when living in Indiana, she became jealous of another girl and killed her with an ax. Thoro investigation, however, disclosed the fact that no death had occurred in the family named."

Dr. Christison insists that an innocent young man was hypnotized to the gallows in this Ivens case in accordance with a regular police practice. "It will be recalled by many," he writes, "that an innocent man was made to confess to the car-barn murder on the south side of Chicago over two years ago." How many other innocent men have been made to confess and sent to prison will, thinks this authority, never be known.

Dr. William James, the eminent professor of psychology at Harvard, says he can see, by reading the testimony at the trial of Ivens, that one might get the notion of the lad as "a sort of half-witted brute" with no intellectual resources, trying to screen himself or rather his first confession of the crime by the plea of not remembering the fact of it. To quote Professor James:

"If one rules out the collateral evidence, and takes the Ivens utterances alone, I think one stands between the two horns of a psychological dilemma; and either horn is antecedently so improbable that I can excuse an ordinary judge and jury for ignoring it. I mean that, *whether guilty or not guilty*, Ivens must have been in a state of dissociated personality, so exceptional that only experts could be expected to treat it as credible.

"If guilty, he must have lapsed into that state spontaneously shortly before doing the crime, and emerged from it only after he had been some days in prison. During it he made his confession, and was then so contracted in his field of consciousness as hardly to realize the significance of either the confession or the crime. (I have known a very similar case, with more complete amnesia afterwards.)"

If Ivens was innocent, on the other hand—and Dr. James inclines to that view strongly, as he says himself—the shock of his experience with the police threw him into a state which rendered the extortion of any kind of confession easy. "He was probably hypnotized by the police treatment," writes Pro-

fessor James of the rigorous pressure brought to bear upon Ivens by the authorities. Professor Munsterberg goes even further. He calls the execution of Ivens a judicial crime. He has studied mental abnormalities for years and has hypnotized many persons in that time. "I feel sure that the so-called confessions of Ivens are untrue," he declares. "He had nothing to do with the crime." And Dr. Max Meyer, Professor of Experimental Psychology at the University of Missouri, thus writes:

"(1) It is highly improbable that Ivens committed the crime. I might just as well think of having committed it myself.

"(2) There is no doubt to my mind that Ivens, while being questioned by the police officers, for some time at least, was in a state of hypnosis.

"(3) There is no doubt to my mind that the 'confessions' are the direct or indirect outgrowth of injudicious suggestions, coming from the police officers, received by Ivens during the abnormal mental state above mentioned.

"(4) The jury was incompetent for this case. None of the members of the jury could possibly understand the psychological factors of the case."

THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN SENTIMENT AND PHYSIOLOGY IN DIET



WO great questions have to be considered in thinking out the diet of human kind, according to that eminent student of the subject, Dr. Josiah Oldfield. There is the physiological problem, he says, of what will nourish the body cells, and there is the interlinked mental problem of what will satisfy the esthetic nature.

Most writers on diet ignore this latter problem. They are quite satisfied to talk about tables of nutrition and percentages of nitrogen and carbon, as if these comprehended the diet question. Those, however, who have studied human beings as living personalities and not as cog wheels have discovered that sentiment plays a most important part in diet. The influence of sentiment on diet is increasing with the evolution of higher art and higher ethics.

Men in the medical profession are constantly faced with sentiment set on edge. Physicians are often taxed to the uttermost to harmonize the physiological food which they want to prescribe and the sentimental objection to it which patients most acutely manifest. There is the common illustration which every one meets a thousand times in a lifetime, of the girl whose functions need much fat but whose stomach rebels at the very thought of fat meat. The mother tries persuasion and entreaty and threats and penalties. But nothing can overcome the artistic development in the girl's nature which makes her revolt at the bare idea of putting the fat piece of a dead animal between her lips.

But since it is fat that is needed, and not fat meat, the antagonism that exists between physiological needs and artistic sentiment is got over by those who are endowed with sufficient common sense by obtaining the fat from a non-meaty source. Again and again Dr.

Oldfield affirms he has said to a patient: "Now, what you want is more fat. You must take plenty of fat." "Oh, but, doctor," is so often the answer, "I can't bear fat." "Don't you like butter?" Dr. Oldfield replies. "Oh, yes, I like butter." "Well," is the rejoinder, "did you ever see any lean butter?" "Oh, no, but I thought you meant fat meat." Dr. Oldfield proceeds, in *Chambers's Journal*:

"There is no doubt about it, hide it as one may, there is something in the very idea of eating a dead body which is repulsive to the artistic man and woman, and which is attractive to the hyena and the tiger. The poet who recognized that there was a tiger-side to man recognized, too, that it was the lower and the evanescent and the transitional, and that there was also an angel-strain in the human race, and that this is the higher and the progressive and the permanent. The tendency of an advancing evolution is to war out the ferocity of the tiger and the vacuous imitativeness of the ape, and let the grace of the angel live.

"This law holds as good of food as it does of all other fields of human activity. We are, therefore, perforce driven to face the problem of evolution in dietary, and to ask ourselves in what direction and on what lines this evolution tends. To me, the development of humaneness and esthetics necessarily makes for an increasing bias towards a humane and esthetic dietary. Whether we search in the majestic language of the prophets, or in the sweet melodies of great poets, or in the weighty thoughts of meditating philosophers, or in the fairy visions of romancers, or whether we turn to the brush-pictures of inspired painters, or to the imperishable mementoes of sculptors' dreams, we find that the aspiration of the upward-gazing man is towards the simpler life in food, and towards a bloodless, guiltless feast, and towards the products of the orchard and the harvest-field, and the vineyard and the olive-yard, and away from the shambles and the stockyards and the gore-stained slaughter-dens.

"My opinion, after a quarter of a century's study of diet, is that the future lies with the fruitarian, and that the practice of flesh-eating will become more and more relegated to the lower classes and to the unimaginative-minded."

Recent Poetry



REVIEWING recently eleven volumes of dramatic poetry by British bards of today, the London *Academy* calls attention to the fact that not one of them deals with events later than the time of the Borgias. "Has nothing happened since, or nearer home," it pertinently asks, "worthy of the dramatic poet's consideration?" Then *The Academy* quotes this passage from Emerson:

"For the experience of each new age requires a new confession, and the world seems always waiting for its poet. . . . We do not with sufficient plainness, or sufficient profoundness, address ourselves to life, nor do we chant our own times and social circumstances. . . . Banks and tariffs, the newspaper and caucus, methodism and unitarianism, are flat and dull to dull people, but rest on the same foundation of wonder as the town of Troy, and the temple of Delphos, and are as swiftly passing away."

This noble passage might serve as a sort of Magna Charta for the whole poetic guild. What it implies is that the true poet must be a seer. We all know it and feel it, and every writer of verse is striving to prove that the seer-like qualities are his. Yet how few great seers a generation has, and how seldom one of these becomes also a master of form. Wordsworth, Carlyle, Browning, Emerson, Whitman,—all had the seer-like qualities and all were notoriously careless as to forms of expression. The only man now living and writing in English whom we would dare to name as a member of the same brotherhood is Kipling, who also has taken undue liberties with poetic form and even with the English grammar.

For a few brief minutes we thought when the other day we opened a little volume by William Ellery Leonard, of Madison, Wisconsin, that a new seer had begun to speak to us. The little volume, entitled "Sonnets and Poems," announces that it is "sold by the author," and it bears the imprint of no publishing house—a fact that will deter most critics from going further into it than the title-page. But even there something worth while is found in this quotation from the Koran: "The Heavens and the Earth, and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?" The "Dedication" also arrests attention:

Ye gave me life and will for life to crave;
Desires for mighty suns, or high, or low,
For moons mysterious over cliffs of snow,
For the wild foam upon the midsea wave;
Swift joy in freeman, swift contempt for slave;
Thought which would bind and name the stars
and know;
Passion that chastened in mine overthrow;
And speech, to justify my life, ye gave.

Life of my life, this late return of song
I give to you before the close of day;
Life of your life! which everlasting wrong
Shall have no power to baffle or betray,
O father, mother!—for ye watched so long,
Ye loved so long, and I was far away.

The whole volume is one of distinct promise, but it is obviously the work of one whose imagination has been more often kindled by what he has read than by what he has seen for himself. But his aspirations are fine and his gift of poetic expression is most admirable. We quote two of the most representative poems:

ANTI-ROCOCO

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I would make mention of primeval things,
Oceans, horizons, rains, and winds that bear
Moist seeds from isle to isle, caves, mountain air
And echoes, clouds and shadows of their wings
On lakes or hillsides, autumns after springs
In starlight, sleep and breathing and the bare
Of life's reveille, love, birth, death and care
Of sunken graves of peasants as of kings,

The wide world over,—

O be bold, be free!
Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace!—
And stand, man, woman, on the slope by me,
O once again before the universe,
O once again with Nature face to face!

COMPENSATION

BY WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

I know the sorrows of the last abyss;
I walked the cold black pools without a star;
I lay on rock of unseen flint and spar;
I heard the execrable serpent hiss;
I dreamed of sun, fruit-tree, and virgin's kiss;
I woke alone with midnight near and far,
And everlasting hunger, keen to mar;
But I arose, and my reward is this:

I am no more one more amid the throng;
Tho name be naught, and lips forever weak,
I seem to know at last of mighty song;
And with no blush, no tremor on the cheek,
I do claim consort with the great and strong
Who suffered ill and had the gift to speak.

Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, another of the quite young and quite promising poets of America, whose plea for more passionate poetry we recently quoted in another department, has written a poetic sequence entitled "Amor Triumphans," selections from which are published in the December number of *The Pathfinder*, the little magazinelet printed by the University Press of Sewanee, Tennessee. The selections are preceded by a letter from Arthur Symonds, who praises Mr. Lewisohn's work as "human and direct," and declares that

he will be surprised if it does not meet with immediate recognition. We quote the following selections:

IF THOU FORGET

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN.

If thou forget, beloved, there shall be
No music and no laughter left for me,
No rising of dead stars forever set,
If thou forget.

If thou forget, the bitter memories
Shall press no tears from hot, unsleeping eyes,
But pale and passionless my life shall be,
No music and no laughter left for me,
Beneath dread skies in which all stars have set,
If thou forget.

If thou forget, strange Autumns shall arise,
With sobbing winds, and weary rain-sweet skies,
Weary as wind or rain my life shall be,
Alone with bitter, burning memories,
No music and no laughter left for me
In those dim days when all my suns have set,
If thou forget.

The following is also a part of Mr. LewisoHN's poetic sequence, but is complete in itself. It is a splendid expression of the feelings of a young man who, sojourning still amid academic scenes, hears the call of the larger life. This at least is the interpretation that occurs to us:

THE GARDEN OF PASSION

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The lustrous flowers pale
Under the whiteness of innumerable
Great stars.
The winds arise and blow
A thousand fallen petals ruthlessly
Adown the garden-slopes, and from afar
Sounds the reiterate thunder of the sea.

Free lie the fields before me and the hills
And farther ocean. How the Autumn wind
Stirs the adventurous blood to immemorial
Dreams of strange lands and seas
In the illimitable West.
Not vain its call, for heart and blood have leapt
Swift at its coming, and I follow soon
The guidance of the wind and of the stars.

Soon, yet I tarry. Ah, how pale the flowers
That I have loved, how all their luring grace
Droops, fades and dies beneath these Norland
stars.

Here are no lilies, here no violets,
But blooms of ancient passions, dead desires,
Loves monstrous and unspeakable that stirred
Old unremembered kings in Babylon,
And priests of Ashtoreth upon the shore
Phœnician and the Lebanonian heights;
Blossoms that twined about the Phrygian oaks
And heard the madd'ning cymbals clash
When the fierce rout of priests
Worshiped the goddess upon Dindymus.

Here burns the lotus of the Nile, and there
The purple flower that broke
Into brief bloom where once Adonis fell,
Mourned by the maidens of the Asian shore
In deathless hymns of yearning.
The white narcissi of the Attic fields
Still flash beside the lake, and farther on
Dream passion-flowers on His agony.
How pale the flowers are—I must arise
And go unto the hills, and freely go,
Lest the winds die and the flower's pallor pass
Into golden glory and terrible tongues of flame,
And the ancient fervor throb in my racing blood,
Beautiful, unendurable and accurst.

The stars, visible deities, crown the hills
Forever. The winds are up, and the forest,
A primeval harp,
Responds with voices multitudinous;
And I were glad and free, but that the shadow
Of a dream of a garden haunts me, haunts me,
Till stars and forest and everlasting hill
Are desolation and endless desert spaces,
To the dream of a garden of unendurable blooms.

Impressionistic, colorful, decadent, are the adjectives that come to our mind as we read Arthur Symons' new volume, "The Fool of the World and Other Poems" (John Lane). The title-poem is a morality, in which Death, "the fool of the world," plays the chief part, attended by the Spade, the Coffin, and the Worm. It is too long to quote entire, and does not lend itself readily to quotation. We make selections from the other poems instead:

LONDON.

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

The sun, a fiery orange in the air,
Thins and discolors to a disc of tin,
Until the breathing mist's mouth sucks it in;
And now there is no color anywhere,
Only the ghost of grayness; vapors fill
The hollows of the streets, and seems to shroud
Gulfs where a noise of multitude is loud
As unseen water falling among hills.
Now the light withers, stricken at the root,
And, in the evil glimpses of the light,
Men as trees walking loom through lanes of night
Hung with the globes of some unnatural fruit.
To live, and to die daily, deaths like these,
Is it to live, while there are winds and seas?

THE LOVERS OF THE WIND

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

Can any man be quiet in his soul
And love the wind? Men love the sea, the hills:
The bright sea drags them under, and the hills
Beckon them up into the deadly air;
They have sharp joys, and a sure end of them.
But he who loves the wind is like a man
Who loves a ghost, and by a loveliness
Ever unseen is haunted, and he sees
No dewdrop shaken from a blade of grass,
No handle lifted, yet she comes and goes,
And breathes beside him. And the man, because
Something, he knows, is nearer than his breath

To bodily life, and nearer to himself
Than his own soul, loves with exceeding fear.
And so is every man that loves the wind.
How shall a man be quiet in his soul
When a more restless spirit than a bird's
Cries to him, and his heart answers the cry?
Therefore have fear, all ye who love the wind.
There is no promise in the voice of the wind,
It is a seeking and a pleading voice
That wanders asking in an unknown tongue
Infinite unimaginable things.
Shall not the lovers of the wind become
Even as the wind is, gatherers of the dust,
Hunters of the impossible, like men
Who go by night into the woods with nets
To snare the shadow of the moon in pools?

A SONG AGAINST LOVE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

There is a thing in the world that has been since
the world began:
The hatred of man for woman, the hatred of
woman for man.
When shall this thing be ended? When love
ends, hatred ends,
For love is a chain between foes, and love is a
sword between friends.
Shall there never be love without hatred? Not
since the world began,
Until man teach honor to woman, and woman
teach pity to man.

O that a man might live his life for a little time
Without this rage in his heart, and without this
foe at his side!
He could eat and sleep and be merry and forget,
he could live well enough,
Were it not for this thing that remembers and
hates, and that hurts and is love.
But peace has not been in the world since love
and the world began,
For the man remembers the woman, and the
woman remembers the man.

We find no very original note in the volume
entitled "The Days That Pass," written by Helen
Huntington and published by John Lane. But
we find much that is graceful and attractive. This
for instance:

VALUES

BY HELEN HUNTINGTON

"What shall I gain, O Tempter!
if I throw my heart to the crowd?"
"Fame," he replied, "and curious glance,
and praises ringing loud."

"What in exchange, O Tempter!
if I drown my love in the sea?"
"Sleep," he replied, "and quiet days with
never a memory."

"And what for reward, O Tempter!
if I dig a grave for my dreams?"
"Peace," he replied, "and pride of place
and all that the world esteems."

"And what at the end, O Tempter!
when I reach the farthest goal,
And stand alone at the gates of Night,
a poor little naked soul?"

The note of personal experience is stronger
in another very slight volume, which lacks
the imprint of a publisher. It is entitled
"The Song of the City," and the author is Anna
Louise Strong, the book being printed in Oak
Park, Illinois. We select the following for quo-
tation:

THE CITY LIGHTS

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

The stars of heaven are paler than the lights
That gleam beside them sixteen stories high;
Outlined against the blackness of the sky
Tall buildings glimmer through the frosty nights.

The stars of heaven in stately silence move
Beyond the circle of the window-gleams.
But dazzled by the fitful lower beams,
I think not of the light that shines above.

But when I speed upon the outbound train,
The lights of earth mist-hidden fade away;
And quietly the stars resume their sway,
And shine in peace above the world again.

CITY COMRADESHIP

BY ANNA LOUISE STRONG

Face on face in the city, and when will the faces
end?
Face on face in the city, but never the face of a
friend;
Till my heart grows sick with longing and dazed
with the din of the street,
As I rush with the thronging thousands, in a
loneliness complete.

Shall I not know my brothers? Their toil is one
with mine.
We offer the fruits of our labor on the same great
city's shrine.
They are weary as I am weary; they are happy
and sad with me;
And all of us laugh together when evening sets
us free.

Face on face in the city, and where shall our for-
tunes fall?
Face on face in the city,—my heart goes out to
you all.
See, we labor together; is not the bond divine?
Lo, the strength of the city is built of your life
and mine.

The heart-cry of the emigrant finds new and
poignant expression in the following stanzas,
which recently appeared in *McClure's*:

THE DAUGHTER

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

It's not meself I'm grieving for, it's not that I'm
complaining,
(He's a good man, is Michael, and I've never
felt his frown)
But there's sorrow beating on me like a long
day's raining
For the little wrinkled face of her I left in
Kerrydown.

*It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and
no other—*

*Do you mind the morns we walked to Mass
when all the fields were green?—*

*'Twas I that pinned your kerchief, oh, me
mother, mother, mother!*

*The wide seas, the cruel seas and half the
world between.*

It's the man's part to say the word, the wife's to
up and follow—

(It's a fair land we've come to, and there's
plenty here for all)

It's not the homesick longing that lures me like
a swallow

But the one voice across the world that draws
me to its call.

*It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself and
no other—*

*Do you mind the tales you told me when
the turf was blazing bright?—*

*Me head upon your shoulder, oh, me mother,
mother, mother,*

*The broad seas between us and yourself
alone to-night!*

There's decent neighbors all about, there's coming
and there's going;

It's kind souls will be about me when the little
one is here;

But it's her word that I'm wanting, her comfort
I'd be knowing,

And her blessing on the two of us to drive
away the fear.

*It's just Herself I'm longing for, Herself
and no other—*

*Do you mind the soft spring mornings when
you stitched the wedding-gown?—*

*The little, careful stitches, oh me mother,
mother, mother,*

*Me self beyond the broad seas and you in
Kerrydown!*

Our American poets are deprived of much of
the appeal that antiquity makes to the imagina-
tion. They have to draw their inspiration from
a glowing future rather than a glorious past. In
one of the most modern of our cities, however, a
touch of antiquity is found that has been happily
translated into the following poem, which is pub-
lished in *Munsey's*:

THE SAND SWALLOWS OF MIN- NEAPOLIS

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

White cliff and rolling river,
And over them only the sky,
Thus has the Master-giver
Housed them and let them fly.

Age upon eon follows,
Races and forests fall;
Still nest the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

I, that am young a dreaming,
And you, that are centuries old,
Both know the swift wings gleaming—
I and Père Louis, the bold!

Fleeing the red foe's pyres,
Two hundred years ago,
Found he these soaring choirs
Where now wide cities grow.

Hail to ye, winged warders!
In your carven watch-towers high;
Be ye, perchance, recorders
Of that hero-world gone by?
Oh, for those storied pages,
Tales of my sword-won land,
That ye hold through the changing ages
In your caves of the snow-white sand.

White breast and brown wings swerving,
And under them ever the roar
Of brown Mississippi, curving
Adown his cliff-locked shore.
Bard after warrior follows,
Yet never to bard shall fall
The lore of the white-sand swallows
In old St. Anthony's wall.

In *The Reader Magazine* appears an exquisite
little lyric, which seems to have almost sung it-
self:

A SKETCH

BY BLISS CARMAN

In the shade of a wide veranda,
Where the sand-heat shimmers and glows,
Fronting the high Sierras,
In their tints of purple and rose,

There in her grass-robe hammock,
Idly she sits and swings,
Kicking the floor in rhythm
To the throb of her banjo strings.

She is dark as a Spanish gipsy,
Save for the eyes of blue,
Her skirt is divided khaki,
Her sombrero is pushed askew.

She is ardent and fine as a flower,
She is fearless and frank as a man,
In her heart is the wind of the desert,
On her cheek is the mountain tan.

What is the gorgeous music
She plays in a mood so slight,
Whose cadences haunt my fancy,
Barbaric as love or night?

It rings through the painted cañon
Where the dizzy trails deploy,
Piercing our modern sorrow
With its pagan note of joy.

Is it an Aztec measure,
Some Indian minstrelsy,
Or a great ungirded love-song
From the magic isles of the sea?

Whatever the theme of the music,
Passion or prayer or praise,
It breaks with a dying cadence,
It will follow me all my days.

Ballad-writing may not be the highest order
of poetical production, but, judging from the
meager supply of it in this country, it is one of

the most difficult forms. For one thing there is a temptation usually overpowering to make the ballad too long. The following ballad, in the Boston *Transcript*, has undeniable dramatic action, but we fear that it has too great length for a very long portage.

FOR THE LIVES OF MEN AND THE FATHERLAND

BY BERTRAND SHADWELL

"Oh, who will carry a message for me
Through the enemy's lines to Bois-le-grand?
And race with Death, by the darkened sea,
For our brothers' lives and the Fatherland."

"And I will take it," cried Carl the scout,
"Will carry your message to Bois-le-grand;
But I shrive my soul, ere my setting out
To race with Death for the Fatherland."

"Now shrive thy soul ere the moon rise bright;
Now grasp me thy lance's shaft in hand;
Now saddle a horse as black as the night,
And ride for the love of the Fatherland."

There's a stamp and beat by the stormy tide,
Heard through the crash of the breaking seas.
Quick through the darkness, strike and stride,
Galloping, galloping down the breeze.

Lost in the roar and blotted out,
Louder and nearer and coming fast.
"Body of God! A Prussian scout!
Swift as the whirl of the tempest blast."

A hurry of hoofs and a clank of steel,
A sentinel's challenge, a mocking cry,
A lance's thrust and a sudden wheel;
And he's through their pickets and thunders by.

"Fire at him! Shoot him, Jean and Paul!
Damn this breech-block, jamming tight!
Down with the horse and the rider 'll fall!
Gone, like a ghost, in the blinding night!"

Gone with a rush for the race with Death,
With a bullet-graze from the starter's gun:
Not a pull or a pause to gasp for breath,
Till the post be passed, and the stakes be won.

"Now gallop, now gallop, my coal black steed,
As never before on the foeman's ranks;
Now keep the lead with all thy speed,
For a skeleton horse is on thy flanks.

"Side by side, I can hear his stride,
On the boundless shores of the darkened sea.
Five leagues long and a full mile wide;
Ho, ho!—What a course for Death and me!

"Ho, ho!—What a course for Death and me,
Smooth and hard on the level sand,
Straight and true as a track can be,
For the lives of men and the Fatherland!"

Through the heart of a volley, roaring loud,
He reaches their lines, with ringing feet;
And there's never a pause in their music proud,
Or a change in the time of their rhythmic beat.

The rush of a rider down the night,
A thunder of guns along the sea,
And, dashing their files to left and right,
He has broken their ranks, and gallops—free.

Forty feet at a swinging stride,
Leaping on to the stinging goad,
He laughs, as their bullets go singing wide;
And the Frenchmen curse, as they fire and load.

"Fool and fanatic, to tempt his fate;
Yet, if he live, we have lost the day.
Telegraph on, ere it prove too late.
Half our cavalry—*Close the Way!*"

A clock strikes, close, in a darkened spire
He flies a shadow beneath the stars;
But swifter flies on its wings of fire
The fatal flash that his passage bars.

Vainly he urges and spurs his steed,
Sparing him not as he nears his goal;
Never the charger shall serve his need,
Never the horse that a mare did foal.

"Oh, who will carry a message for me
Through the enemy's lines into Bois-le-grand?
And race with Death by the darkened sea,
For our brothers' lives and the Fatherland."

Now stretch thy back, thou gallant black;
Yet I fear this race shall be thy last;
For the fleshless rider holds the track;
And his skeleton mount is winning fast.

O'er the dreary dune, as the rising moon
Showed a dead, white face to the sea and land,
With his stirrups beating a burial tune,
Came a riderless horse into Bois-le-grand.

There was blood on his rein; there was blood on
his mane,
And a bloody despatch in his girth's broad
band;
So the race was run, and the battle was won,
Ere we fired a gun—for the Fatherland.

The following poem we take from *The New England Magazine*:

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY EDITH SUMMERS

*"And many came before the hundred years had
expired, and tried to break through the hedge, but
perished miserably in the attempt, because it was
not yet time for the princess to awake."*

O happy prince, wilt thou not weep one tear
For all the valiant hundreds that have failed,
Because nor skill nor giant strength availed
'Gainst that sealed scroll wherein no man may
peer—

The dead, who toiled and strove without one fear
To warn them that the chamber yet was veiled—
Hearts that in rout and peril never quailed
Vanquished by that long striving year on year?
O be thou humble, thou, the single one,
Who gained the prize the multitude have lost!
Mark those white fragments bleaching in the
sun—

Wan relics of lost hopes and passions crossed:
All that thou didst and more they too have done;
Thy ecstasy is purchased at their cost.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

Many years ago it was remarked that Marion Crawford reminded one of a lady in a French comedy who, having once been in Italy, introduced into her conversation at every possible and impossible occasion "*le beau ciel*

d'Italy." Since then Mr. Crawford has grown much older, but he is still obsessed with Italian subjects, and sacrifices his genius on the altar of local color. His latest novel, "*A Lady of Rome*,"* another Italian study, has called forth the most varying opinions. Says *The Argonaut* (San Francisco): "There is a strong family resemblance to all his characters, and we constantly meet old names and old localities in Mr. Crawford's latest book. For all that, the story ranks with the author's best novels." So far, so good. But on opening *The Mirror* (St. Louis), we find this unequivocal dictum: "Altogether it appears that this 'Lady of Rome' is nothing more than a Marion Crawford pot-boiler, saved from absolute worthlessness only by the technique that is the result of a quarter of a century of writing." *Town Topics* (New York) which, in spite of its unsavory reputation, is sparkling and reliable in its book reviews, takes a middle course between the two verdicts quoted above. "We recognize," it says, "in the 'Lady of Rome' the same fluency, the same charm, that all his [Crawford's] readers have long been familiar with, yet one can hardly escape ranking this novel as having only plot enough for a short story, and being chiefly notable as a specimen of how deftly a skilled workman can spin out the most tenuous of threads."

"*A Lady of Rome*" is the study of a woman, who, as *The Academy* remarks, expiates the sin of her early matrimonial infidelity at some length in the book, in fact from cover to cover. The subject is delicate, but Mr. Crawford can claim a special gift for treating a theme designated by *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) as "cleanly wantonness." Mr. Crawford's heroine is married against her will to an uncongenial husband, who leaves her when she confesses that her child is not his. Thereupon, observes *The Saturday Review of Books* (New York), "torn by conflicting passions of love, religion, and a healthy conscience, Maria Montalto begins her expiation by renunciation, nurtures through an impossible pla-

tonic friendship, and finally wins both salvation and material happiness through the timely death of the gentle, generous but unromantic husband, who was the unfortunate victim of both sin and expiation."

With its customary keen scent for wickedness, the same authority discovers that the story evidently contains a "spade," but, we are told, "it is cunningly buried from the gaze of the ubiquitous Young Person, and from the eyes of those whose acquired lack of imagination prevents them from either perceiving or appreciating the art necessary to contrive so deft a concealment." A critic in *The Bookman* (New York) is more outspoken on the subject. He refers to an essay by Crawford on "The Novel" in which the latter admits that almost every novelist sooner or later feels the temptation to write books "with the help of the knowledge of evil, as well as with the help of the knowledge of good," and in consequence "occasionally introduces a page or chapter which might have the effect, so to say, of turning weak tea into bad whiskey." This phrase, the reviewer says, is worth quoting here, not for the sake of commending it—indeed, the bigotry of such an attitude goes a long way toward explaining the artistic superiority of continental fiction over Anglo-Saxon—but because it throws some little light upon Mr. Crawford's own writings." He goes on to say:

"If he were in a candid mood, he would probably own that in writing his new volume, '*A Lady of Rome*,' he had yielded rather more than is his wont to this temptation to invoke the help of the knowledge of evil. Not that '*A Lady of Rome*' is especially startling, or even reprehensible, to readers who are not over-delicate in taste. It is rather the self-consciousness on the author's part, his obvious misgiving lest he may be giving bad whisky instead of the weak and innocuous tea that he has served more than once of late years, that calls your attention to the fact that everything is not quite *virginibus puerisque*."

"We always return to our first loves," says a French ditty. Analogously, there seems to exist among mature novelists a tendency to return to their earlier style. Conan Doyle's "*Sir Nigel*"* is a companion piece, in spirit at least, to "*The White Company*," a historical novel

SIR NIGEL

* *A LADY OF ROME*. By Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Company.

* *SIR NIGEL*. By A. Conan Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Company.

written a year before its author leaped, arm in arm with Sherlock Holmes, into international fame. We gather from *The Outlook* (New York) that it is Conan Doyle's ambition to write sound, thoro, semi-historical fiction and that he regards "The White Company" as the most serious piece of work he has done.

In "Sir Nigel" he tells of deeds of derring-do in Surrey, and of those French campaigns which lie between Crécy and Poitiers. But his desire to be at once accurate and interesting has led him into a pitfall. Or more exactly, he, at times, falls between the two stools of explanation and action. *The Times Literary Supplement* (London) says on this point:

"Lo! at the eleventh hour we find him now explaining how it is that he has written in this way and that way, apologizing, cap in hand, to History for taking a liberty with her here and there, or submitting that 'the matter of diction is always a matter of taste and discretion in a historical reproduction,' hoping that his readers may not find incidents here and there too brutal and repellent, and finally pointing, with an air of pardonable pride, to the pile of books on his study table that have gone to the building of this one. History may easily forgive him; he has caught again the manner of the past, and we do not think that the modern reader will dream of accusing him of too much brutality. But the overconsciousness of that pile of books has done something to spoil a capital tale."

The London *Outlook* calls attention to the thinness of the plot, which it regards as responsible for the novel's lack of cohesive strength as compared with the author's earlier achievements. The mere spirit of knight errantry, the reviewer avers, is not sufficient to give a properly connected purpose and sequence. Tho, he continues, the author has drawn Nigel Loring with distinctive and gallant traits, his deeds, rather than himself, give interest to the story. Much more enthusiastic is "A Man of Kent," in *The British Weekly*. He says: "I have read Sir Nigel with unmixed delight. It is certainly one of the best historical romances in the English language. Every touch tells." The only criticism the "Man of Kent" makes on the book is that the love-interest is hardly strong enough. He objects to the author's description of the heroine as "dark as night, grave featured, plain visaged, with steady brown eyes looking bravely at the world from under a strong black arch of brows." "Should not," he asks, "'plain visaged' be omitted? There are no plain heroines, and never could be."

The Daily Mail (London) in its review of the book makes an interesting analysis of the writer. It says:

"To Sir A. Conan Doyle fiction is rather a

creed than a mistress; he develops his conscience and he minds his manners, but he does not manifest the exceeding joy of creation. He is mounted not upon Sir Nigel's fiery yellow horse of Crooksbury Hill, but upon a more humdrum, jog-trot steed warranted well up to his weight, and without vice. Sir A. Conan Doyle represents in contemporary fiction the essentially British standard. He has an orderly, well-regulated mind, and a confidence which may not be assailed. But he writes lacking that one flash of inspiration which would touch to fire great issues. He can interest, but he cannot thrill."

Yet, when all is said, the *Daily Mail* reviewer finds that "Sir Nigel" is "a thoroly skilful piece of work, and has never in its workmanship been surpassed by the author." "The tale," he concludes, "should take its rank, not only with 'The White Company,' but not too far on the shelves from the immortal company of Sir Walter Scott."

"Rezánov,"* by Gertrude Atherton, is also a semi-historical novel. It introduces us to Alaska at the time when the Russians attempted to gain a foothold there.

REZÁNOV

Rezánov is a Russian plenipotentiary, a man of far-reaching aims and qualities comprising greatness. Foiled in his attempt to establish Russian rule at Nagasaki, he makes a second attempt at San Francisco. Here, to quote the London *Spectator*, "this storm-tossed Russian Ulysses, in whom ruthless ambition is combined with strong personal magnetism, finds his Nausicaa in Concha Argüello, daughter of the Commandante of the Presidio, a girl of only sixteen, but endowed with rare intelligence as well as personal beauty." To quote further:

"Rezánov—his Russian wife, it should be added, had died many years before—makes Concha his confidante, not intending at the outset to allow their relations to pass beyond the limits of a mere flirtation, but gradually finds his affections engaged and recognizes in her his true affinity. The progress of his love runs no more smoothly than that of his diplomatic negotiations. The Dons are dilatory, if courteous and hospitable, while, to say nothing of eligible rivals, there is the obstacle of differing faiths to be overcome."

Amid the splendidly picturesque environment of the same California landscape which Belasco recently has turned to such excellent use in his play "The Rose of the Rancho," the story marches vigorously to its predestined close and the proud Russian succumbs to fever and privation on his return from an adventurous expedition.

The opinion seems to prevail among critics that Mrs. Atherton has not succeeded in making Rezánov half as lifelike as Concha. She is also taken

* REZANOV. By Gertrude Atherton. The Authors' and Newspapers' Association.

to task severely for her peculiar mannerisms of style. *The Saturday Review* (London) remarks on this point: "Though there are many passages in which we admire the cleverness, the robust energy, and the direct expressiveness of Mrs. Atherton's style, there are also times when her powers of conveyance fail her, when her ingenuity of expression becomes twisted and obscure, and her forcible manner of description is a mere flinging of words." The London *Outlook* states that the writing is unequal. "The author does not altogether escape the pitfall of the high-sounding and ill-digested rhetorical periods to which many American speakers and writers are prone, and this form of literary success goes hand in hand with that other odd and engaging quality of trumpet-like explicitness in conversational manner."

But there is more trouble ahead for Mrs. Atherton. An American reviewer (in the Boston *Herald*), while admitting her narrative power and fine perception of human nature, affirms that her originality is on the wane. "Since 'Senator North' appeared," remarks the *Herald* critic, "this gifted author has not met her readers' expectations. Her later novels have seemed forced and her plots rather stereotyped. There is a decided lack of spontaneous movement, a noticeable poverty of material for the plot." The London *Academy*, on the other hand, pronounces the book, while not the most interesting, the best written and most carefully studied work from Mrs. Atherton's pen.

The Saturday Review, from which we have quoted above, draws an interesting parallel between Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Humphry Ward, which, on the whole, strikes us as rather favorable to the American writer. It says:

"Mrs. Atherton takes her work very seriously, and has always a definite aim of an extremely ambitious and pretentious kind. In that respect she resembles Mrs. Humphry Ward. Both ladies have a most portentous gravity of manner, and show an explicit confidence in their own powers of treating weighty matters, and epoch-making events, and of portraying the most distinguished and remarkable public men. Mrs. Atherton's continental intrigues are more naïve and consequently less irritating than Mrs. Ward's tea-table politics, and drawing-room diplomacy, moreover she is not dependent for her plots on well-known diaries and biographies, nor does her dialogue consist of the worn-out sayings and notorious bons-mots of Regency wits. While Mrs. Ward enriches her modern men and women with the ideas and conversational successes of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Atherton, on the contrary, makes her characters of a hundred years ago talk very fresh and modern American, and invests her

chosen period, the age of Napoleon Buonaparte, with the feeling and atmosphere of the present day."

Anthony Hope's new novel* offers another example of the tendency on the part of literary men to revert, after a long and prosperous career, to the manner of their early successes. Mr. Hawkins, says the New York *Evening Post*, speaking of the book, cannot be called mute, yet as to the note that he sounded in "The Prisoner of Zenda" his "harp mouldering long has hung." His Rupert, it goes on to say, was hardly more than a spurious claimant to the affectionate interest aroused by the former book; in "Sophy of Kravonia," however, there comes a lawful heir to enthusiasm.

This heir—but let us borrow the introductory remarks of the London *Tribune*. Mr. Anthony Hope, that publication gleefully informs us, was the man who first discovered the penchant of certain young Englishmen for visiting strange little kingdoms and principalities, not to be found on the map of Europe, in order to interfere in the fortunes of the reigning dynasties. "The little kingdoms," it says, "are usually Teutonic, tho occasionally Slavonic; the young Englishmen are invariably heroic. But if Mr. Hope was the first to discover this, others were by no means backward in taking the hint, and the number of young heroic Englishmen who have adventured in more or less Eastern unmapped Europe since Rupert Rassendyl first set the fashion must be almost enough to populate a fair-sized German kingdom on its own account." When this literary mine was exhausted by a score of imitators, who, the reviewer asks, "was so capable as its original prospector of pegging out the first claim in a new gold field? Accordingly, he has given us 'Sophy of Kravonia.' He has performed his prospecting with great skill." To quote again:

"Realizing that the same vein of gold which has been exhausted in the one mine will very likely crop up somewhere else in the same district, he has not troubled to shift his camp very far. He has sought his gold on the same principles as before; he has found it where he expected, and no doubt the public will be as anxious as ever to take shares in the company of which he is managing director. To abandon the language of metaphor, Mr. Hope makes but one change in his new version of the heroic young Englishman in unmapped foreign parts—and one which should appeal to the vast majority of his readers. The young Englishman is become a young Englishwoman. For Rupert read Sophy,

* SOPHY OF KRAVONIA. By Anthony Hope. Harper & Brothers.

and the trick is done. Sophy it is who adventures to the unmapped Kingdom of Kravonia, who performs prodigies of valor on behalf of the Crown Prince Sergius—marrying him, incidentally, upon his deathbed—and generally does, rather better, everything that her male predecessors have done before her."

Other commentators are less patient. The London *Academy* pronounces the book dull. It ascribes its "comparative failure" to the repetition of an old device. In no circumstances, it says, can we imagine that the plot actually needs any fanciful land for its development, unless it be that the author wished to introduce kings, queens, and their ministers in order to delight the ears of the ladies' maids. The reviewer goes on to say:

"Since the time of Homer fabulous countries have frequently been used with great effect by distinguished writers. Homer himself made them the scenes of strange appearances and wonderful adventures. Shakespeare was as brilliant as Homer when he gave us the island with Prospero and Caliban and Ariel upon it. For a very different purpose Jonathan Swift invented Lilliput and Brobdingnag. Like cannot be compared with unlike, but the purpose at which Swift aimed was as brilliantly achieved in his way as was that of Shakespeare and Homer in their way. Defoe stumbled upon a place of fictitious geography that will ever delight the minds of children. When Mr. Anthony Hope wrote 'The Prisoner of Zenda' this discovery of new land had a freshness and a beauty of its own. Perhaps one reason why we find the Kingdom of Kravonia dull is because Mr. Anthony Hope has had so many imitators. Probably a hundred books have been written since his first one appeared, and the device has become stale. He is not alone in his misfortune. Mr. H. G. Wells, who went beyond the habitable globe altogether in search of a dwelling-place for the efforts of his imagination, must also be now growing sick of the planet Mars and even of occasional comets. A fictitious land can only be usefully invented when there is something new to say. It is always more or less of a Utopia."

Naturally the question arises whether, in the opinion of the majority of critics, Mr. Anthony Hope has been as happy in this romance as in its predecessor, which established his fame. And here critics differ widely. But Edward Clarke Marsh in *The Bookman* strikes the general tenor when he remarks:

"The persistent reference of everything he has written to that trifling product of his salad days seems at last to have got on the author's nerves. 'Hang it all!' he may be imagined saying, 'they're still talking about that silly, superficial thing, are they? Very well; if they want 'Zenda' stories, they shall have them.' And forthwith he writes the best story he has given us since 'The Prisoner of Zenda.'"

"The Prisoner of Zenda," Mr. Marsh assures us, is worthy of a place beside Stevenson's masterful romance, "Prince Otto." In the present book, he remarks, Anthony Hope has at last turned imitator of himself. That, we are told, is the exact measure of the distance between the two novels in question. "Yet," Mr. Marsh exclaims, "if we can't have the fine original again, let us be thankful for an imitation so nearly perfect."

"The authors of this book,* Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple, are so attached to each other personally that they have dedicated this little comedy to

RICHARD THE BRAZEN each other, respectively—each, however, claiming all the bright things contained herein and blaming his collaborator for every fault which any reader may justly or unjustly criticize." This bright inscription is the tag with which his two fathers sent into the world of fiction that delightfully American youth not at all misnamed "Richard the Brazen." Brady's name has adorned the title page of a prodigious number of novels. He possesses the power of telling a story, spinning a yarn, a power in which many masters of the literary craft are sorely defective. Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," on the other hand, can tell a joke well and likewise possesses constructive ability. It would be surprising if the two of them had not, in the words of one critic, produced a story, "winged with the spirit of laughter." No reviewer dreams of accusing the joint authors of profundity of thought, and some seem to feel that two such collaborators ought to have produced a work of more permanent value; but the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* about expresses the general feeling when it speaks of the book as "a brave piece of up-to-date fiction, fat with the material of which thrills are made, and warranted to be finished in one sitting." The authors, it continues, seem to take delight in appropriating all the poet's license available, thus gaining the opportunity to let their fertile imaginations run amuck, creating sad but entertaining havoc in the hedges and byways of prosaic everyday probability." To quote further:

"The story takes its name from the hero, Richard Williams, a young college-bred cowboy of Texas, who must have seemed brazen indeed at times, but who really was, in spite of the overwhelming evidence against him, a genuinely worthy and modest young fellow. It fell to his

* RICHARD THE BRAZEN. By Cyrus Townsend Brady and Edward Peple. Moffat, Yard & Company.

lot to rescue the pretty daughter of a New York financial magnate from under the hoofs of his father's steers, and during the process, hurried and breathless though it must have been, he fell in love with her. That she should afterwards turn out to be the daughter of his father's bitterest foe is the precise spot where the plot begins to thicken, and, incidentally, Richard's troubles to begin."

Altogether, says the *Pittsburg Index*, Richard the Brazen has a hard time getting his affairs settled. But all comes right at last, and one is sorry to come to the end of the story. Fortunately the authors have dramatized their romantic history, and those who have learned to like Richard may have the chance to see him in the flesh, at least on the stage.

The Fugitive—By Henry Normanby

The author of this terrible pen-picture of a hunted criminal is an English writer whose name has become known but recently and does not even appear in the British "Who's Who" for 1906. We are indebted to *The Grand Magazine* for this story, one of a number which that periodical has published from Mr. Normanby's pen.



OW the rain fell! How the wind blew! How the barges creaked and groaned as they pressed upon each other! How the river hurried away! How dark the darkness was! How dreary, how hopeless, how bitter was the night!

The man came creeping and stumbling and shuffling along, turning to look back at every few steps, furtively glancing about him, starting at every sound—a dirty, unkempt, ragged, wretched being, the fear of his fellows in his slinking, crawling gait; the fear of death in his restless, hunted eyes; the fear of God in his evil heart.

Constantly he stopped and listened, then shuffled and stumbled on again, sneaking deep in the shadows of walls and houses, tho everything everywhere was in shadowed obscurity, avoiding the open places, avoiding men and women, avoiding even children.

Through filthy streets, made filthier by the mire of traffic, through squalid alleys and over dreary wastes he made his way, on and on, mile after mile, stopping only to listen, pausing only to look back. Hurrying stealthily and silently past the homes of men, away to the hospitality of the wilderness. His boots were without soles, and at each halting step his cut and bruised feet left a stain of blood. Blood there was also on his clothes, stale, dull-red, diluted with rain and mud, but still blood—veritable human blood.

Passing the open doors of foul pothouses he breathed more deeply, for the exhalation was fragrant to his nostrils, and the reeking warmth grateful to his starved body; but he dared not enter one of them, dared not even look in, for men, his fellows, were there congregated together, and light was there, and laughter, and the sound of revelry. There each man knew his neighbor and gazed upon him, face to face; but he, the outcast and fugitive, was wretched and secret, and a man of darkness.

How the rain fell! How the wind blew! How the river hurried away!

Oh, the inscrutable mystery of the breathing world! This fearful man had once been fair to look upon; his mother had sung him to slumber with low lullaby, his father had taken pride in him, his children had clung to him, holding him by the hand. He had walked abroad freely in the sweet and noble air, and drunk deeply of the breath of the morning. His name was untarnished, and no sinister whisper assailed it. He had set forth in all the braveries of youth, and the powers of evil had come upon him and compassed him about and brought him surely into this pitiable pass. He had wandered in dark places and stumbled amongst the rocks, and the hand of calamity had lain heavily upon him.

As he crept through the darkness, stopping only to listen, pausing only to look back, his shifting, hunted eyes lighted on a piece of bread, untouched even by the dogs; he snatched it up and shuffled on, devouring it ravenously.

Making his way in the direction of the docks, he crossed pieces of waste land, stumbling over loose stones, old tins and heaps of refuse. Finding himself at times shut in by hoardings, he had to retrace his steps and seek other ways to reach obscurity. He shuddered at the sinister suggestion of the cranes which projected from the warehouses towering above him, he shuddered at the wind, he shuddered at the beating of the pitiless rain.

The short alleys and streets to his right ran straight out to the river bank. He glanced down each one, hesitating for a moment, then, deciding to seek a more secure hiding-place, he went on and on, always through deserted places, always in the darkest shadows. The sudden blast of a whistle startled him, and at the end of one of the pitch-black alleys he saw the red light of an outward-bound steamship. Other lights flashed

in turn as the vessel went by, steaming safely through the mazes of the river, going freely out into the abysmal darkness of the deep. He could hear the steady beat of her propeller and the clatter of tackle about her decks. In a momentary silence he could even hear the pilot's order and the rattle of the chains as the wheel swung round.

She passed on, and he, too, resumed his way, flying tardily from the might of the Law. With every accomplished mile hope rose in his heart, every minute was enormously precious, and the minutes and the hours were passing, and his pursuers gave no sign.

Fear had conquered hunger, and holding the filthy piece of half-eaten bread in his hand he slowly hurried along, until at length his weariness became so oppressive and weighed so exceedingly upon him that he could scarcely thrust one foot before the other. Still he struggled on, stopping only to listen, pausing only to look back, until further progress was impossible. Dominated by his weakness he crept into a black alley which, like its fellows, ran crookedly out to the mud of the river, and, without attempting to find any shelter, lay down on the ground. The cessation from movement was sweet to him, even as he lay there, foul and pitiful, chilled to the marrow with the ceaseless, dreary, drenching rain.

For a minute, a radiant, perfect minute, he slept and forgot his danger, his sorrow, his unutterable misery. Oh, the sweetness of that brief oblivion, of which pain had no part, neither memory nor tears! The sublime absolution of that fraction of time wherein he was once more young and entirely innocent and magnificently free! It was no guilt-laden soul that slept there, but a child lapped in the loving safety of its mother's arms.

Round him were gathering all the forces of Fate, the tempest of retribution was thundering in the air, and the sea of his destiny was rising with the menace of destruction.

He awoke with a terrible cry, and started up, alert and listening. No, it was imagination, or a dream—nothing. He again lay down, only to start up once more in a few seconds. This time he was not mistaken. He heard with certainty the far-off baying of a dog!

Leaping to his feet, the wretched man hurried away, breaking into a shambling run, and once more through the noises of the night came that faint and far-off cry.

How the wind blew! How the rain fell! How the river hurried away!

He ran stumbling along, no longer stopping to listen nor pausing to look back. On and on through the dreary night, while again came the baying of the dog, more distinct, more insistent—

nearer! Through squalid streets, under dripping archways, across roads and down alleys the fugitive hurried. Sometimes they had no egress, whereupon he turned back, reluctantly retracing his steps, cursing bitterly the while. Still on, slackening perforce his half trot, half run, into obscurer alleys and yet darker places. At times he fancied the baying of the dog had ceased, and hope rose in his heart; but in the brief silences which followed the wild rush of the wind and the pitiless beating of the rain, it came to him again, distinct, insistent, unmistakable, and always nearer!

For the fraction of a minute it occurred to the wretched man to ask help of his fellows; but he dismissed the thought, knowing only too well that it would be useless. The hand of every man was against him, for even as he had sown so was he also reaping. His own mother had repudiated him and cast him forth. Oh, Father in Heaven, what manner of man was this whose mother turned from him in his hour of need?

He hurried further and further from the lighted streets and the comfortable warmth of taverns, and, keeping always in the shadows, turned down one of the alleys which ended at the bank of the river, thinking that possibly he might find a boat in which to cross.

He stopped for a moment to listen, running on again with the energy of desperation as the deep baying of the dog came out of the night, following him. The bread, which he had only half eaten, he threw away in the vain hope that the dog might be tempted to stop for it.

Still the blood, fresh and bright red, marked every footstep, and still on his clothes was blood, stale, dull red, diluted with rain and mud, but blood, veritable precious human blood.

He was utterly exhausted and spent. His jaw dropped and his tongue protruded. His breath came quickly and laboriously, as of those stricken with swift and mortal sickness, and a great oppression was upon him. His eyes were wild and bloodshot, yet they restlessly glanced hither and thither, seeking a means of escape. His legs gave way beneath him, and several times he fell headlong, only to drag himself up again and struggle on and on—anywhere for safety, anywhere out of reach of the vengeful, implacable beast that followed without ceasing.

Reaching the bank of the river, the hunted man saw in a moment that his time had come. The tide was far out, and the boats lay firmly in the thick mud. He made an effort to get out to the edge of the water, but the depth of the mud prevented him, and he hastened along the bank eagerly seeking for any hole or corner in which to hide. For a moment the wind died away, and

out of the darkness came the terrible cry of a huge bloodhound. Help there was none, hope there was none, pity there was none! Everything had its allotted task; the somber clouds were sweeping beneath the stars; the wind was blowing across the earth; the rain was falling upon the just and unjust; the river was hurrying away. Everything was fulfilling its destiny. The man also his.

As the desperate wretch hurried along looking for a place of escape, he suddenly almost fell into an open drain. Lowering himself down to lessen his fall he dropped into the foul sewage which flowed out over the mud to the river, and waded up the drain until he reached the small black tunnel through which the blacker filth ran with a sullen roar.

Within there was nothing but intense darkness, so deep, so sinister and appalling, that the man hesitated to enter; but his restless, eager eyes, always seeking a means of escape, discerned in the darkness without a monstrous bloodhound, with muzzle almost touching the ground, coming along the river-bank, even as he had come, following in his very footsteps. As irresolutely he gazed at the dog, the animal gave voice to a long, low growl.

The doomed man turned and waded into the horrible depths of the tunnel, while a great splash warned him that the dog had sprung into the

sewer and was following him with swift, unerring steps. The sewer deepened as he went on, and he was soon wading waist-deep in the pestiferous liquid which rushed past him. At the same moment something soft, wet and living leaped upon his shoulder and plunged again into the rushing water.

Behind him came the dog, silent and terrible. As he sank up to the neck the man made a last frantic effort to hold on to the slimy wall of the tunnel. He clutched at it vainly, his feet slipped, and the foul water rushed over him. He rose once more, and the next instant his throat was seized in a fearful grip. For a moment he struggled, tearing at the dog's head with his hands, then uttered a long and frightful cry, and the performance was over.

Holding the lifeless body of the man in his teeth, the dog swam out into the open air. He dragged it out into the mud, and, having given it a savage shake, just as he might have shaken a rat, turned slowly away and disappeared in the darkness. Immediately afterwards some dozens of small, wet, soft creatures, with pointed noses and glittering eyes, emerged from the black water and made their way to the body with a speed which suggested the expectation of a feast.

And still the rain fell, and still the wind blew, and still the river hurried away.



FOLLOW THE LEADER—A CHRISTMAS IDYL

—C. J. Rudd in *Harper's Weekly*.

Humor of Life

THE CLASS IN CHEMISTRY

SCHOOLMASTER (at end of object lesson): "Now, can any of you tell me what is water?"

SMALL AND GRUBBY URCHIN: "Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you puts your 'ands in it!"—*Punch*.

ARTISTIC PRIDE

AUNT: "I think you say your prayers very nicely, Reggie."

YOUNG HOPEFUL: "Ah, but you should hear me gargle!"—*Punch*.

LUCKY

A census-taker, while on her rounds, called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in this family?"

The answer came without hesitation: "Three a day, mum."—*Harper's Magazine*.

A FRIEND IN NEED

AUTOMOBILIST (to another who has broken down): "Can I be of any assistance to you?"

THE AFFLICTED ONE (under the machine): "Yes, sir. That lady you see is my wife. I'll be obliged if you will kindly answer her questions and keep her amused while I'm fixing this infernal machine."—*Woman's Home Companion*.

THE WRONG KIND

Paul's teacher was giving the class exercises containing words ending in *ing*, with the view of emphasizing the necessity of pronouncing final *g*.

Paul exhibited his slate timidly.

"The horse is runnin'," read the teacher. "Ah, Paul, you have forgotten your *g* again."

A moment later the slate was thrust triumphantly under teacher's surprised nose.

"Gee! the horse is runnin'," she read this time, smiling patiently.—*Harper's Magazine*.



THE COMING SQUALL

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

"—BUT THOSE UNHEARD ARE SWEETER"

SCENE—A Boarding-house

WIFE: "Why do you always sit at the piano, David? You know you can't play a note!"

DAVID: "Neither can anyone else, while I am here!"—*Punch*.

NOT TRANSFERABLE

Six-year-old Tommy was sent by his sister to the grocery to buy a pound of lump-sugar. He played on his way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for. So he took a pound of the granulated article, and was sent back to exchange it.

"Tommy," said the grocer, as he made the exchange, "I hear you have a new member in your family."

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that?"

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy; "rather had a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we've used him four days."—*Harper's Magazine*.

BURIED TREASURE

DUMLEY: "I met a fellow to-day who was simply crazy about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else."

PECKHAM: "That reminds me of my wife."

DUMLEY: "Oh! Does she talk about one?"

PECKHAM: "Yes, her first husband. I'm her second, you know."—*Tit-Bits*.



THE ARTIST: "Oh, ze madam has ze grand face. I shall make ze speaking likeness."

HENPECK: "Er—well, old man, you needn't go so far as that, you know."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.



PASSENGER (faintly): "S-s-stop the ship! I've dropped my teeth!"

—Punch.

THE MATTER WITH MIKE

SPORTSMAN: "I wonder what's become of Mike? I told him to meet me here."

DRIVER: "Ach, 'tis no use tellin' him anything! Sure, sorr, ut just goes in at wan ear and out at the other, like wather off a duck's back!"—*Tit-Bits*.

MIXED METAPHORS

"Comrades, let us be up and doing. Let us take our axes on our shoulders, and plow the waste places till the good ship *Temperance* sails gaily over the land."

"Gentlemen, the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst; and if it be not nipped in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration which will deluge the world."

—From "Humor of Bulls and Blunders."

AN EXPLANATION

An alienist came wandering through an insane asylum's wards one day. He came upon a man who sat in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir?" said the alienist. "What is your name, may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, Czar Nicholas, of course."

"Indeed," said the alienist. "Yet the last time I was here you were the Emperor of Germany."

"Yes, of course," said the other, quickly; "but that was by my first wife."—*Argonaut*.

ITEMS OF INFORMATION

A correspondent writes to know what he ought to get for "kicking cows." We should say about a year if he does it habitually.

Mr. and Mrs. G— wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their residence last night.

When a gentleman and lady are walking in the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman.

Owing to the distress of the times Lord Camden will not shoot himself or any of his tenants before October 4th.

A man was arrested this morning for stealing a string of fish very much under the influence of liquor.

—From "Humor of Bulls and Blunders."

ONE POINT OF AGREEMENT

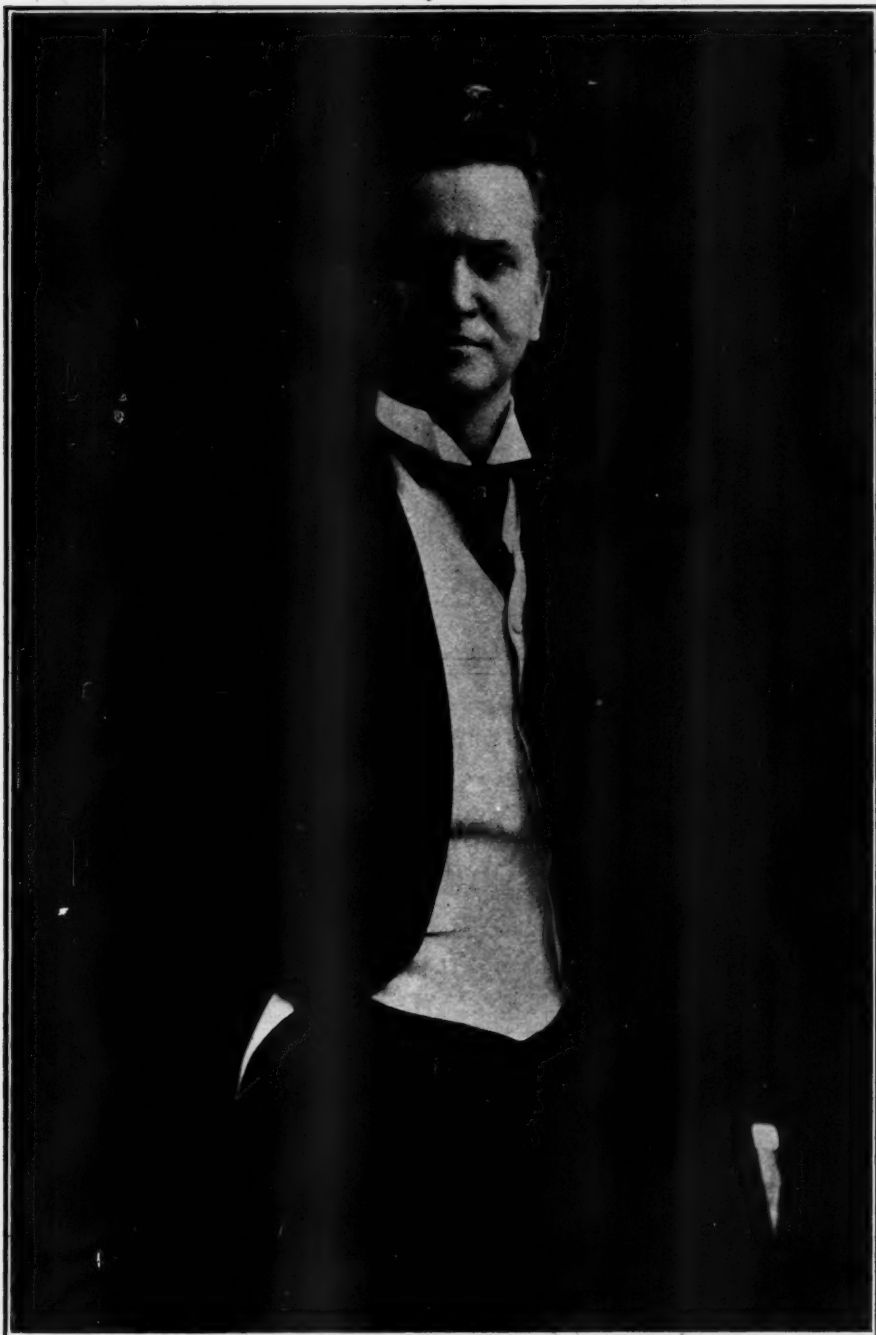
"But I am so unworthy, darling!" he murmured, as he held the dear girl's hand in his.

"Oh, George," she sighed, "if you and papa agreed on every other point as you do on that, how happy we would be!"—*Tit-Bits*.

THE GOOD OLD TIME

"What! it takes you four weeks to make a few insignificant repairs? Ridiculous! Why it took God only six days to create the world."

CONTRACTOR: "Ah, but he didn't employ Union labor."—*Hauser's Buerger und Bauernkalender* (New York).



Photograph by Harris-Ewing, Washington

"THE MOST ISOLATED FIGURE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE"

Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, finds himself out of touch with the other Republican Senators because of his supposed radicalism, distrusted by the President, and, of course, not in harmony with the Democrats. The other senator from his own state—Senator Spooner—is his dearest foe. Nevertheless he is always mentioned in these days in any list of presidential possibilities in 1908. He is but five feet four inches high, but he can talk on economic questions, especially railroads, in a way to hold the rapt attention of farmers, laborers, merchants and professional men.